LITERARY

SOUVENIR

1847

16285 f60—

1827
No title pg.

Painted by H. Howard, R.A. Engraved by C. Heath.

GIRL IN A FLORENTINE COSTUME OF A.D. 1500.

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir, 1827.

1827

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S OBEDIENT SERVANT

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

In the preface to the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826, I ventured to express my doubt of being able to include a more attractive series of embellishments, or a greater variety of interesting literary contributions from distinguished pens, than was obtained for that publication. I was led to confess thus much, from my conviction that in the preparation of a volume, depending for its value upon the efforts of so many individuals, it was next to impossible to calculate upon the precise degree of success which might be attained. As it regards several of the plates in the last volume, however, the very qualities which rendered me apprehensive of not being able to equal, or at least improve upon them, in future, have been the means of opening to me facilities which I might not otherwise have en-

joyed. Many distinguished artists and collectors who would have scrupled to allow of their pictures being engraved in an inferior style, have willingly favoured me with the loan of paintings and drawings of first-rate excellence for the present publication; and have thus enabled me to include the most splendid series of prints ever introduced in any work of the same class; a series which will, I confidently anticipate, as a whole, be found even more attractive than that of the preceding year.

I should have considered these remarks unnecessary, had not a report been circulated, with much industry, that the failure of Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. would deprive me of many of the advantages I formerly enjoyed, through their medium, of getting up a work of this description. Nothing could be more unfounded than such an insinuation; since the subjects of the last volume were chosen by myself, and the whole of its literary contents obtained without reference to its publishers. The above statement,

however, was not the only one circulated, with the view of injuring this publication. First, the *Literary Souvenir* for 1827 would not be published at all; next, if published, its embellishments could not be of the same character as heretofore, because it would appear under different auspices; and lastly, the assignees of the estate of Messrs. Hurst and Co. intended to prohibit its sale under its accustomed title. The two first of these assertions were not likely to produce much injury to the work. The last was of a more plausible complexion; and as the perplexities occasioned me by the failure of my booksellers, prevented me from making the final arrangements for its publication until an unusually late period of the year, it was calculated to effect no inconsiderable mischief. Booksellers residing at remote distances from the metropolis could have had no means of ascertaining the falsehood of the statement; so that it will doubtless, by this time, have effected one part of the object of its propagators. But to turn to a more grateful theme, my obligations to

those artists and collectors whose politeness has enabled me to make the volume what it now is in point of embellishment:

The "Girl in a Florentine Costume of A.D. 1500," exhibited with so much eclat at the Royal Academy several years ago, and again the year before last at the exhibition of the gems of modern art at the British Institution, was lent, for the purposes of this work, from the collection of N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. M. P., whose warm encouragement of native art is so well known and appreciated.

The Portrait of Lord Byron, painted by Mr. W. E. West, an American artist, who, encouraged by the patronage which has been bestowed upon his countrymen, Leslie, Newton, and Alston, has lately taken up his abode in England, will, I think I may safely anticipate, be considered one of the most attractive features of the present volume. Those persons, whose impressions of Lord Byron have been formed from the well known portraits of Phillips, Harlow, and Westall, may find some difficulty in reconciling themselves to the

present resemblance of what he really was a short time before his death. In an interesting article in the number of the New Monthly Magazine for March last, it is justly observed, that in the outset of Lord Byron's career, the novelty of reputation transported him into an affectation of singularity, and he chose to be represented as nothing but a corsair and a misanthrope. What we have long wanted, is a resemblance of him at a period when his variable character had undergone its utmost change. Mr. West's portrait was taken so late as August, 1822; and the most gratifying testimony has been borne to its authenticity, by all who have had opportunities of seeing the original within a few years of his death; and among others, by Mr. J. C. Hobhouse and Mr. Leigh Hunt; either of whom must be regarded as competent authority on the subject. That Lord Byron considered Mr. West's portrait the most correct likeness of any that had been painted of him, is sufficiently attested by his anxiety to have it engraved by Raphael Morghen, at his own price. The following letter, the autograph of which is in

my possession at the present moment, was addressed to Mr. West, after that gentleman had left his lordship at Pisa, and returned to Florence:

DEAR SIR, *Pisa, September* 19, 1822.

I am anxious to have an engraving from your picture by Morghen. Would you have the goodness to propose this to him, at his *own* price, and *my* expense. You will oblige me by an answer addressed to me, as usual, at Pisa. Yours truly, N. BYRON.

Mr. West applied to Raphael Morghen; but although he asked four thousand dollars for making the engraving, he would not undertake to complete it in less than three years. The idea was accordingly abandoned. A splendid mezzotint of this picture, by Turner, about the size of his admirable portrait of his majesty, will be published in a few weeks, by Messieurs Colnaghi; to whose politeness, as well as to that of Mr. West, I am indebted for the permission to introduce a line engraving of the original in the present volume. To Mr. West I am also obliged for the loan of the beautiful subject entitled "Cupid and Psyche."

The splendid print entitled "Alexander and Diogenes" has been engraved from a brilliant drawing by the justly popular painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," which was lent me, at the instance of Mr. Martin, by J. B. Belisario, Esq. I am requested by Mr. Martin to mention, that for a copy of an early and inferior sketch of the same subject, engraved for a similar work, he is anxious not to be considered responsible. It is due, however, to the party to mention, that it was furnished to him for the purposes of his work by its proprietor.

The view of "Buckfastleigh Abbey" has been engraved from one of a magnificent series of drawings of English Scenery, one hundred and twenty in number, made by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. for Mr. Charles Heath, for a work which promises to be one of the most splendid collections of the kind ever offered to the public. Notwithstanding the high admiration I have expressed for the drawings, I may add that the only specimen I have as yet seen of the engravings, a View of Lancaster, by Mr. Robert Wallis, is worthy of the original.

"The Contadina" is engraved from a pic-

ture by C. E. Eastlake, in the possession of John Sheepshanks, Esq., obligingly lent for the purposes of this volume.

For the loan of the following subjects, viz.: A Spanish Lady playing upon a Guitar, by Mr. G. S. Newton; Rosalie; a Lady in the Costume of Berne, by Mr. J. Green; Auld Robin Gray, by Mr. R. Farrier; and Goodrich Castle on the Wye, by Mr. Copley Fielding; I am indebted to the respective artists.

To all and each of these gentlemen I beg to return my best acknowledgments. The manner in which their several pictures have been engraved, will, I trust, give them no cause to regret their compliance with my wishes. Certain it is, that no expense has been spared to interest the most eminent engravers of the day in their production; and as a proof of this, I may mention, that the cost of the embellishments of the present volume has considerably exceeded the sum expended last year*.

* It may be worth while to mention, that very early proofs of more than one of the embellishments of the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826, will now fetch a price considerably larger than that of the entire volume. I allude more particularly to the plates en-

I think right to mention, in this place, that an engraving of a female face of great beauty, by Mr. Charles Rolls, announced as forthcoming in the present volume, has been cancelled, and another plate substituted in its stead, at the suggestion of a friend, who considers that the introduction of a female portrait from the land of Cavalieri Serventi would be a breach of decorum, liable to very severe animadversion. The truth of the matter is, that I adopted the subject entirely on account of its beauty as a work of art; and I am not even yet by any means convinced of my error. The walls of some of the noblest collections in Europe would soon be in a great measure dismantled, if the scruples by which I have been actuated on this occasion were to become general. I consider this explanation due to Mr. Charles Rolls, as the engraving has been announced as forth-

graved by Messrs. William Finden, Charles Heath, and Charles Rolls. Messrs. Colnaghi, the well known printsellers, have recently purchased copies of the "Forsaken," without the letters, at a public sale of engravings, for nineteen shillings each.

coming, and is highly creditable to his talents: I hope to profit by his aid next year.

With regard to the literary portion of the volume, a reference to its table of contents will show that it has been supplied by such a phalanx of distinguished writers, as has never before been embodied in any similar publication. It may be as well to mention, too, that with the exception of the lines ascribed to Lord Byron (on the authenticity of which I place no reliance), and one or two little poems selected with Mr. Sotheby's permission from an unpublished volume from his pen, the articles in the following pages were furnished expressly for the work by their respective authors.

As, however, several contributors to the present volume would, but for my solicitation, have been induced to withhold from me the countenance of their names, in order to escape numerous applications of the same kind, which their leisure or inclination may not allow them to attend to, I shall not in future (highly as I appreciate their avowed support) press so

earnestly as I have hitherto done for permission to avail myself of the names of such of my friends as may choose to remain anonymous; where, however, the privilege can be conceded, the obligation will be proportionably enhanced. I make these observations in order that my readers may not suppose I enjoy fewer advantages next year than this, should my catalogue of well known names be less numerous than on the present occasion. The following pages, including as they do so unusual a number of articles by writers of the first distinction in literature, will at once indicate the high sources that are open to me.

The great increase of the sale of the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826, as compared with the preceding volume, notwithstanding the injurious delay which attended its publication, affords abundant proof that the exertions made to augment its attractions have not been lost upon the public. Had the book appeared simultaneously with other works of the same class, its sale would, in all probability, have been very much larger than it was.

The present volume has to labour under precisely the same disadvantage; a disadvantage the extent of which can scarcely be calculated. It is, however, due to the proprietors of the work to mention, that the delay has originated in circumstances over which they could have no control. Against such contingencies care will be taken to provide another year. The *Literary Souvenir* will in future be ready for general publication on the first of November.

To facilitate this arrangement, it is of great importance to me to receive the contributions of such of my friends as may be disposed to afford me their aid, at as early a period of the year as may accord with their convenience. I have to regret that several highly interesting communications reached me too late to be included in the present volume. Among these are articles from Mr. J. H. Wiffen, Mr. David Lyndsay, and the authors of "Gilbert Earle," "Brother Jonathan," "Frankenstein," and "A Traveller's Tale."

A. A. W.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Preface	v
A Contented Man. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. . .	1
Sonnet: written in Shakspeare. By Thomas Hood, Esq. one of the Authors of "Odes and Addresses to Great People"	9
The Breeze from Shore. By Mrs. Hemans . . .	10
The Lass of Gleneslan Mill. By Allan Cunningham, Esq.	13
Sonnets on the Busts of Milton, in Youth and Age, at Stourhead. By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles . .	15
Lines suggested by the last words of Berengarius. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.	17
The Two Fathers. By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life"	19
A Retrospective Review. By Thomas Hood, Esq. .	28
Stanzas written beneath a Portrait of Lord Byron. By L. E. L.	33
Elizabeth Woodville: an Autographic Sketch of the Fifteenth Century. By Miss Benger	37
Lines written between Munich and Augsburgh. By William Sotheby, Esq.	61
The Grey Hair. By Alaric A. Watts	62

The Better Land. By Mrs. Hemans 65
The Adventure of a Star. By James Montgomery, Esq. 67
On the Elgin Marbles. By the Author of "London in the Olden Time" 71
Sea-shore Stanzas. By Barry Cornwall 72
Alexander and Diogenes. By Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Esq. 73
The Lazzaroni. By F. M. 77
A Soldier's Epitaph. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate 89
Tyre. By Mary Howitt 91
The Return: written on revisiting Edinburgh. By John Malcolm, Esq. Author of the "Buccaneer, and other Poems" 93
To Joanna Baillie. By William Sotheby, Esq. . . 96
The Witch. By John Galt, Esq. 97
The Minstrel's Monitor. By L. E. L. 103
The Visionary. By Horace Smith, Esq. 105
Lines on the State of Greece: written on having been requested to make it a subject of Poetry. By Thomas Campbell, Esq., Author of the "Pleasures of Hope" 107
Lines suggested by the Picture of "A Girl in a Florentine Costume," of H. Howard, Esq. R. A. By Alaric A. Watts 109
The First Wanderer. By M. J. J. 112
Stanzas for Music. By the Rev. Thomas Dale . . 115
Sonnet. By Arthur Brooke, Esq. 116
The British Sword. By Allan Cunningham, Esq. . 117

A Spanish Lady. From a Picture by G. S. Newton, Esq. 119
An Acted Charade. By Miss M. R. Mitford . . . 120
A Fancy Sketch. By William Sotheby, Esq. . . 132
To a Dead Eagle. By Delta 133
The Skylark. By Mrs. Josiah Conder 136
Lines on a Cupid, inscribed with 'Yo el Rey.' By C. B. Sheridan, Esq. 137
Græcia Victrix. By William Roscoe, Esq. Author of the "Life of Lorenzo de Medicis" 139
Spring Evening. By Miss Holford 141
To the Wind at Midnight. By the late H. K. White . 143
The Bridal of St. Omer: a Tale. By Miss Roberts . 145
Ivan the Czar: an Historical Sketch. By Mrs. Hemans 164
The Infiorata of Genzano. By William Hosking, Esq. . 168
Buckfastleigh Abbey. By C. 175
The Queen of the Meadow: a Country Story. By Miss M. R. Mitford 177
Corinna at the Capitol. By Mrs. Hemans . . . 189
Lines written in a Lady's Album. By John Malcolm, Esq. 192
The Two Voyagers. By Mary Howitt 194
Modern Love. By Alexander Balfour, Author of "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register" . . 199
The Poet's Solitude. By Thomas Doubleday, Esq. Author of "Babington, a Tragedy" 202
The Peasant of Portugal: an Episode of the Peninsular War 203
Sonnet: on leaving a favourite Picture. By Miss M. R. Mitford 223

The Contadina. By Delta 224
Canzonet 227
On the Death of Margaret. By John Bowring, Esq. . 228
Lines written in the Livre des Etrangers of the Union Hotel at Chamouni. By the late Lord Byron . . 231
Clough na Cuddy: a Killarney Legend. By T. Crofton Croker, Esq., Author of "Legends of the South of Ireland" 233
Youthful Love. By Thomas Pringle, Esq. 244
Stanzas for Music. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd 247
The Inconstant. By L. E. L. 248
Man's Love. By the Author of "Solitary Hours" . 250
Ballachulish 251
The Storm. By N. T. Carrington, Author of "Dartmoor" 252
To the Pine Tree of the Colonna Garden at Rome. By the Right Hon. Lord Francis Leveson Gower . . 255
To my Child Sleeping. By Alaric A. Watts . . . 257
The Bridal Gift. By the Right Hon. Lord Porchester 262
Parthian Darts: a Traveller's Tale. By the Author of the "Lovers' Quarrel" 263
A Highland Group. By William Howitt 283
The Fishing Seat---White Knights. By Miss M. R. Mitford 287
The Bird Catcher: from Bion. By the Honourable and Rev. H. Howard 288
The Distant Ship. By Mrs. Hemans 289

To the Memory of an Infant Daughter. By the Rev. Thomas Dale 291
Sonnet 294
Chantrey's Sleeping Children. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles 295
Stanzas suggested by a Book of Church Offices. By the Rev. Francis Hodgson 297
Night in Greece. By Miss Anna Maria Porter . . 299
Auld Robin Gray: the Story on which the Ballad is founded. By Delta 301
Ben Nevis 322
Solitude. By John Malcolm, Esq. 323
Ballad. By Thomas Hood, Esq. 325
To Silence. By the Author of "To Day in Ireland" . 326
An Impromptu, addressed to a Lady, who required a Specimen of the Author's Hand Writing. By Martin Archer Shee, Esq. R.A. 327
Glencoe 328
The Harvest Home. By Cornelius Webbe . . . 329
Cupid emerging from a Cloud 332
Man and the Seasons 334
Lines written upon the Lid of a Coffin. By James Bird, Esq. 335
Cupid and Psyche. By L. E. L. 337
To Morrow: a Dramatic Scene. By Edwin Atherstone, Esq., Author of "A Midsummer Day's Dream" . 340
The Sea Cave. By Thomas Doubleday, Esq. . . 349
Song. By Barry Cornwall 350

A Scottish Tradition: a Leaf from a Winter's Journal in London. By Miss Jane Porter 351
Napoleon at the Kremlin. By Mrs. Charles Gore, Author of "The Bond" 368
The Swallow. By the Rev. E. W. Barnard 372
Stanzas. By Nathan Drake, Esq. M.D. 373
The Shepherdess of the Loire: a Ballad. By P. M. James, Esq. 374
Henri Laroche Jaquelein to his Soldiers. By G. F. Richardson, Esq. 376
The Ivy. By Thomas Doubleday, Esq. 378
Ballad. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant 379
Lines to a Broken Watch. By Miss Holford 381
Stanzas. By Josiah Conder, Esq. 383
The Caravan in the Desert: a Scene from an unpublished Journal. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. Author of "Travels in Palestine" 385
I Watch for Thee: a Ballad. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson 394
The Sword of Wallace. By Delta 396
Goodrich Castle. By Henry Neele, Esq. 397
Mutability. By James Emerson, Esq., Author of "Geece in 1825" 399

LIST OF THE PLATES.

Page

I.---Girl in a Florentine Costume, A.D. 1500. By Charles Heath; from an original Painting by Henry Howard, R.A., in the Collection of N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. M.P. Frontispiece

II.---Illustrated Title, to Face Frontispiece . .

III.---The Last Portrait painted of Lord Byron. By Francis Engleheart; from an original Picture, by W. E. West, in that gentleman's possession . 33

IV.---Alexander and Diogenes. By Edward Finden; from the original Drawing by J. Martin, in the collection of J. B. Belisario, Esq. . . . 73

V.---A Spanish Lady. By J H. Robinson; from the original Picture by G. S. Newton, in that gentleman's possession 119

VI.---Buckfastleigh Abbey. By Robert Wallis; from an original Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. in the possession of Mr. Charles Heath . . . 175

VII.---The Contadina. By James Mitchell; from an original Painting by C. E. Eastlake, in the collection of John Sheepshanks, Esq. 22

VIII.---Rosalie; in the Costume of Berne. By Edward Finden; from an original Painting by J. Green, in that gentleman's possession 263

IX.---Auld Robin Gray. By John Romney; from an original Painting by E. Farrier 301

X.---Cupid and Psyche. By William Humphrys; from an original Painting by W. E. West, in that gentleman's possession 337

XI.---Goodrich Castle, on the Wye. By Edward Finden; from an original Drawing by Copley Fielding, in that gentleman's possession 397

XII.---External Decorations.

A CONTENTED MAN.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

In the garden of the Tuilleries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavour of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eying the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked-hat of the *ancien regime;* his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly savouring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these reliques of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favourable predisposition one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the

same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the east; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good humoured remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuilleries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the Revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the Revolution, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbours having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a

solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its colour he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-coloured box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre!

He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbour in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello.

As soon as the evening's performance was over he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a mean of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

Here therefore he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of

old times, and endeavoured to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurateur in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavoured to fancy it the Tuilleries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens;* and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape pennyless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return pennyless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hôtel garni,* he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was

decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favourable terms: among them was a favourite opera-dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the Revolution. She had been a protegée of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favourites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shrivelled, little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose.

The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees: he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty he made light of it, and indeed had a good-humoured way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seignior himself to display a greater

variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there 's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good humour, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the Revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them, but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them again to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little

Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found, what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.

P. S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gaiety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety.

I congratulated him on his good fortune. "Good fortune?" echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they give me a pittance as an indemnity."

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the anti-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gaiety; he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even

shrugs his shoulders when he hears the pruises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate, for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.

SONNET

Written in Shakspeare.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky,
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled,
Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed.
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,
Like exhalations from the leafy world;
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!—
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus' hill have bloomed elate;—
Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turned to clay, whereof they were create;
But God Apollo hath them all enrolled,
And blazoned on the very clouds of fate!

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

> As when to them who sail
> Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
> Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
> Sabean odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the Blessed.
>
> *Milton.*

I.

Joy is upon the lonely seas
  When Indian forests pour
Forth to the billow and the breeze
  Their odours from the shore;
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

II.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell
  A wanderer of the deep,
Where far away the jasmines dwell,
  And where the myrrh-trees weep!
Blessed, on the sounding surge and foam,
Are tidings of the citron's home!

III.

The sailor at the helm they meet,
And hope his bosom stirs,
Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet
The fair earth's messengers,
That woo him, from the moaning main,
Back to her glorious bowers again.

IV.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales
Of many a flowering glade,
And fount's bright gleam in island-vales
Of golden-fruited shade;
Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of spring.

V.

And, oh! ye masters of the lay,
Come not even thus your songs,
That meet us on life's weary way,
Amidst her toiling throngs?
Yes! o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air.

VI.

Their power is from the brighter clime
That in our birth hath part;

Their tones are of the world, which Time
  Sears not within the heart;
They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

VII.

They call us, with a voice divine,
  Back to our early love,—
Our vows of youth at many a shrine,
  Whence far and fast we rove:
Welcome high thought, and holy strain,
That make us truth's and heaven's again!

THE LASS OF GLENESLAN-MILL.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

The laverock loves the dewy light;
The bee the balmy fox-glove fair;
The shepherd loves the glowing morn,
When song and sunshine fill the air:
But I love best the summer moon,
With all her stars, pure streaming still,
For then in light and love I meet
The sweet Lass of Gleneslan-mill.

II.

The violets lay their blossoms low,
Beneath her white foot, on the plain;
Their fragrant heads the lilies wave,
Of her superior presence fain.
O, might I clasp her to my heart,
And of her ripe lips have my will!
For loth to woo, and long to win,
Was she by green Gleneslan-mill.

III.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,
O'er Blackwood-brow bright glowed the moon,
Rills murmured music, and the stars
Refused to set our heads aboon:
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,
Our mixing breaths, all was so still,
Till morning's light shone on her locks—
Farewell Lass of Gleneslan-mill.

IV.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,
Had I the eye of worldish care,
I could not think thee half so sweet,
Look on thee so, or love thee mair.
Till death's cold dew-drop dim mine eye,
This tongue be mute, this heart lie still,
Thine every wish of joy and love
My Lass of green Gleneslan-mill!

[Gleneslan is a wild and romantic glen between Nithisdale and Galloway; the mill stands, or stood, in the middle of the valley---I need not add on the bank of a fine stream.]

SONNETS,

On the Busts of Milton, in Youth and Age, at Stourhead.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

IN YOUTH.

MILTON, our noblest poet, in the grace
Of youth, in those fair eyes and clustering hair,
That brow, untouched by one faint line of care,
To mar its openness, we seem to trace
The front of the first lord of human race,
'Mid thy own Paradise pourtrayed so fair,
Ere Sin or Sorrow scathed it:—such the air
Which characters thy youth. Shall Time efface
These lineaments, as crowding cares assail?
It is the lot of fall'n humanity.
What boots it? Armed in adamantine mail
The' unconquerable mind, and genius high,
Right onward hold their way through weal or woe,
Or whether life's brief lot be high or low.

IN AGE.

And "art thou He," now "fall'n on evil days,"
And changed indeed? Yet what does this sunk cheek,
These thinner locks, and that calm forehead, speak?
A spirit reckless of man's blame or praise,—
A spirit—when thine eyes to the noon's blaze
Their dark orbs roll in vain—in sufferance meek,
As in the sight of God, intent to seek,
'Mid solitude, or age, or through the ways
Of hard adversity, the' approving look
Of its Great Master; while the conscious pride
Of wisdom, patient, and content to brook
All ills, to that sole Master's task applied,—
Still show, before high Heav'n, the' unaltered mind,
Milton, though thou art poor, and old, and blind.

LINES

Suggested by the last Words of Berengarius.*

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope;
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer

* Τό τοῖ 'ΕΣΤΗΣΕ· τοῦ ἐπιδανοῦς epitaphium testamentarium αὐτόγραφον.

Quæ linguam, aut nihil, aut nihili, aut vix sunt mea. Sordes
Do Morti: reddo cætera. Christe! tibi.

Right onward. What? though dread of threatened death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart!
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
Fear haply told thee was a *learned* strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life:
And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!
Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of *recreant* Berengare—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited *his* return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their prey?
The' ascending day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid Dawn:
Lest so we tempt the coming Noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our Morn.

THE TWO FATHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE."

THERE was the sound of stifled sobbing throughout the whole house, the fires were extinct on all the hearths, and by the glimmer of neglected lights small groups of weeping friends were sitting in remote rooms, silent, or now and then uttering a few words from which all the tones of hope had faded away, and that struck their hearts, at intervals, like the very toll of the passing bell. In one apartment there was a perfect hush, and no more motion than on a frozen sea. Therein lay on her death-bed, but still breathing, as sweet a child as ever folded hands before God,—over her countenance, white as the shroud-like sheet, her parents had long been hanging, and dropping their last kisses on the closed unconscious eyes,—he whose skill had been in vain bestowed on the sufferer night and day, stood at the foot of the couch with a solemn face overspread with that profound pity which melteth not in tears,—and the holy man who had continued to read to her the words of him who died to save sinners, even after

her speech was gone and her resignation was seen only in a few fast vanishing smiles, now bowed down his silver hairs in the gloom, and at the very moment of her soul's departure to heaven remained in the posture of reverential prayer.

The change from life to death, gradual as it may have been in its progress, smites the loving heart that beholds it with a pang as sudden as if there had been no previous despair. There had been a faint irregular breath for the parents to listen to,—there had been a motion of the bosom for them to gaze on,—a quivering of the eyelids that, miserable though it was to see, showed that their child was yet among the living. But now breath or motion there was none,—her name was the name of a shadow—for her life had ceased to be,—she had left the world in which they dwelt and would continue to dwell;—the separation was infinite, the loss beyond the power of their smitten hearts to conceive, and religion itself, that had hitherto borne them up, deserted them in that extremity, and they both sank down together on the floor. No foot approached them—no hand was stretched out to succour them in their swoon,—for the friends who beheld the agony stood aloof in their awe, and left them to the care of him who in his most dreadful judgments is still the God of mercy.

For an hour the parents were left alone in that chamber—for scenes of suffering there are, which to witness is almost to profane. None went near them; and the few

dear friends that were in the house dropped away one by one to their own homes. The servants watched every louder groan that echoed through the stillness of the dark, and in whispers spoke of the saintly character of the beloved dead. "Too good was she," they said; "too beautiful to live long;" and she who had tended her from her birth showed a ringlet of her hair cut off during her last mortal sleep, while many a tear fell on its golden glow from eyes little used to weep, and sentiments were expressed by those humble folk most affecting in their purity and solemnity;—such is the influence of sacred sorrow on the spirits of all the children of the dust.

Hurried feet were heard descending the stair, and the sound died away at distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and lo! with one arm below the head of the corpse, and the other across its breast, lay the mother in a profound sleep! Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelical smile was on both,—but no one else was present, and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.

On he went, blind and deaf to all outward things, yet unconsciously drawn, as if by the power of some invisible spirit, towards the solitary parish church that stood, among its multitude of burial heaps, under the gloom of an old pine-grove. Lonesome was the road he took, up a ravine darkened with trees, and filled with the constant

thunder of waterfalls. To his ear the place was silent as the grave. Unappalled he passed along the edges of precipices, and close to the brink of many an abyss, like one walking in his sleep, and to whom danger is not, because he has no fear. The confused sense of some unimaginable calamity drove him along; for his soul in its passion could no longer grapple with realities, and all it knew was that there had been most dismal death. Misery more than man could endure was quaking at his heart—but his reason was so shaken, that it lost hold of the cause why of all God's creatures on this wretched earth he should be the most wretched, and thus ordered out for ever and ever into the haunted wilderness.

There came a pause to his agony, and lifting up his eyes, once more he knew the heavens, and wept. Then the image of his child lay before him, with its face looking up to all those glorious luminaries, and he remembered that she was dead. His seat was a gravestone—the shadows of the church-tower lay across the moonlight burial-ground—and the far-off mysterious murmur of midnight was as a sound from another world.

Then arose, in the silence of that lonesome church-yard, the clamour of a grief that knew not how great it was till, far away from human voice and eye, it thus poured itself forth like a torrent, sounding along when all living things were asleep. All the blessings that Providence had bestowed,—so many, so pure, so high, and so undeserved,—were now all forgotten, or remembered in bitterness of

spirit, almost with an upbraiding ingratitude. "What means the goodness of God, since he has gathered all his gifts into one, and then destroyed them all by one dread decree? Better, oh better far, that she had never been born,—that smiles such as hers had never been, since they have all passed away,—that mine eyes had never seen her kneeling in prayer,—that—— Oh, thou great, and thou dreadful God! is her voice indeed mute for ever?—Can it be that our Emmeline is dead,—and soon, soon to be buried among these hideous tombstones?" He dashed himself down on a cold stone slab, green with the mosses of many years, and writhing like a wounded worm, muttered curses on his existence, supplications for pardon, wailings for the dead, and prayers in behalf of her over whom, although he now knew it not, God had thrown the mantle of a profound sleep, out of which she was to awake in perfect resignation, even with her only child lying a corpse in her bosom!

A shadow moved over the church-yard, there was a sound as of steps, and the miserable man felt himself in the presence of some one whom he could not yet discern.—The feeling of that presence disarmed his grief,—something like shame for his weakness blended with the recollection of its rueful cause,—and starting to his feet, by a sudden effort of self-command he prepared himself to be seen and spoken to by one of his fellow christians. The figure of an old man stood close beside him, and he at once recognized the solemn countenance of him who had been

praying to his daughter on her death-bed. It seemed as if tears were in those aged eyes; pity overspread all his features, pity was in his locks white as the snow, pity trembled in his folded hands, and pity bent down that body more even than the weight of three score and ten years. "My son, this is a sacred place, and God will to the prayers of a contrite heart send down peace from heaven—even the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. I bid thee to be of good cheer,—for where can mortal creatures like us so feel the vanity of sorrow as in the field of graves?"

There was a long silence, during which the heavens became more serene, each large lustrous star seeming nearer to the earth, and the solitary church-yard to be received into the very bosom of the sky. The soul of the bereaved father felt its immortality; and the dreadful darkness rolled off from the decrees of Providence. The mystery of the dream of life grew more supportable; and he thought he heard the voice of an angel singing a hymn. Well known and dearly beloved was that voice! For many blessed years it had been heard amidst the shadow and sunshine of this earth; but now it wavered away far off into the blue celestial depths, murmuring a holy, almost a joyful, farewell.

The old man bent over his son and wept. "O father, for by that name from youth upwards have I loved to call thee, join with me in humblest supplication to heaven for pardon of my mad impiety!"

They knelt down together,—he, that grey-headed man,

who had long been familiar with sorrow, and well acquainted with grief, and he that had never before bowed down at the bidding of a broken heart. The sighing and the sobbing were now all from the breast of him who had seemed unassailable to earthly troubles. Drenched were his wrinkled cheeks with tears, and he bowed his white hairs down even to the flowers that smiled in the moonlight on a grassy grave.

"O my son! pray thou also for thy poor old father! for know that only a few hours before I left my home to pray by little Emmeline's bed, my own daughter,—the sole daughter of my age,—was called away from me,—my Lucy lies like thy Emmeline—no more—no more than dust!"

O the great goodness, and the exceeding love of the human heart, that all life-long has been under the inspiration of a heaven-born faith! Utterly desolate was now the house of this aged minister of religion;—no one now to accompany him on his evening walk;—to read the chapter at morning and evening prayer;—to watch the daily change that steals over the face and the frame of him who had nearly reached the hill-foot of his pilgrimage; and to close his eyes at last when willingly they shall have become blind to this weary world!

The son now laid himself down at his father's feet, and in tenderest and most reverential embracement, bathed them in contrite tears. It was now his turn to be the comforter; and in that awful trance, his own

affliction changed into a sadness near akin to peace. He remembered that God chasteneth those he loves; the image of his wife, so beautiful in her resignation, and at that very hour cheered and strengthened by dreams sent from heaven, was brought suddenly before him; the promises contained in the Book of Life, holier and firmer far than any vows that can ever breathe from the lips of creatures of the clay, became embodied in those scriptural expressions so charged with love divine; and between the place where he and his father now stood, once more tranquil and without a groan, and the light of all those glorious stars and constellations, appeared for a moment the Shadow of a Cross.

The old man was the first to speak, and after that short fit of passion, his soul had subsided into the habitual and holy calm that broods over the declining years of the pious. Old age, too, by a gracious dispensation of Providence, becomes subdued in all its affections. Intense emotion it can contemplate with quiet sympathy in others; but when standing on the confines of another world, rightly considers all such emotion in its own case vanity of vanities. The past is as a painful or a pleasant dream; the future is felt to be the sole reality. He had parted with his daughter for a little while, and why should that little while be disturbed, blending as it was perceptibly with the dawniug of an eternal day? "We shall meet, my son, on the sabbath-day, in the house of God. One funeral sermon will suffice for them both—your Emme-

line and my Lucy—few tears now have I to shed,—you may have many,—let them flow freely at morning and evening sacrifice."

Again and again they embraced one another with mutual benedictions; and then parted, each on the way to his own dwelling; the old man into the gloom of the upper glen, and his son away down the light that bathed the vale widening towards the plain and the sea.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

Ah that I were once more a careless child.
Coleridge.

Oh when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite,—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football 's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro,—
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship 's an endless task,
My head 's ne'er out of school.—
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake
It makes me shrink and sigh,—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,—
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;—
The crownless hat,—ne'er deemed an ill,—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the ribbon round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
  My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
  A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky blue
  That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagged me!—worse is now my work—
  A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
  Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke,—and even find
  Some sugar in the cane!

The' Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
  By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!—
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
  Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home,—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,—
For fame—a deal of empty praise
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach!—
The joyous shout,—the loud approach,—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,—
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams"!—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind,—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

Painted by W.E.West. Engraved by J Engleheart

LORD BYRON

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir, 1827.

STANZAS.

Written beneath the Portrait of Lord Byron, painted by Mr. West.

'Tis with strange feelings that I gaze
  Upon this brow of thine,
Magnificent as if the mind
  Herself had carved her shrine:
An altar into which was given
The flowers of earth, the light of heaven.

At the first glance, that eye is proud,
  But, if I read aright,
A fountain of sweet tears lies hid
  Beneath its flashing light:
Tenderness, like a gushing rill
Subdued, represt, but flowing still.

That lip is curled with sneering smile,—
  Alas! what doth it prove?—
Not in the warfare of the world
  Are lessons taught of love.
So much is there hard to be borne,
The heart must either break or scorn.

And differently the poison works
On every differing mind,
Some grow false as the false they blamed,
And thus 'tis with mankind:
But there are some whose loftier mood
Grows maddened on such things to brood.

The young warm heart whose faith and love
Were all too prompt at first,
What must it feel when these are turned
To darkness and distrust?
Wormwood to know that heart has been
Dupe of the false, prey of the mean.

Such will not ask for sympathy,
Knowing they ask in vain,—
Nor yield to softer feelings way
To be deceived again;
And bitter laugh, and scornful sneer,
Become at once their shield and spear.

Such, methinks, was the destiny
That threw its chill o'er thee;
Thou hadst mixed with the false, till all
Seemed but alike to be.
Could not the workings of thine heart
Another holier creed impart?

I read it in thy gifted page,
In every noble thought,
Each lofty feeling, and sweet song
With tenderness deep fraught;
For there thine inmost soul was shown,—
Their truth, their beauty, were thine own.

For out on the vain worldling's speech
Which saith the poet's skill
But sets forth feelings he has not;
Worked up, wrought out at will.
What knows he of that sacred feeling?
He hath no part in its revealing.

And if sometimes he is not all
That his own song has sung,
It is but part of that great curse
Which still to earth has clung.
Whoe'er has seen, who yet shall see
Himself as he deemed he could be?

The mind can win eternity
With its immortal name,
But all too often happiness
Is the price paid for fame:
For not a barbed shaft can fly
But aims to strike the mark on high.

Oh, if there be one sullied page
  Unworthy of thy name,
The weakness of a mighty one,
  To dwell on it were shame,
Were cruelty, when thy fine mind
Has left such nobler store behind.

But thou art with the dead,—thy life
  In such a cause was given,
Most glorious in the sight of man,
  Precious in that of heaven.
Marathon, and Thermopylæ:
Such soil was fitting grave for thee!

Oh, England! to thy young and brave
  Is not this stirring call,
To free the fallen from the chain,
  To break the tyrant's thrall,
His life has not been spent in vain
If Greece shall burst the Moslem chain.

L. E. L.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE.

An Autographic Sketch of the Fifteenth Century.

BY MISS BENGER.

We have long since possessed the Adventures of a Guinea, of a Medal, of a Bank Note, even of an Atom. Why have we not the memoirs of an autograph? that nondescript of fashionable literature, which flourishes equally in the student's folio and the lady's album. What subject can be more felicitously adapted to that peculiar species of didactic fiction in which a Swift, an Addison, and, in our own times, a Barbauld have won the meed of fame? Let us imagine the subtle humour of Gulliver, the elegant wit of Ironside, the exquisite fancy of their female rival, successfully employed in tracing the process by which a simple domestic memorandum of the thirteenth or fourteenth century becomes an object of interest and importance to the erudite men and elegant women, who venture to look into manuscript volumes. Imagine an autograph buried in the era of

Richard the Second, and resuscitated in the reign of George the Fourth, to possess, like the Sibyl's golden leaf, the power of constraining departed spirits to resume their commerce with human beings, and what ludicrous amazement must agitate each perturbed shade, in revisiting this living world. With what astonishment would Jane Shore discover that her signature was desiderated by virtuous dames; with what disdain would Anne of Britanny rebuke the impertinent inquiry for her Livre d'Heures; and how should the brave but unlettered Montmorenci be taught to comprehend that his rude essays in writing were sought for any better purpose than the unhallowed pursuits of necromancy? But there are autographs that, like beautiful faces, in every age command attention. Who can doubt that the first song inscribed by Owen Tudor to the youthful relict of Henry the Fifth, or the first, and perhaps the last, epistle addressed by Edward the Fourth to the Lady Gray, were long enshrined in gold, and lodged next the heart, and preserved as reliques for the children's children.

In the revolution of a few cycles, one epistle alone remains, which cherished autograph is at length alienated to some royal abbess; by her bestowed on a royal favourite, from whom, by the intervention of a confessor, it is fated to be restored to conventual walls, from whence it is finally dislodged by the French Revolution.

These reflections have been suggested by the manner in which the following Autograph, containing the sketch

of Elizabeth Woodville, came into the possession of the lady by whose permission it is now presented to the public. Of this paper it may be necessary to remark, that being in many parts almost undecypherable, the original orthography was not retained by the transcriber; nor is it to be denied, that in filling up certain blanks many expressions somewhat too modern have escaped the pen. That the autograph is genuine cannot, however, be doubted by any who are familiar with the chronicles of Hall, and Speed, and Stowe. It is simply an epistolary narrative, referring to certain passages in the life of Elizabeth Woodville, written by her bosom friend and kinswoman, and addressed to a *right noble lady*, probably the prioress of some royal abbey in France, where many of Elizabeth's maternal relatives resided. The beginning of the letter is wholly illegible; but, from the date of 1590, it appears to have been written after the accession of Henry the Seventh, by whose cruel policy the mother of his queen had been consigned to perpetual imprisonment in the Abbey of Bermondsey.

"To my Right Noble Kinswoman,—

"Unskilled am I and simple to rehearse the feats of princely knights, and emblazon the glory of warlike achievements. I dare not vie with the peerless Marie of France, whose lay is noble as the heroes she glorifies; I write but on themes familiar to my sex, of dolour and pity, of woes and wrongs, of virgin truth and wifely faith,

and widowed desolation; and chief of all will I write of Elizabeth Woodville, my incomparable kinswoman, that spotless lily, entwined with the royal stem of York, which awhile decked the crown of England, and ere long shall bloom in the bowers of Paradise.

"Allied like herself to the ancient house of St. Pol, in France, I was in childhood linked to her by the double ties of friendship and kindred, and many were the days of joyance we spent together, being both nurtured in Queen Margaret's court. In our tasks we wrought from the same pattern, shot at the same marks, exchanged our merlins when we hunted; so that in all manner of pastimes, the one was the counterpart of the other; and in our privacy, we dressed alike, albeit her lady-mother approved it not. For this illustrious dame, whose beauty was then proclaimed of every tongue, had been the consort of the renowned Duke of Bedford, the regent of France, with whom she lived some years in regal state; after whose decease, being still in blooming years, and either sated with the pomps of greatness, or languishing for gentler endearments, she espoused a simple English knight, the brave Sir Richard Woodville; thus copying the example of the relict of Henry the Fifth, Catharine of France, who in like manner had wedded with the gallant Sir Owen Tudor, and worthy is it of note, that the two royal streams which took their rise from these two enamoured dames have sweetly intermingled in the progeny of Harry of Richmond and Elizabeth Plantagenet.

"To return to Elizabeth Woodville, the first pledge of that tender conjunction, which, truth to say, did more advantage her father's ambition than her mother's felicity. Hence his first essay in nobility was the title of Earl Rivers, and so warily did he proceed in the civil wars, as to gather honours from either Rose; but yet, at the last, was his prudence foiled by fortune; his daughter Elizabeth, having been chosen to grace the court of imperious Margaret, was by that imperious queen married (rather marred), even in her tender years, with the son of Sir Ralph Grey; a zealous Lancastrian, a brave youth, slain at the battle of St. Albans, by whose death, and the attainder of his house, the Lady Elizabeth was constrained to shelter herself and her portionless orphans, with her parents, who accorded well with the new king, Edward the Fourth, and held of him the royal manor of Grafton.

"At this time it was my happiness to be once more companioned with my sweet kinswoman. For though affianced to a noble lord of Britanny, the fortunes of war allowed him not to claim me as his bride, for which I little grieved; for that he was to me a stranger, and that I joyed so much in Elizabeth's discourse; and often did she with tears rehearse the miseries of her Lancastrian friends; and certes she did then love nothing less than their riotous foes, who showed themselves pitiless and implacable beyond measure. And forasmuch as many ladies had yielded to King Edward's unlawful importu-

nities, the Lady Elizabeth being chary of her good name, did refuse to seek his presence, even to entreat for pity and pardon, lest peradventure evil tongues should put a false gloss on her pure intentions; but when it was bruited that the Lady Bona of Savoy was chosen to be the royal consort, and that the great Earl of Warwick had voyaged to France to hasten the espousals, then remembering the forlorn condition of her three orphans, and what scant aid she could expect of her father's hand, she condescended to womanly supplication, and casting herself at the conqueror's feet, implored his clemency and benevolence. It is trumpetted by fame in what fashion her suit sped, seeing the king in his turn became the suppliant; and awed by the chaste reserve of the lady's carriage, assailed her with honourable love; but certes it is not of all known, or believed, that Elizabeth at first withstood even honourable persuasions, either that she feared to give herself to one of Edward's reckless humours, or that being of nice discerning, she foresaw what fierce jealousy would be kindled by her advancement; but when her father caught at the king's promises, and the duchess her mother passionately desired to make her daughter a queen, considering also that the weal of her unfriended children was by no other means to be assured, she submitted, rather than consented, with a sort of half-credulous amazement, to the unfolding of her singular destiny; yet never did she so far remit her womanly discretion, that the king should presume on an easy con-

quest; so that each day and hour that he passed in her sweet converse, he espied in her more to honour and commend, for wise governance of her children, or affable carriage to her dependents, and evermore could be content to hold with her soft parlance, for pithy she was, and eloquent, and withal courteous and debonair; her voice was clear and silver-toned, and she touched the lute passing well, ever charming as the syren, albeit she beguiled not. But forasmuch as men are fickle in their fancies, and the hearts of kings more especially prone to frailty, it is not unlike that another fair damsel might have slided into Edward's graces, but that his lady-mother, the Duchess of York, misliking his devotions to Elizabeth Woodville, whose parentage she mightily disdained, did unwarily so overstrain authority to break the knot, that verily it was thereby made fast and indissoluble. For, counting that on the bonnie morn of May old custom might warrant a merry pastime, she set forth with a goodly train of knights and damsels, in guise of nymphs and shepherds, each bearing in triumph a bough of fresh May flowers; her grace having so devised as without umbrage to entrap unawares the amorous prince in his bower of love. But the duchess herself was borne in a litter of cloth of gold, as became her age and dignity; for she was of the house of Neville, and near kinswoman of the great Earl of Warwick, now sped to France on thriftless errand for the Lady Bona. Attired in a black robe, edged with gold, she wore on her head a comely

coif, studded with pearls, on her breast a diamond cross, and suspended from her neck hung a precious rosary, each bead being a holy relic of great price, for she was marvellously devout and learned. Neither, though in stature somewhat low, did she lack majesty in her demeanour, for she was of commanding mien, her piercing grey eyes, and sharp projecting forehead, inspired something like fear; yet was she mild as fluent in discourse, in knowledge surpassing her sex, diligent in works of charity, of all men honoured and accounted virtuous. Now her grace's party being come within two miles of Grafton, had merry encounter with another rustic band of nymphs and swains, each mounted on a gallant palfrey, with gold chains, and silver bells, green housings, and wreaths of spring flowers. Before them rode a knight and a damsel, carrying a banderol, embroidered with lilies and roses, with an inscription to the queen of the May. In the meanwhile, a flourish of trumpets sounded at the castle gates, and wheresoever the foot did turn, the ear was saluted with some strain of melody; then came the jolly morrice dancers, gamboling round the May-pole, whilst from the neighbouring wood resounded the huntsman's horn, the clarionet, and flute. But the royal author of this device, which by some was believed to refer to Elizabeth Woodville, and by others ascribed to the Lady Bona, took no present share in this boisterous revelry. For lo, in a sweet shady bower in the gardens of Grafton, you might have espied a pair so

nicely matched in youth, beauty, and grace, that you should scarcely meet their living parallel; lofty was he in stature, and of noble lineaments, and though attired as a simple cavalier, had that high presence which bespoke him lord of all; yet here did he disdain the pomp of majesty, the blue eyes that had been wont to flash with ire, now swam in rapturous fondness, the lips moved wooingly, even the martial head inclined with an expression of devout humility, when he cast his plumed cap at the feet of his lady-love; and certes not unworthy of such loyal token was the fair Elizabeth, nor though unlike, was she unmeet to match with her valourous sovereign; for as he did surpass all compeers in loftiness and strength, so was she peerless in softness and benignity; more slight than tall, her lithe form was of so rare and exquisite proportion, that she did seem only on the verge of womanhood, as one supreme in loveliness, yet bearing the promise of more divine perfection. It were hard to say in what single feature you could discern the index of this marvellous beauty; her complexion was somewhat pale, but her jet black hair did relieve its tristesse; her eyelids, drooping like violets, expressed maiden coyness; till the full dark orbs, beaming with love and intelligence, being gently raised, did conspire with dimpled lips to dispel the clouds of doubt and diffidence. She was clad in white, a veil descending to her taper shoulders, was confined by a fillet to her polished forehead, from whence a few scattered locks, escaping constraint, waved over

her delicate cheeks. Before her appeared two gainsome children, dressed as the fairy king and queen, and seated on her lap was a boy beauteous as Cupid, one arm encircling his mother's ivory neck, and the other yielded to Edward's grasp; who played with it various fantastic fancies, that sometimes brought the red rose into his lady's cheeks, for well did she construe the covert meaning of every tender phrase and ardent caress which the monarch lavished on her boy for his mother's sake; and sometimes she did almost unconsciously give answering signs of fondness, and thus was the child made the innocent broker between them, till grown riotous with delight, he sprung from his mother's arms, bearing with him the scarf which had shaded her snowy bosom. Then came the gentle chiding, that pretty mockery of anger, rather tricking than disguising tenderness, the sweet commingling of discords, from which floweth perfect harmony; and longer had such dalliance lasted, but that a messenger from the Duchess Jaqueline did suddenly advise the king of his lady mother's approach; whereat, seemingly stricken as by an unseen arrow, he tartly exclaimed, what bodes this riddle? and without more speech turned from the lady, and in the same instant vanished. At this, the frolicksome boy began to cry aloud; his mother in pacifying him did softly murmur to herself, 'How lightly passeth the favour of princes:' and forthwith she repaired to her private chamber, nor did thence depart, until commanded by her lady mother to attend the royal guest.

"In the meanwhile, the king had led the Duchess of York into the state chamber, where, after her grace had been refreshed from a silver voide with wine and sweetmeats, she took occasion to drink to the health of the Lady Bona of Savoy, the royal bride; and seeing that the king responded merely to the bride, she repeated, somewhat shrewdly, the words *royal bride*.

"'Certes, madam, the king's bride can be nothing less than royal; but, he added, leading her to the oriel of a window, I beseech your grace not to take it amiss if I presume in this matter to use as much liberty as is allowed to my liege subjects.'

"'Alas!' she cried, 'know you not that the sovereign is bound by the laws of royalty not to sully the dignity of his crown?'

"'And therefore, madam, I may not blench my kingly honour by offering to the Lady Bona a faith already pawned and insured to another.'

"'How, son, are you not ready to fulfil Earl Warwick's treaty?'

"'Not if it impeach my honour, madam.'

"'But how think you shall your kinsman brook such unworthy requital of his services?'

"'As a subject, madam, his part is submission; as a patriot, he should desire to see a rightful heir to the crown; as a knight, he might challenge my sword; but as a loving kinsman, he will not grudge me the solacement of choosing a woman from my own country.'

" 'The queens of England have ever been chosen from the courts of sovereign princes.'

" 'Ay, madam, many a civil broil have those foreign queens bred amongst us; witness Eleanor of Guienne, Isabel of France, and this lioness of Anjou, imperious Margaret. Methinks an English lady should be more fitting than an alien to win the hearts of the English people.'

" 'Peradventure the lady of your choice is descended then from English princes?'

" 'I dare not say so much; but she springs from an illustrious line in France; nay, her mother might claim affinity with the English throne: for herself, she is a fair exemplar of all royal dignity and womanly loveliness; I challenge the realm of France to produce a dame more worthy to be honoured than Elizabeth Woodville.'

" 'Holy saints! and is this paragon the daughter of the wily Jaqueline St. Pol, the same humble damsel that some time waited on Queen Margaret, ere she espoused John Gray, a simple squire, knighted one day, and on the morrow slain at St. Albans? Why she has been reared in hatred of our house, and would bring a dower of curses with her love.'

" 'Nathless,' said Edward, 'she will be a loving, loyal wife.'

" 'I wis,' retorted the duchess, 'she is a loving mother, and is a woeful widow; but hath been surely ill fitted to be made a joyous bride. It was of old ordained that

the Levite should not consort but with a spotless maid, and shall a monarch condescend to accept a woman whose heart has been wasted in sighs and tears for another love.'

"'Praised be the saints, madam, I am no Levite, but a merry King of England, whose duty it is to dry the widow's tears, and to protect the fatherless orphans.'

"'Methinks then it were well you did redeem the virgin fame of Elizabeth Lucy.'

"'Nay, madam, I would not make you mother to so frail a lady.'

"'Yet you will adopt the rebel blood of Gray. Shall her children pair with yours?'

"'Nay, madam, *her* children take place of mine, being born in lawful wedlock, whereas *mine*, at this present time, have no place but in the courts of love. But *our* children shall inherit the mother's wit, and the father's land. And, madam, howsoever you mislike the mother of Elizabeth Woodville, you shall not choose but love the son of Edward Plantagenet, when he lisps for a grand-dame's blessing.'

"Here the duchess, losing self-government, hastily exclaimed, 'Neither bishop nor priest dare join you in wedlock to Elizabeth Woodville, if you stand pledged to another!' But checking herself for this sudden exclamation, she pithily added, 'If it be not the will of heaven the zeal of man shall not do it;' and smoothing her brow, she continued, 'Your highness is merry. I

ought not to abuse you with my tediousness. Pray let me see the sports prepared for May:' and after this she enforced herself to show courtesies to the duchess and her daughter, whom she now first espied in the chamber, and with gracious smiles and pithy sayings she strove to make the king forget her rashness. But he, nothing moved, repaid her with answering subtlety, and when she motioned to depart supported her to her litter, and mounting his fairest steed, caracoled by her side with signal show of reverence, yet evermore pondering on those sinister words that had escaped her lips—'Neither bishop nor priest shall join you in wedlock to Elizabeth Woodville;' for remembering that he had made fair promises to the lady Lucy, he began to fathom his mother's device, being no other than to set up a pre-contract to bar his espousals with his beloved; wherefore, after courteous leave taken of her grace, he hasted back to Grafton, and having outstript all his followers, entered by a private passage, and sought his lady's bower; but not there was she to be found, for pondering deeply on the past, she had retired to her chamber, and there, in close communion with her kinswoman, devised in what guise she might steal from England, and whether she might find shelter in a foreign convent; perceiving that she must either be forsaken by Edward, or that he should be embroiled for her sake; seeing also that her parents advocated his suit, and were buoyed with hopes that peradventure might be false, she could find no better

expedient than to implore the protection of her maternal ancestor. 'Alas!' she cried, 'I perceive too plainly how little it becomes the sparrowhawk to fly with the eagle. Too long have I listened to his honied words, till his image grows to my heart. My father is dizzy with the vision of grandeur, even perilous as glorious; for either the name of Edward's concubine should attaint the honour of my mother's race, or the rank of Edward's wife bring destruction on my father's house.' With such discourse she took counsel to depart, and then entering the oratory, composed herself for prayer. But ere long was she startled with her mother's voice demanding admittance; and this done, there entered her father the Earl Rivers, her confessor an aged French priest, and last of all King Edward, who in few words declared his mistrust of his mother's purpose, to frustrate which, he besought Elizabeth to consent to their private espousals; inasmuch as no bishop should have power to dissolve vows once pledged at the altar, not even the pope himself, unless there should have been forbidden ties of propinquity betwixt them. Whilst the king spoke Elizabeth, bending her eyes to earth, and letting fall her veil to conceal her tears, stood in sorrowful amazement; but when her father did command her to receive King Edward as her wedded lord, she cried, 'Nay, nay; too well I apprehend such nuptials will be disallowed; neither, were it otherwise, would I become the brand of discord to my king and country.'

"'Then,' answered Edward, 'suffer but this priest to join our hands ere let or impediment be raised by our enemies. Receive my troth, and here, in pledge of my loyal faith, I solemnly swear never to approach your bed until you shall be publicly acknowledged for my lawful queen.'

"Still Elizabeth answered not; but the Earl Rivers, taking her aside, conjured her not to mar the fortunes of her father's house. And her mother whispered a tender entreaty, which, truth to say, she was little minded to resist; so much despite of herself had Edward's passionate persuasions prevailed in her heart. Thus consenting by silence, she retired not though the king drew nearer—the duchess held her in a motherly embrace—the earl took from his own finger the bridal ring, and the holy rite once begun was quickly consummate. But now, when the priest had pronounced the nuptial benediction, Elizabeth shrieked, exclaiming—'Ah, woe is me! I am forsworn! I had taken a vow never to wed a follower of York—and lo! pardon me, sweet lord, the vow is broken! The holy saints forefend that evil light on other than myself.'

"'Be of good cheer, Elizabeth,' cried Edward, proudly. 'No follower can he be who is lord of all. You have conjoined with the head and heart of York, and of England's king to boot, and therefore are not forsworn.'

"'Marry,' said the priest, 'the lady did sin more in making the vow than in breaking it; and meet it is that

she perform penance in some place of religious sanctity, lest sorrow fall on these new espousals.'

"'If so it must be,' said the king, 'we will bear the penance together.'

"'Not so, my royal liege, for then should she never be absolved, inasmuch as with you she never could repent of aught committed for your pleasure. Yet may the penance, if severally endured, in some sort be mutual, for I wis your highness shall have no more pleasure in discoursing with the bishops, than the lady Elizabeth in praying with the nuns.'

"At this the king, perceiving the father's drift, departed, and Elizabeth obtained his allowance of her removal to the antient Abbey of Bermondesey, nigh unto London, where she did resolve to remain evermore, until she should be publicly acknowledged King Edward's lawful wife. But long did it seem, and yet longer did it prove, ere this devoutly desired purpose might be accomplished; for the Duchess of York having incited the lady Lucy, to pretend to a prior contract, the bishops were constrained to declare they durst not acknowledge the king's late espousals until the former bond were cancelled; and verily it was a subtle point, and many there were who opined that the duchess did never heartily concur in the lady Lucy's suit, but to advance her son George, Duke of Clarence, and to settle the succession in his posterity. But here leaving matters of state, I return to Elizabeth, who had now a blessed home of peace in the Abbey

of Bermondesey, where she was royally treated, and lodged in the state chamber that had belonged to the enamoured Queen Catharine Tudor, the progenitrix of the present king, and where she greeted full often her loving Edward; and divers times, by permission of the abbess, she received him in the beautiful garden, to which there is easy access from the river, when, in guise of a jovial waterman, the king, unattended, rowed in a simple skiff; and sometimes he stole thither wafted in his six-oared barge, with a concert of hautboys, flutes, and clarionets, to salute his mistress; and each day Elizabeth sent to him some pithy sonnet, or tender lay, or dainty anagram, all culled with art by the purveyance of dainty love; and she wrought him a scarf, embroidered by her skilful fingers with his own name, and a motto taken from the crown of England, '*Ich dien*'—I serve; and she wrought a cross on one side, on the other a golden heart, to signify that either his love or the cloister should be her portion evermore; nor did she omit to cut off a tress of her long dark hair, and composed with it an amulet, to be worn next his heart; and seeing that he loved music passing well, she was wont to touch the lute, and so to modulate her voice that it should breathe of heavenly melody. At this time too she had recourse to learned clerks, and famed divines, by whose persuasion she made a vow, if ever she should be Queen of England, to found, for the advancement of learning, a noble college at Oxford, for the king had little care for

aught save war and love. Then all things did seem to speak of gladness—all were made to breathe the same air of gaiety and pleasure; even the reverend abbey did seem converted to a bower of joyance, for not only were the walls of the royal chamber draped with cloth of gold, but the galleries leading thereto were festooned with garlands of flowers, natural or feigned, the which lacking fragrance, the circumambient air was, by various arts, so richly impregnated with aromatic dews, that the whole did seem like an oriental garden, exhaling odours of frankincense, cassia, and myrrh: and there was an aviary adjoining, wherein the birds warbled as in spring; and divers pictures there were to delight the eye. On the ceilings were painted various passages of sacred and Grecian story; the tale of Troy was wrought on the stairs; the glory of Solomon was painted in the refectory; nor ever did lack the silver salver or voide of spices, diffusing such fragrance as might be perceived even in the cells of devout and mortified nuns, who here dwelt in sanctity and solitude. And thus lived Elizabeth during many months, until, either by might or right, the king's cause prevailed, and, the lady Lucy having disowned the pretended contract, there rested no let to Edward's marriage; for even the Duchess of York, being a wise princess, withdrew her opposition; and Elizabeth privately prepared to quit the convent, attended by her mother Jacqueline, with whom she joyfully met King Edward at Clerkenwell, and was afterwards conveyed

in queenly state to the Tower, and then publicly and honourably acknowledged. And now did all men extol the virtue and prudence of Elizabeth Woodville, even those that grudged prosperity to her ambitious house; and the women more especially vaunted of her success, for that she had vanquished the victor, and made the mighty her captive. But above all was the duchess her mother elate with immeasurable joy, for that her husband, created Marquis of Dorset, and Lord High Constable, was to marshal the solemnities of his daughter's coronation. From me, her humble kinswoman, so long attendant on her fortunes, she had never been parted during her sojourn at Bermondsey; and thus was I permitted to behold her crowned at Westminster, ten months after I had witnessed at Grafton her private espousals. I saw her in her royal robes, so gorgeously apparelled as almost to dazzle the eye, clad in purple velvet, edged with ermine; on her smooth brows was wreathed a diadem of precious stones; her hair curiously braided, and interlaced with threads of gold, flowed in long tresses, under a caul of pipes fretted with gold, which did marvelously set off its beauty. Wheresoever she passed she was greeted by beautiful children, attired as angels, chaunting hymns in her praise. In the church her crown was borne by the lady Margaret, the king's sister (since Duchess of Burgundy), and her train carried by a female descendant of John of Gaunt, the lady Margaret, some time Countess of Richmond, and mother of that fortunate prince Henry,

then in his cradle, who now sways the sceptre. Before the new queen marched her father, the lord constable; and after him her brother, the Earl Rivers; whilst the Duchess Jacqueline, with rapture in her eye, sat spectatress thereof. For myself it was a spectacle that filled me with awful amazement, for remembering me of her former vow never to wed a friend of York, and of the prayers she had offered for the extirpation of the enemies of Lancaster; remembering this, I could not choose but feel sinister shudderings in contemplating this marvellous greatness; and when I saw the heavy crown set on her head, and the sceptre placed in her delicate hands—even when I listened to the solemn anthem chaunted to her glory, and witnessed the homage of the assembled peers, methought she looked like one for ever divided from her youthful companions; and solemn was the sight, and sadness came to my heart, even as though she had pronounced at the altar the religious vows. But when all was over, and she had dined in her chair of state in the Hall, and touched with her lips the golden cup, and tasted the golden hippocrass,—and when the heralds had proclaimed largesses,—and when the multitude were scrambling for the boons bestowed in the new queen's name,—then did I accompany the Duchess Jacqueline to the private chamber, where, uncrowned and disrobed, she received the gratulations of her friends and kindred; and pretty it was to see the mother attempting to offer obeisance, and the daughter resisting, till each was locked

in the other's arms: then Elizabeth gracefully begged her parent's blessing; but Jacqueline, weeping for joy, exclaimed, 'Since I have seen you crowned I die content.' Then her father said, 'I desire your highness to command him you have been wont to obey.' Her brother came next. But Elizabeth, now perceiving the king had entered, sprung forward, and presented to him the scarf on which she had wrought the motto, '*Ich dien*'—I serve; adding, in a sweet low voice, 'Thrice welcome my liege—the sovereign of my heart, whom I am ever bound to obey.' To this Edward gaily answered, 'Well said, fair dame; but what pledge have you to give of your fidelity? peradventure I shall require some hostage; but so well do you become the style of queen, you may affect the style of sovereign.'

"'What means my Edward?'

"'See here,' and he pointed to her children, whom he had privily caused to be brought into the presence—'see the pledges I require to be entrusted to my keeping, until, with heaven's blessing, you shall have given to me and the people of England better surety. I have an heiress for each of them. For this, my old playfellow,' taking in his arms the little boy, who had been his delight at Grafton, 'I must make him a bishop, to atone for having prevented his mother from being a nun: and pray tell me which of all these you love best, that I may lay on them some grievous burthen of land or honours, to be endured for your sake. And now, Elizabeth, have I not made you

a queen? You deny it, and marry you are right, for without the bishop's oil, or the herald's trump, you were long before a queen of hearts; and though I should lose my realm to-morrow, yet would you not have one subject the less.'

"Elizabeth replied but by smiles and sweet bright tears, which made me remark how much more the king became her than the crown, for never looked she so lovely as when gazing on his face with looks of wifely love and of secret intelligence. So passed this memorable day and all its chequered gladness and solemnities; had all so sped, how blessed above women had been Elizabeth Woodville.

"I had thought to trace her story, but, alas! it is a perplexed labyrinth; only this will I add, that on the night of my kinswoman's coronation I was marvellously affected with a dream, which, after five-and-twenty years, I am constrained to recal from oblivion. Methought I saw the queen crowned in state, sitting betwixt her father and brother, when suddenly the fierce Earl of Warwick, upraising his spear, the Marquis of Dorset and the Earl of Rivers fell headless on the floor; then Edward and his brother of Clarence waged mortal combat, and the king slew the duke, though Elizabeth seemed to entreat for him; then all changed to a scene of revelry, Edward dancing with buxom dames on the borders of the sea till all were engulphed; and lo many sepulchres, lighted by a single lamp, and spectral figures gliding among them, and Elizabeth in the weeds of widowhood, chained like

another Andromache, bewailing a murdered son. At this mournful spectacle I wept so piteously that I awoke in affright, so sensible was my heart to those expressions of mortal dolour. I may not mingle bitter with sweets, nor plunge into the abyss of these misfortunes; but briefly thus it is:—I left Elizabeth happy and glorious; twenty-five years after I returned, and found the realm in peace—London prosperous—her eldest daughter a queen, and herself—oh the pity, chained as I had seen her in my dream—a mournful prisoner in the Abbey of Bermondesey. And by whose hand is the wound inflicted? Not by the fierce Warwick, who had slain her father—not by the pitiless Richard, who had bereaved her of her sons; but by the son-in-law that should have sustained and protected her—the prince whom in other times she had favoured and cherished, and who owed to her a debt never to be repaid. And on what plea is the outrage committed? A cruel subterfuge. It is pretended that she sacrificed her children to the usurper, as if she who had no power to resist his will should be charged with his crimes—as if the mother whom he had robbed of her sons should, of her free will, have delivered to him her daughters—or the queen whose loyalty he had impeached should desire to emblazon his glory. Was it not rather to be believed that, deceived and abandoned by her husband's friends, she took counsel of her kindred, and of her own fear? Here is she a prisoner, bereaved of all she possessed. Unowned by one child—neglected by another—shunned

by the elder—to the younger unknown—without friends or flatterers—she weeps not, for her tears are exhausted—she complains not, her sighs are unanswered. She grieves, yet repines not, so deeply is it printed on her soul, that when she wedded with King Edward, in despite of repeated vows, she was fearfully forsworn."

LINES

Written between Munich and Augsburgh.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

The traveller onward speeds his pace,
Regardless of thy scene;
And resting on some lovelier place,
Forgets thou e'er hast been.

But—on the loveliest spot on earth,
Though home that spot may be,
As thou had'st welcomed in my birth,
My spirit dwells on thee.

The woes I there endured awhile
Thy memory more endear,
For thou beheld'st my brightest smile
Beam from my bitterest tear.

THE GREY HAIR.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

Come, let me pluck that silver hair
  Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see:
The withering type of Time or Care
  Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!

II.

Years have not yet impaired the grace
  That charmed me once, that chains me now;
And Envy's self, love, cannot trace
  One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

III.

Thy features have not lost the bloom
  That brightened them when first we met:
No:—rays of softest light illume
  Thy unambitious beauty yet!

IV.

And if the passing clouds of Care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left, triumphant, there
A holier charm—more witching grace!

V.

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness, all its own,
Methinks I never marked before!

VI.

Thus, young and fair, and happy too—
If bliss indeed may here be won—
In spite of all that Care can do;
In spite of all that Time hath done;

VII.

Is yon white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given?
A sign, a token from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

VIII.

To speak to thee of life's decay;
Of beauty hastening to the tomb;
Of hopes that cannot fade away;
Of joys that never lose their bloom?

IX.

Or springs the line of timeless snow
With those dark, glossy locks entwined,
'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow,
To emblem thy maturer mind?—

X.

It does—it does:—then let it stay;
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now;
Who 'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from Beauty's brow?

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

II.

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child?"

III.

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!

IV.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE ADVENTURE OF A STAR.

Addressed to a Young Lady.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A STAR would be a flower;
So down from heaven it came,
And in a honey-suckle bower
Lit up its little flame:
There on a bank, beneath the shade
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,
It overlooked the garden-ground,—
A landscape stretching ten yards round:
Oh! what a change of place
From gazing through the' eternity of space.

Gay plants on every side
Unclosed their lovely blooms,
And scattered far and wide
Their ravishing perfumes:

The butterfly, the bee,
And many an insect on the wing,
Full of the spirit of the spring,
Flew round and round in endless glee,
Alighting here, ascending there,
Ranging and revelling every where.

Now all the flowers were up and drest
In robes of many-coloured light;
The pale Primroses looked their best,
Peonies blushed with all their might;
Dutch Tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads;
Auriculas, like belles and beaux,
Glittering with birthnight-splendour rose,
And Polyanthuses displayed
The brilliance of their gold brocade.
Here Hyacinths of heavenly blue
Shook their rich tresses to the morn,
While Rose-buds scarcely shewed their hue,
But coyly lingered on the thorn,
Till their own nightingale, who tarried long,
Should wake them into beauty with his song.
The Violets were past their prime,
And yet their failing breath
Was sweeter in the hour of death
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.

Amid this gorgeous train
Our Star shone forth in vain;
Though in a wreath of periwinkle,
Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,
It seemed no bigger to the view
Than the bright spangle in a drop of dew:
Where all was jollity around,
No fellowship the stranger found.
These lowliest children of the earth,
That never leave their mother's lap,
Companions in their harmless mirth,
Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,
Feasting on dew, and light, and air,
And fearing no mishap,
Save from the hand of lady fair,
Who, on her wonted walk,
Plucked one and then another,
A sister, or a brother,
From its elastic stalk,
Happy no doubt, for one sharp pang, to die
On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.

Thus all day long that Star's hard lot,
While bliss and beauty ran to waste,
Was but to witness on the spot
Beauty and bliss it could not taste.

At length the sun went down, and then
Its faded glory came again,
With brighter, bolder, purer light
It kindled through the deepening night,
Till the green bower, so dim by day,
Glowed like a fairy-palace with its beams;
In vain;—for sleep on all the borders lay,
The flowers were blooming in the land of dreams.
Our Star, in melancholy state,
Still sighed to find itself alone,
Neglected, cold, and desolate,
Unknowing and unknown.
Lifting anon its mournful eye,
It saw that circlet empty in the sky
Where it was wont to roll
Within a hair-breadth of the pole:
In the same instant, sore amazed,
On that strange blank all nature gazed;
Travellers, bewildered for their guide,
In glens and forests lost their way;
And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,
Went fearfully astray.
The Star, then, wiser for its folly, knew
Its duty, worth, and happiness at home;
So up to heaven again it flew,
Resolved no more to roam.

One hint the humble bard may send
To her for whom these lines were penned:
Oh! may it be enough for her,
To shine in her own character!
Oh! may she be content to grace,
On earth, in heaven, her proper place!

ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME.'

Fair Greece! fair Greece! though all had passed away,
Thy poets' numbers, and thy heroes' fame—
Thy deathless deeds, and nothing of thy name,
Save these fair almost breathing forms, did stay
To tell us what thou wert, yet should we say
Thou wast the mother of a wondrous race!
O! when the unearthly majesty we trace,
The heavenly beauty, quenchless in decay,
Of these so delicate forms, and gaze upon
The godlike brow, the eye most eloquent,
Flashing deep thought though fashioned from cold stone,
We dread for thee Prometheus' punishment:
He snatched the heavenly fire but to illume
A mortal span—here it survives the tomb!

SEA-SHORE STANZAS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

Methinks I fain would lie by the lone sea,
And hear the waters their white music weave!
Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
So that our sorrows might companioned be
By that strange harmony
Of winds and billows, and the living sound
Sent down from heaven when the thunder speaks
Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks,
When the swoll'n sea doth strive to burst its bound!

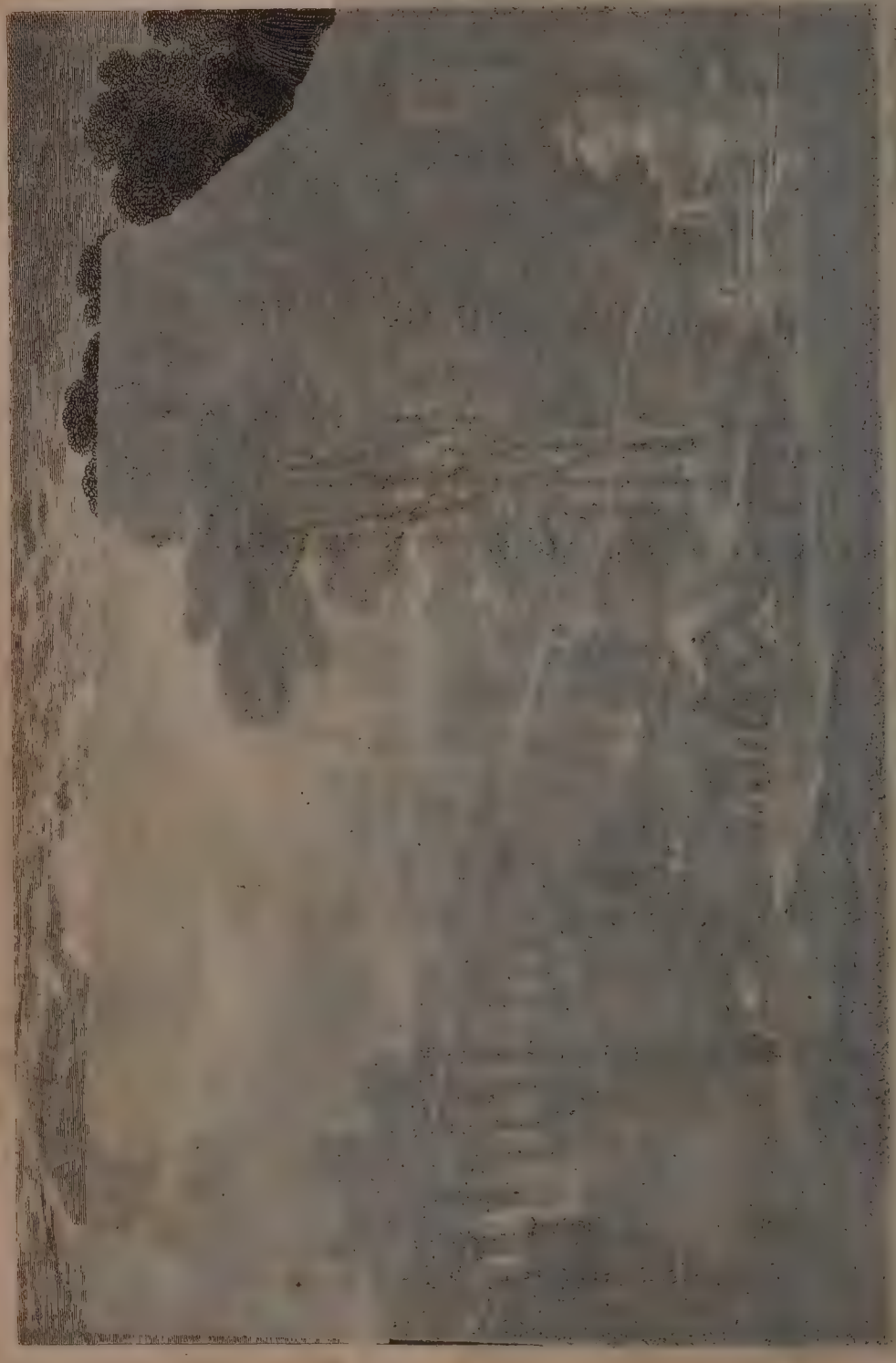
II.

Methinks, when tempests come and kiss the ocean
Until the vast and terrible billows wake,
I see the writhing of that curled snake
Which men of old believed, and my emotion
Warreth within me till the fable reigns
God of my fancy, and my curdling veins
Do homage to that serpent old
Which clasped the great world in its fold,
And brooded over earth and the unknown sea,
Like endless, restless, drear eternity!

Painted by J. Martin.

ALEXANDER & DIOGENES.

Engraved by E. Finden.



ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

Diogenes Alexandro roganti ut diceret, Si quid opus esset, "nunc quidem paullulum, inquit, "a sole."---*Cicero Tusc. Disp.*

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, ESQ.

I.

Slowly the monarch turned aside:
But when his glance of youthful pride
Rested upon the warriors gray
Who bore his lance and shield that day,
And the long line of spears, that came
Through the far grove like waves of flame,
His forehead burned, his pulse beat high,
More darkly flashed his shifting eye,
And visions of the battle plain
Came bursting on his soul again.

II.

The old man drew his gaze away
Right gladly from that long array,

As if their presence were a blight
Of pain and sickness to his sight;
And slowly folding o'er his breast
The fragments of his tattered vest,
As was his wont, unasked, unsought,
Gave to the winds his muttered thought,
Naming no name of friend or foe,
And reckless if they heard or no.

III.

" Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,
Puppet, which mortals call a king,
Adorning thee with idle gems,
With drapery and diadems,
And scarcely guessing, that beneath
The purple robe and laurel wreath,
There 's nothing but the common slime
Of human clay and human crime!—
My rags are not so rich,—but they
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

IV.

" And ever round thy jewelled brow
False slaves and falser friends will bow;
And Flattery,—as varnish flings
A baseness on the brightest things,—
Will make the monarch's deeds appear
All worthless to the monarch's ear,

Till thou wilt turn and think that Fame,
So vilely drest, is worse than shame!—
The gods be thanked for all their mercies,
Diogenes hears nought but curses!

V.

" And thou wilt banquet!—air and sea
Will render up their hoards for thee;
And golden cups for thee will hold
Rich nectar, richer than the gold.
The cunning caterer still must share
The dainties which his toils prepare;
The page's lip must taste the wine
Before he fills the cup for thine!—
Wilt feast with me on Hecate's cheer?
I dread no royal hemlock here!

VI.

" And night will come; and thou wilt lie
Beneath a purple canopy,
With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed
Their feverish fragrance round thy bed,
A princess to unclasp thy crest,
A Spartan spear to guard thy rest.—
Dream, happy one!—thy dreams will be
Of danger and of perfidy;—
The Persian lance,—the Carian club!—
I shall sleep sounder in my tub!

VII.

" And thou wilt pass away, and have
A marble mountain o'er thy grave,
With pillars tall, and chambers vast,
Fit palace for the worm's repast!—
I too shall perish!—let them call
The vulture to my funeral;
The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,
Are all he leaves his fellow men,—
Heedless how this corruption fares,—
Yea, heedless, though it mix with theirs!"

THE LAZZARONI.

I SHOULD be unwilling to question the delights of the Island of Calypso, with its refreshing shades, or of the cool grotto of Circe; I would give the garden of Alcinous its fabled charms; nor do I detract from their several merits, when I would add one other spot to this short catalogue of earthly paradises. There is a softness and a witchery of beauty in Palermo, that has awed even Saracens, and their barbaric inscriptions even now attest that they could feel and spare. She has suffered under the rod of the Turk, has bowed beneath the iron sway of the Norman, and has been debilitated by the licentiousness of the French; yet the vesper bell has tolled in token of her energies, for like the sea that fondles at her feet, or Etna, the giant mountain, she either boils with rage, or slumbers in repose. Still she has received successive dynasties ever preserving her monuments intact, and she now stands a solitary example to the world of having been loved and not abused.

At times I have stood upon the strand enamoured of

the scene before me. I have gazed with somewhat of passion on the gently heaving billow of the sea, and as I toyed with it in fancy, as with a mistress, I have thought that the Monte Pellegrino seemed to frown upon me from above, as a cautious and sullen guardian of his daughter's charms. I have then in fear turned from his rebuke, and wandered along the shore, lost in love.

It was in such a mood that I once strayed further than was my custom towards the Bagheria. I had paused to remark the stillness of all around me. On the sea were a few guardians of the thunny nets, whose only toil was not to slumber at their posts, whilst their companions in watching their unwieldy prey were basking upon the shore. I gazed awhile on the tall and beautiful forms that were spread around me. "The harmony of nature is universal," I said. "There must be tones of the mind to accord with this grace and beauty of person. Touch but the right chords, and the spirit within shall surely respond."

Even as I spoke, the general listlessness was broken by the appearance of a female. As she approached, I marked in her an intelligence of countenance beyond her station, for she seemed but as an humble messenger carrying a meagre provision of goat's milk and macaroni. As she passed the groups of lazzaroni, she gave a significant and forbidding shake of the head. It was an ill-omened look; they gazed awhile upon her with a stare of mingled affection and inquiry. And when she had passed, they

strained their eyes in the direction she went along the shore, as if it had been a supernatural apparition.

Almost instinctively I followed her. She soon quitted the strand, and struck into a winding path that led to a doorless and windowless cabin. A towering aloe stood as it were as sentinel at the wicket, and within the precincts, a cumberous wild fig-tree lent a grateful shade. It served, as I fancied, to conceal me from the observation of the messenger. For whomsoever the provision was destined, it was given in silence; heartless appeared the being that extended it, and comfortless the look that accompanied it.—Yes, it seemed an act prompted by duty, cold, cheerless, and calculated. The step slow and measured in the approach, but quickened as it receded, betokened the intentions of the visitor. She was gone, and I could have cursed her even for her charity.

I still remained in my concealment, for I reflected that my intrusion might be deemed impertinent. I should have retired, had not a groan attracted my notice. It might be—a thousand possibilities occurred to me.—In a moment I stood upon the very threshold of the hut. I observed before me, on a bed of straw, a pale emaciated being. A fisherman's cloak was carelessly thrown over him, and as I appeared, his eyes became fixed, but with fear not with interest; his mouth was partly open, his hands grasped firmer the cloak that partially covered him, his head fell upon his shoulder, and he seemed to crouch

within himself, as though he awaited a blow he could not ward. I drew nearer to him, but with the consciousness of one who knows that his presence is unwelcome. I could not leave him. He breathed loud and quick. An occasional gurgling in the throat, as though nature struggled for life within him, gave a fearful interest to the moment. Each time she might be vanquished, and I might be the—murderer. My motives were of little consequence. I had occasioned the sufferings; gradually, however, he breathed more freely; the conflict of the spasms was less severe, his hand loosened its grasp, his muscles were unstrung, and he slumbered.

In the awful silence that succeeded, I contemplated this remnant of clay. The sun just sinking into the sea, as if to refresh himself from the labours of the day, cast a stronger and a ruddier light through the aperture of the door-way; and nature seemed to smile as she thus played with mortality. Death riding on a whirlwind, or starting through the chasm of an earthquake, is indeed terrible; but I appreciate the smiles of nature more than I fear her frowns, and she smiled so sweetly, and looked so lovely, that never did I cling to life more fondly than at that moment. To this exuberance of health without, the form before me bore a sorry contrast. I approached it. The heart beat slower and less audibly. I thought that it had even ceased to beat. I listened, I bent down, I knelt beside him, already I had touched the cloak, I

would have forced my way to his heart,—but,—and I turned to the appeal of a voice behind me, calmly calling upon me to desist. It was the figure I had before seen.

"Touch that flesh," she said, "and if thou canst doubt its doom, so mayst thou too expect to survive."

"Talk not to me of doubt," I exclaimed as I rose, "it were a mockery in the certainty of such misery. Who art thou? What is he?"

"A lazar," she rejoined, "*and yet not of us.*" As she spoke, she smiled as if in triumph, and then calmly added, "As I would spare myself your questions, I will tell you that you did not enter unobserved. I well knew the effect that such a sight would produce upon him, for *the consciousness of the extent of the evil is its proper bane.* Think not, however, that he would have lingered long; one other day had ended his sufferings. My tale is short. I am here to minister to his wants by the sternest law of our country—ancient prejudice. The world has stigmatized us with the appellation of lazzaroni. It is often lightly said, but hadst thou bared that bosom, thou hadst seen a lazar, hadst thou touched that flesh, thy doom had been as irrevocably fixed as is the wretch's now before thee. We have received this pious inheritance from the crusades. The barrier against oriental contagion is termed a lazar house, and we are become a bye word to the world, as heirs to Heaven's worst curse. Still we have our patron saint—Saint Lazarus. We have our solitary bond of union. To the observance of this tie, he

is indebted for the daily visit I have paid him for two long years. The wound has widened, till his whole body has become scaled and cankered, and the slumber of this moment is the pause of nature, before the soul bursts from the surrounding corruption. But the world is false," and her countenance brightened as she spoke ; " for not we alone are the undivided heirs to this propagated curse, fair patrimony indeed!—Enough.—If thou remainest, approach him not. Before the morrow's sun has set, all will be over. Thou mayst be of service to him in attending to some wishes long since committed to paper, and which will be found after our last ceremonies. Of these hereafter; yet know one thing more,—that were he of thine own blood, as he is of thy country, *the body of the leper is ours.*"

She disappeared. It was in vain to call her back. I would have asked her a thousand questions. Her tone was not unkind, and she had perhaps saved me from a similar fate.

There was in her manner a gleam of satisfaction, such as will at times be felt upon a comparison of the miseries of another with our own; that secret spring of negative happiness that we would cheat ourselves to disbelieve in, for she felt that others were equally subject to the corruption.

It was already night, for the short twilight had finished with the conference, and I was now left in this sad chamber of death. I could not leave him, although my pre-

sence was unasked, and I hardly dared to stay. Almost bereft of life myself, I stood, not venturing to move, and scarcely to breathe. As the pale light of the rising moon shone upon the bare clay of the hut, I perceived, and I tremble to record it, the creatures that were hastening to claim their inheritance. The wall, cold and damp, was dotted with beetles and scorpions; and even on the floor the harmless lizard, that came to shelter itself from the night dew, was transformed by the imagination into a merciless claimant for this wreck of humanity. For a moment I thought that it must be fancy. The decree of the wretch's fate was too cruel, too unjust. To assure myself of its reality, I would fix my eyes upon one motionless, black spot—it did not move—it could not live—and these terrors then were of my own creation. I turned to another, another, and another—all were still; but they had moved, and even then they moved again. I fancied that they approached me—perhaps I was their victim. During the last few hours contagion might have marked me too for her prey. I tottered, and almost fell to the ground, and then inwardly cursed my selfish cowardice.

"Oh God!" I cried, "it was indeed well devised that upon the nearest and dearest friend should devolve the task of closing the eyes in death!"

It is time that this scene should close, though the recollection of what I then suffered has lightened the weight of other woes. Never did the hours appear so

tardy. The struggles for life recommenced—they succeeded quicker and quicker, and as the morning dawned I saw that the whole frame of the poor sufferer was convulsed. He raised his head, threw back partially his cloak, for a moment gazed upon me piteously but unconsciously, drew one long breath, and fell extended upon the ground. Whatever it might be, the trial or the punishment, it was over.

I was not long alone, for as if aware of the catastrophe, Marguerita was presently in the cabin.

"Well," she exclaimed, "his doom is sealed—is it not? By the favour of Santa Rosalia thou hast passed this awful night. Thou must now remove from this scene—our most important duties are beginning. When thou shalt see the funeral pile lighted, or hear the first notes of our dirge, then, and not till then, approach. All that belonged to the deceased shall be faithfully consigned to thee. That thou hast witnessed his dying moments gives us confidence in thee. May St. Lazarus be propitious to thee!"

I obeyed her injunctions instantaneously, and removed to a short distance from the hut, where I had a commanding view of the shore, and of the sea. I laid myself down upon the ground, worn out with fatigue; the big drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead. I was weak and exhausted, and I fell asleep.

Then, as if I had not already suffered enough, the miserable leper stood before me in my dream. At one

time I thought that he supplicated me to approach him, and extended his hand to me with savage pleasure; and then, as I gazed upon him, he would turn away in disgust, as if conscious of the contagion. At another, I thought that I was summoned before the judges in hell: I saw those who had been deified by men for their justice passing judgment on the son for the sins of the father; and as I cursed the code that authorized the tyranny I started from my slumbers. Again that wretched form approached me; thanked me for giving the lie to the world that said there was no compassion for him; called me his guardian spirit, or what he said was dearer to him, brother, for he had never known one; I railed at providence for not having given him this one tie of affection, and I awoke to a reality almost worse than the delusion I had dreamed of.

In such unrefreshing slumbers the day passed on. It was noon. I arose and saw the shore covered with the bustling forms of, what I had hitherto supposed to be, inactive Lazzaroni. The preparations were far advanced—the pile was erected. I went to a spring not far off and refreshed my parched lips—I needed no other sustenance.

I awaited the signal, and in my spirit greeted the ceremony that was to baulk of their prey the creatures that spring from our very flesh, and rot again upon our very bones. The Egyptians embalmed—the old civilized world burnt—whilst we bury!

The sun had now set—the signal was given, and the pile blazed high to heaven. I descended, and as I passed at no great distance from where the cottage had stood, I was astonished at not seeing a vestige of it remaining. Can this be a people proverbial for their apathy? Yes; but there is a bond of union amongst them, cemented by the consciousness of the stigma affixed to their name by the world, and as it has grown and been matured in misery, so will it outlast, and bind stronger than all those more endearing ties of love, affection, or friendship.

As I drew nearer to the pile I observed that Marguerita enacted the chief priestess. An urn was placed immediately under the body to receive the ashes—the beautifully picturesque forms of the surrounding votaries, clad in the slight dress of the ancient biblical lepers—the earnestness of their devotion—the crackling of the wood—the wild cries of the sea-gulls as they circled round the sacrifice—lent to the whole scene an air of wildness that I can never forget. There was an exultation in their looks and in their song—it was the victory of death —hear their strains.

THE LEPERS' DIRGE.

I.

On the wings of the spirits of lepers gone
We send our prayers to St. Lazarus' throne.

By the curse that formed our bands
Come ye from the burning sands!
Chaplets for the victim twine—
Hew the cedar—split the pine.
Now the serpent-crested fire
Gaily mounts the funeral pyre,
Whilst the curlew swoops to the ravens' cry,
And the screech-owl hoots as the flame mounts high.

II.

Death flies with the winds, when from Lepari's caves,
As maddened by Freedom they sweep o'er the waves.
Scylla's hell hounds hark we hear!
Phantoms of the dead appear!
In mid air Destruction broods,
Chaos starts from 'neath the floods!
Rocks are rent! The river's course,
Rushing headlong from its source,
Is lost in the wreck!—From the mother's breast
The infant is torn in its hour of rest!

III.

On the bosom of earth see the night-mare stalks;
On the breast of the billow the siroc walks.
Spirit of the mighty great?
Freed awhile from Etna's weight,
Though thy breath more poisonous be
Than the baneful upas-tree;

And the fiery gulph beneath
Lend its withering blast to Death!
Thy power is past, for the trial is o'er,
The curse of existence can torture no more!

The ceremony was now drawing to a close. There remained scarcely the embers of the funeral pile. The urn stood with its contents unveiled. Marguarita then took it in her hands, and surrounded by the whole body of attendants, they together raised one long wild shriek, and the officiating priestess cast the last dust of leprosy to the winds.

I waited patiently for the part I was to perform. She presently approached me, and giving me a small box, said, "Fear no contagion. Our mountains are not so barren but that they produce herbs that can purify. There is still virtue in the vine leaf*. Since you left me this morning, the process has been observed, and now farewell. *Our duty is a sacred one, and we have performed it. Do thou likewise thine.*"

* Pliny says that vine leaves are a cure for the leprosy.

A SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

POET LAUREATE.

STEEP is the soldier's path; nor are the heights
Of glory to be won without long toil
And arduous efforts of enduring hope,
Save when death takes the aspirant by the hand,
And, cutting short the work of years, at once
Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.
  Such fate was mine.—The standard of the Buffs
I bore at Albuhera, on that day
When, covered by a shower, and fatally
For friends misdeemed, the Polish lancers fell
Upon our rear. Surrounding me, they claimed
My precious charge!—"Not but with life!" I cried,
And life was given for immortality!
The flag which to my heart I held, when wet
With that heart's blood, was soon victoriously
Regained on that great day. In former times,
Marlborough beheld it borne at Ramillies;

For Brunswick and for liberty it waved
Triumphant at Culloden; and hath seen
The lilies on the Caribbean shores
Abased before it; then too in the front
Of battle did it flap exultantly,
When Douro, with its wide stream interposed,
Saved not the French invaders from attack,
Discomfiture, and ignominious rout.
My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I
Transmitted it. He who in days to come
May bear the honoured banner to the field
Will think of Albuhera, and of me!

TYRE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

In thought I saw the palace domes of Tyre,
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandize,
All her proud people in their brave attire,
Thronging her streets for sports or sacrifice.
I saw her precious stones and spiceries;
The singing girl with flower-wreathed instrument;
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's price.
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,
And kings to her on embassy were sent.
I saw with gilded prow and silken sail,
Her ships that of the sea had government:
Oh gallant ships! 'gainst you what might prevail!
She stood upon her rock, and in her pride
Of strength and beauty waste and woe defied.

II.

I looked again—I saw a lonely shore,
A rock amid the waters, and a waste
Of trackless sand:—I heard the black seas roar,

And winds that rose and fell with gusty haste.
There was one scathed tree, by storm defaced,
Round which the sea-birds wheeled with screaming cry.
Ere long, came on a traveller slowly paced;
Now east then west he turned with curious eye,
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.
Awhile he looked upon the sea, and then
Upon a book, as if it might supply
The thing he lacked:—he read and gazed again;
Yet, as if unbelief so on him wrought,
He might not deem this shore the shore he sought.

III.

Again, I saw him come:—'twas eventide;—
The sun shone on the rock amid the sea;
The winds were hushed; the quiet billows sighed
With a low swell:—the birds winged silently
Their evening flight around the scathed tree:
The fisher safely put into the bay,
And pushed his boat ashore;—then gathered he
His nets, and hasting up the rocky way,
Spread them to catch the warm sun's evening ray.
I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the scene;
"And this was Tyre!" said he; "how has Decay
Within her palaces a despot been.
Ruin and silence in her courts are met,
And on her city rock the fisher spreads his net."

THE RETURN.

Written on revisiting Edinburgh.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

From wandering on a foreign shore
Fair city, in the evening skies,
As on my raptured gaze once more
Thy long lost scenes arise,—
A thousand sweet emotions start,—
My frame a gush of feeling thrills,
And strays in distant dreams my heart
With years beyond the hills.

II.

Again amid thy scenes I rove—
Those scenes that sweetly can restore
The day dreams of my youth and love
In all the charms they wore;

But on each well remembered face,
As through thy varied crowd I range,
I sigh to mark the dreary trace
Of ruthless time and change :—

III.

And more than all, of wasting care
That lurks in lines his hand hath made ;
And, ere the blight of time is there,
Bids Beauty's blossom fade.
Thus even life's gayest scenes supply
Thoughts less to joy than sadness near,
Till mirth oft melts into a sigh,
And smiles into a tear.

IV.

I too am changed :—bright eyes impart
To me a raptured thrill no more,
Awake not in the withered heart
The throb they waked before.
Alas ! what renovating power
The charm of life again can bring,
The sweets of love, that fleeting flower
Which feels no second spring !

V.

First Love !—oh, how these two brief words
Wake thoughts too deep for speech that lie !

Which steal along the bosom's chords
Like long lost melody—
Thy blessed days once more to live,
With all their magic sweetness fraught—
With worlds—if I had such to give—
Methinks were cheaply bought.

VI.

Then—oft as one dear name I heard—
The tell-tale blush unbidden came,
And a fair woman's soft regard
Was more than wealth or fame;
But now the charm of Beauty's glance
Falls on my bosom cold and weak,
No more her smiles the heart entrance
Or tinge the faded cheek.

VII.

Yet as a glow upon the hill
Remains when summer's sun is set,
Thy image, dearest, lingers still
Bright as when first we met;
And 'midst the crowd, if passing by,
Perchance some radiant form I see,
Her loveliness still prompts the sigh
That Memory breathes to thee!

TO JOANNA BAILLIE.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

Sister of Shakspeare! so not wrongly named:
For his divinest spirit on thy birth
Looked kindly down, revisitant on earth,
And with like fire thy kindred soul inflamed.
Thou, too, enchantress! with a sceptered hand
Beckon'st the Passions forth, and at thy call
Love, Hate, Ambition, robed in tragic pall,
Rise, and before thy throne subservient stand,
To do thy bidding.—Many a future age,
And bards unborn, shall, as thy strains inspire,
Weep o'er thy scenes, and catch from thee their fire.
Me other thoughts and milder scenes engage;
And as I share thy converse, gay and free,
And hear thy unambitious language mild,
I doubt how artless Nature's simple child
Can strike the chords that breathe sublimity;
And how the dove's smooth plumes, and level flight,
Can soar where eagles sweep, and bathe their wings in light.

THE WITCH.

BX JOHN GALT, ESQ.

They talk ignorantly of human nature who regard the abolished crime of witchcraft as having had its origin in the phantasma of superstition. Nothing is more common in the management of mankind than to see persons who, from having felt deference paid to their mental superiority, have assumed to themselves the prerogative of governing others by their dicta, rather than by the reasonable exercise of their understandings. In such assumption or arrogance consists the criminality of witchcraft—a crime as old as humanity, and as eternal as power and imbecility in the faculties of man. The following little anecdote is a demonstration of the moral theorem here propounded.

About the end of the reign of King James the First of Great Britain, a matronly woman of the name of Rebecca Swarth came to reside in the village of Stoke-Regis. Her appearance was rather, but in no remark-

able degree, above her apparent condition. Some said she had surely been a gentlewoman; others were of opinion that her husband had been an apothecary; and the whole community of the village were somewhat surprised that she did not practise as a midwife. She lived, however, among them many years, avoiding the observation which she was evidently conscious of having attracted. During the whole period her manners were mild but reserved, and her conduct and deportment singularly unexceptionable.

This friendless and forlorn person at last became old; her means, from whatever source derived, whether from the industry with which she plied her own distaff, or from any undivulged source, gradually diminished, till she became almost a mendicant. She was not entirely so, because her wasted form, and the variety of wretchedness exhibited in her patched and unrenewed attire, attracted the charity she required without any solicitation on her part. She did not beg, she was only helped.

One day, it was in January, and after many stormy days of sleet and shower, she came to the door of Alice Thorwald, a neighbour, and requested the loan of a little meal or flour. Alice at the time was busy fondling her child, and answered the request—which was modestly enough made—harshly. Rebecca repeated it, and received a still more ungracious reply. Rebecca a third time begged the little loan of which she stood, as she said, really in great need; but the third answer was

still less kind than the former two, and she was told to apply elsewhere; "for," said Alice Thorwald, "I have something else to do with my dear child than to heed such applications."

Rebecca Swarth made no immediate reply, but drawing her cloak close around her, she looked sternly at Alice for a short space of time, and then replied—"Well as you love, or think you love, that darling, beware of the harm you are doomed to do to it!"

When the old woman had retired her words recoiled upon Alice, and when Eben Thorwald returned home in the evening Alice mentioned to him the occurrence and the malediction, for so she had felt it, of Rebecca Swarth.

Eben was of a gloomy frame of feeling, strong in resolution, and withal disposed to the worship of superiority, however constituted. He was naturally suspicious, and not untinctured with envy; hence, either from antipathy or from the effect of some experienced slight, he at once disliked Rebecca Swarth, and was awed by her sagacity.

He caused Alice, his wife, to repeat to him the malediction; he pondered on its intimation; he thought he could discern in it something of more than met the ear:—he stripped the child naked,—carefully examined all its body,—could find no mark of scathe upon its skin; and he finally concluded that if there were any power in the bodement, the evil thereof was to fall upon Alice.

Alice laughed at this conclusion, and for some time

afterwards no change was observable in her conduct; but in the end Eben saw, or thought he saw, that she did not treat the child with her wonted affection, and chided her for the neglect, reminding her at the same time of Rebecca Swarth's prophecy.

Alice, disturbed by his exhortations, affected to fondle and caress the baby ten times more than she would otherwise have done, till her anxiety grew to habitude, and all her neighbours spoke to her, and marvelled at the inordinate and foolish fondness for the child with which she embittered both her own life and that of her husband.—Eben himself became impatient at her exclusive endearments, and one day bethought, as a remedy to check the morbid affection of Alice, to apply to Rebecca Swarth for advice.

"Your wife," said Rebecca, "has had a dream or an omen, that has told her she is ordained to do mischief to the child."

From that moment Eben felt himself irresistibly drawn to watch the conduct of Alice. The hand of fate had indeed laid hold of him;—he felt it—he trembled;—but he could not shake it off.

One night, while he was observing Alice watching the baby as it lay asleep in its cradle, he saw, or fancied he saw, the fondness with which she was hanging over it suddenly change, and a ghastly and haggard expression supplant the wonted maternal benignity of her countenance.

"You so worship that child," said he, as if willing to be disenchanted from the impression which her agitation had produced,—"you so worship it, that one might think you make much of it in order to hide some intent to do it harm."

Alice burst into tears, and wept with impassioned grief over the child, who, awakened by her sobs, smiled at her sorrow.

Eben was overawed at the effect of his remark, and endeavoured to soothe her with all his kindness; but his feelings received an irrecoverable shock when she informed him that she had one night dreamt a dream, in which she saw Rebecca Swarth come to her bedside with a knife in her hand, and heard her say—"cut the thread!" "From that hour," continued the comfortless Alice, "I have often seen a shadowy hand, holding a bloody knife, hovering over the cradle,—and the hand is like my own hand——"

* * * * * *

These strange circumstances, after the execution of his infatuated wife, Eben Thorwald told to the rector, who caused Rebecca Swarth to be apprehended as a witch.—She was cast into prison, and several times examined; but no proof could be produced that she was in any way concerned in the murder of the child for which Alice had suffered;—Alice had confessed, when seized with the knife in her hand, that she had done the deed herself, from the instigations of a power whose dominion she knew not,

and whose influence she could not resist. But the poor old, forlorn, and wretched Rebecca's strength was soon exhausted. On her third examination she confessed herself a witch, and the worthy clergymen interrogated her as to the manner of her intercourse with the devil, and piously enquired what benefit she had derived for having sold to him her eternal jewel. "The end of my sufferings," was her only answer.

The spot where she was burnt may yet be seen on the common: it is still bare and covered with ashes. Some say no bird ever alights on the ground there. The sheep nibble at a distance from it, so that it is as much distinguished by the rank growth of the herbage around as by the blackness of the ashes where she was consumed.

THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

I.

Silent and dark as the source of yon river,
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not to know,
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

II.

The lily flings o'er it its silver white blossom,
Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,
As though 't were enamoured itself of its shade.

III.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers
On the stream as it loved the bright place of its rest,
And its waves pass in song, as the sea shells' soft numbers
Had giv'n to those waters their sweetest and best.

IV.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and sunny;
There the first birth of violets' odour-showers weep—

There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

V.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun;
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen?
Who can say whence it springs in its beauty? not one.

VI.

Oh my heart, and my song which is as my heart's flowing,
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine own;
'Mid those the chief praise on thy music bestowing,
Who cares for the lips from whence issue the tone.

VII.

Dark as its birth-place so dark is my spirit,
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came;
'Tis the long after-course, not the source, will inherit
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

L. E. L.

THE VISIONARY.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

I.

Oh! do not with cold sneers enthrall,
  Nor circumscribe with rules pedantic,
Those flights of soul that worldlings call
  Wild, visionary, and romantic;—
For yearnings after hidden things,
  Imaginative aspirations,
And dim, fantastic shadowings
  Of superhuman revelations,——

II.

And communings with nature, till
  The mind is lost in dreams seraphic,
Though they unfit it to fulfil
  The sordid drudgeries of traffic,
The soul from all debasement clear,
  Of Vice's dross, or earthly leaven,
And, if they tempt it from its sphere,
  At least, solicit it to Heaven.—

III.

Happy ! who can the fence o'ervault,
By which this scene of care is bounded ;
And when he feels his courage halt,
His mind perplexed—his spirit wounded—
Can conjure up a world more fair,
By intellectual necromancy,
Luxuriate in Elysiums rare,
And taste the Paradise of Fancy !—

LINES,

ON THE STATE OF GREECE.

Occasioned by being pressed to make it a Subject of Poetry.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

In Greece's cause the Muse, you deem,
Ought still to plead, persisting strong;
But feel you not 'tis now a theme
That wakens thoughts too deep for song.

The christian world has seen you, Greeks,
Heroic on your ramparts fall;
The world has heard your widows' shrieks,
And seen your orphans dragged in thrall.

Even England brooks that, reeking hot,
The ruffian's sabre drinks your veins,
And leaves your thinning remnant's lot
The bitter choice of death or chains.

Oh, if we have nor hearts nor swords
To snatch you from the' assassin's brand,
Let not our pity's idle words
Insult your pale and prostrate land.

No! be your cause to England now,
That by permitting acts the wrong,
A thought of horror to her brow,
A theme for blushing—not for song.

To see her unavenging ships
Ride fast by Greece's funeral pile,
'Tis worth a curse from sybil lips!
'Tis matter for a demon's smile!

A GIRL IN A FLORENTINE COSTUME*.

From a Picture by H. Howard, Esq. R.A.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

Art thou some vision of the olden time,—
Some glowing type of beauty, faded long;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime
Renowned for sunshine, chivalry, and song?

II.

Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain
The love-lorn plainings of his matchless lyre†;
Was thine the frown that chilled him with disdain,—
Crushed his wild hopes, and quenched his minstrel fire?

* See the Frontispiece.

† To avoid the imputation of an anachronism, it may be proper to mention, that the costume of Mr. Howard's beautiful picture will apply to any period from the fifteenth to the sixteenth century.

III.

Or art thou she for whom young Guido pined;
Whom Raffaelle saw in his impassioned dream;
The ray that flashed, in slumber, on his mind,
And o'er his canvas shed so bright a beam?

IV.

No, no;—a masquer in its gay attire,
A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace,—
Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire,
With more than all their sweetness in thy face.

V.

I see thee stand, in beauty's richest bloom,—
In youth's first budding spring,—before me, now,
A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
Tempering the brightness of thy jewelled brow!

VI.

Thy dark hair clustering 'round thy pensive face,
Like shadowy clouds above a summer-moon;
Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace;
Thy cheek soft blushing like a rose in June.

VII.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
Whose chastened light bespeaks the soul within;
Lips full of sweetness;—maiden modesty,
That awes the bosoms it hath deigned to win.

VIII.

There stand for aye; defying Time or Care
To make thee seem less beautiful than now!
Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,
Nor grief indent thy pure and polished brow.

IX.

Whilst unto her from whom those lines had birth,
A briefer span but brighter doom is given;
To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
And only know immortal bloom in Heaven.

THE FIRST WANDERER.

Cursed is the ground for thy sake.

Genesis iii. 17.

I.

CREATION'S Heir!—the first, the last,
That knew the world his own,
Yet stood he 'mid his kingdom vast
A fugitive—o'erthrown!—
Faded and frail the glorious form,
And changed the soul within,
While pain, and grief, and strife, and storm,
Told the dark secret—SIN!

II.

Unaided and alone on earth,
He bade the heavens give ear;—
But every star that sang his birth
Kept silence in its sphere:—
He saw round Eden's distant steep
Angelic legions stray;—
Alas! they were but sent to keep
His guilty foot away!

III.

Then turned he reckless to his own,
The world before him spread ;—
But Nature's was an altered tone,
And spoke rebuke and dread.
Fierce thunder-peal, and rocking gale,
Answered the storm-swept sea,
While crashing forests joined the wail,
And all said,—" Cursed for thee !"

IV.

This, spoke the lion's prowling roar ;
And this, the victim's cry ;
This, written in defenceless gore,
For ever met his eye !
And not alone each fiercer power
Proclaimed just heaven's decree ;
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
Alike said,—" Cursed for thee !"

V.

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength,—
They, too, proclaimed the ban !
'T was heard amid their hostile spears ;
Owned in the murderer's doom ;
Seen in the widow's silent tears ;
Felt in the infant's tomb.

VI.

Ask not the Wanderer's after fate,
His being, birth, or name,
Enough that all have shared his state,
That MAN is still the same!—
Still briar and thorn his life o'ergrow,
Still strives his soul within,—
And pain, and care, and sorrow show
The same dark secret—SIN!

1826. M. J. J.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

I.

O, BREATHE no more that simple air,—
Though soft and sweet thy wild-notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell
Is cold despair!—
I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone,—
Now I am left on earth alone,
And she is—where?

II.

How have those well-known sounds renewed
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strewed
With fairy flowers!—
Then all was bright, and fond, and fair,—
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,
And heart and hope are with the dead,
For she is—where?

III.

Can I then love the air she loved?
Can I then hear the melting strain
Which brings her to my soul again,
Calm and unmoved?—
And thou to blame my tears forbear;
For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,
Remembrance whispers, "such was she,"—
And she is—where?

SONNET.

BY ARTHUR BROOKE, ESQ.

If from the chaos of my youthful fate
Have been shaped out some elements of rest;
If, beyond hope, the madness of my breast
Hath felt at last its paroxysms abate,
Leaving my breast not wholly desolate;—
If in my brain, where like a spirit unblest,
Thought long was racked, now peace can claim a nest,
In halcyon hours to musing consecrate;—
Throned on composure, if the soul thus reigns,
Suffering no hopes to' allure, no dreams to' abuse;
But o'er the wreck of perished joys and pains,
Calmly contemplative its course pursues,
Strong, self-possessed,—'t is not from what it gains,
But what it can resign, such power accrues.

THE BRITISH SWORD.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

O! British sword! thy steel was formed
When thunder-bolts flew fast;
Thy blade was forged 'mid fire of heaven,
And tempered in its blast;
Nought living could endure thy stroke
Below the sun or moon,—
All sank beneath thy sheer descent,
Napoleon or Mahoun.
I see thee gleaming in the air
Like God's avenging fire,—
The fiercest hearts are struck with awe,
And tremble, and retire.

II.

O, British sword!—O, British sword!
The nations hailed thy gleam,
From savage Nieper's frozen banks
To Seine's romantic stream;

Ye struck the tyrant in his strength,
And with his chosen band,
Heaped Catalonia's caverned shore,
And Ebro's silver sand.
Upon the shore ye shone a sun,
And on the sea a star,—
Bear witness, woods of Waterloo,
And waves of Trafalgar.

III.

O, British sword!—O, British sword!—
Thy name I name with awe;
Thy blade, nought that is base can bide,
Nought that 's unholy draw,—
No tyrant e'er shall strike with thee,
Thy aid no gold can hire,—
For who may bribe the thunder-bolt,
Or wield eternal fire.—
Joy of the weak, dread of the strong,
Our king, the ocean-lord,
Has with thee freed the world from chains;—
Farewell thou British sword!

Painted by G.S Newton. Engraved by J.H.Robinson.

A SPANISH LADY.

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir, 1827.

A SPANISH LADY.

From a Picture by E. S. Newton, Esq.

She touched the silver strings, while her dark eye
Grew to more perfect beauty, when the sigh
Past from the chords, sweet as it loved the hand
Ruling their music with such soft command.
At first the notes were tremulous, like the break
Of rising colour on her delicate cheek,
And varying, till at last their timid tone
Fixed on an ancient air; such ones are known
To the dove's nest, or to the olive wood,
Where hath the nightingale her solitude.
Her song found words—it was like "the sweet south,"
Breathing in odours from her rosebud mouth.
It was an old song, of love and sorrow made,
And sang so touchingly that it betrayed
Those sad deep thoughts which haunt a youthful heart
By nature mournful.

AN ACTED CHARADE*.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

Characters—LEXINGTON, HOLLIS, *and* HARLEY.

SCENE I.

LEXINGTON, *alone, in the superb library of a large country house—the shutters closed.*

LEXINGTON.

SOH ! here I am once again in the mansion of my forefathers,—the mansion that should have been mine,—the mansion that *shall* be mine, if art, and skill, and boldness

* Perhaps it may not be wholly unnecessary to mention, that the fashionable amusement of acted charades resembles, but with greater intricacy, the well known French diversion of proverbs, of which last, by the way, a collection was published by no less a personage than Catherine of Russia. The whole little drama is literally a riddle of that species called a charade; consisting, in the present instance, of a word of two syllables, the *first* of which is to be gathered from the opening scene; the *second* from the next; and the *third* or *whole* from the concluding one. Having explained so far, we leave the solution to the ingenuity of the courteous reader. Guess! guess!

can make it so. Where loiters this old dolt of a steward, whose honesty—so the phrase goes—'tis a fine word that honesty, but I can bear the sound—whose honesty I must put to the proof? Can he be watching over the corse of his dead master? No, no! there be other guess mourners for that work; men of black, who vend grief by the day, and tears by the hour,—who shut out the sun, and make a darkness and a silence as of midnight in the midst of the light and stirring world. Precious mockery! as if death were not still enough,—as if the sunbeams could penetrate the leaden coffin, or the sound of laughter echo in the dead man's ear. If I should inherit—as I will inherit—this splendid property, of which I am the natural heir, then——but I must read once more my trusty spy's letter, and make myself perfect in the part which I am to play. 'Tis no child's lesson.—[*Takes out a letter and reads.*]—"There certainly was a will, written, signed, "and sealed last November, and placed in the charge of "old Hollis. Your only chance is to gain him, which, "if the will be not delivered up to your cousin, I think "possible. Every man has his price—"—[*Looking up and speaking.*]—Your's, Master John Solmes, has been a pretty stout one, as my pocket can witness.—[*Then reading again.*]—"Every man has his price. Old Hollis "would probably be invulnerable to an actual offer of "money, however considerable the sum; yet no man is "likelier to yield to an artful mixture of flattery and in-

"direct bribes. The points on which you must assail "him are"—[*Continuing to look over the letter, and muttering rapidly to himself.*]—"old affection—grand-"daughter Lucy—bitch Hebe—dog Hector—Hadley "coursing meeting—Frimbleton Lea."—[*Again reading connectedly.*]—"These are the weak points of the citadel." —[*Then speaking.*]—Precious scoundrel!—unutterable coxcomb! But I must take his advice. Let me see once more. "Brindled dog Hector—Hadley coursing "meeting—granddaughter Lucy—little bitch Hebe— "Frimbleton Lea farm—Hector—Hebe—Lucy—Hadley "—Frimbleton—ay—Frimbleton Lea—Lea Farm." So now I am perfect.

SCENE II.

Enter HOLLIS *to* LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON.

Mr. Hollis? Yes, certainly Mr. Hollis. The many years that have passed since I saw you cannot chase from my recollection the person on whose knee I so often sate when a little child, and from whom I afterwards received so much kindness when a boy at school. You are well, I trust, my good friend?

HOLLIS.

As well, please your honour, as I can expect to be under so heavy an affliction. It is a sore trial to an old servant to lose the master whom he has served for fifty years.

LEXINGTON.

And such a master! But you look hale and hearty; just as you looked twelve years ago, when we parted in this very room, as I was about to return to Westminster after the Christmas holidays. Little did either of us think then, Mr. Hollis, that twelve years would pass before we met again; still less that our next meeting would take place under circumstances so disastrous. But still it 's a comfort to find one old friend looking so well. I love old friends, Mr. Hollis. Nothing like an old friend.

HOLLIS.

You are very good, sir. But John Solmes, when he told me you wished to speak to me in private, mentioned something of business ——

LEXINGTON.

A moment, Mr. Hollis. Sit down: I love to talk to an old friend. Nothing like old friends!—How is my pretty play-mate, Lucy, with her blue eyes and her golden hair? Lucy must be quite the belle of the village by this time.

HOLLIS.

Passable, sir. A good girl, but homely,—a very good girl. But this business ——

LEXINGTON.

I must renew my acquaintance with her. And your greyhounds? I find that you are still as famous for your breed as when we used to go out coursing together with

your old brindled dog Hector, the boast of the country side. No sport like it.

HOLLIS.

None, sir; none.

LEXINGTON.

The only sport of the world in my opinion. Does Mr. Philip Harley—my cousin I suppose I ought to call him —does that young gentleman course much?

HOLLIS.

Ah, well-a-day! not he, sir. He 's too bookish.

LEXINGTON.

Indeed! That 's no good sign in my opinion. Your reading young men, my good Hollis——But it is a delicate subject for you to talk of—too delicate perhaps. A friend of mine, who was at the Hadley meeting, says that your bitch Hebe was the prettiest creature he ever saw in slips, and by far the fastest in the field. She ought to have won the cup.

HOLLIS.

Your friend 's a judge, sir. 'Twas mere ignorance in the umpires, two foxhunting chaps, who don't know a greyhound from a mastiff. I challenged the dog that was matched with her, the next day, for twenty guineas; but his master would not run him; pretended he was cut; all a sham; afraid of the bitch.

LEXINGTON.

No doubt, my good friend; no doubt. Is Hebe a descendant of Hector?

HOLLIS.

Hector was the grandsire of her dam.

LEXINGTON.

Ah, I thought you would not get out of the breed! What a superb dog that was! Such a chest!—such a neck!—such loins!—then his stern!—"Tailed like a rat—footed like a cat"—you remember the old lines; Hector seemed born to verify that description. I shall never forget the single handed course we had with him one day at Frimbleton Lea, when he turned the hare twenty times in a space no bigger than this room, and at last caught her flying as she was going over the fence, then brought her straight to us, and laid her down at your feet. Those were pleasant days, Mr. Hollis. Who lives at Frimbleton Lea now?

HOLLIS.

Farmer Bennet, sir; but his lease is out at Michaelmas.

LEXINGTON.

That's a nice tight farm now, Mr. Hollis, and would just suit you. Capital coursing; a pretty house; near enough to the Hall; and yet far enough off for independence. Just the place for you. If I were the landlord ——an old, faithful servant like you, my good friend, ought to be considered. Rent should not stand in the way.

HOLLIS.

Ah, sir!

LEXINGTON.

And if I —— Come nearer to me, Hollis; I want to speak to you as a friend, an old friend, an assured friend. Sit closer. It is twelve years since I was in this house. A long banishment, Hollis;—a severe punishment for the boyish frolic that caused my expulsion from Westminster. My late uncle was a severe man.

HOLLIS.

A good man, Mr. Edward.

LEXINGTON.

A good man, but severe. Consider within yourself, Hollis: first to adopt the only son of his only brother, his godson, his namesake, his natural heir; then to discard that heir for a mere freak of youthful spirits, and bring forward in his place the youngest son of his youngest sister, not even the name to recommend him,—surely that was hard. I have heard it whispered that he repented of the measure, although the firmness of resolve on which he piqued himself forbade him to declare his change of feeling; that in his latter days the name of Edward Lexington was more gracious to him than that of Philip Harley.

HOLLIS.

Ah, sir! I am afraid that his will will not confirm this report.

LEXINGTON.

His will! Is there such a document?

HOLLIS.

In my possession.

LEXINGTON.

And the fortune is bequeathed ——

HOLLIS.

To your cousin. All the estates, real and personal, are devised to his beloved nephew, Philip Harley.

LEXINGTON.

Unjust!—unnatural!—cruel!—monstrous! From the earliest records of our ancient house, down to this very hour, its territorial possessions have descended in regular succession male from father to son, from brother to brother. Lexington of Lexington!—the noblest dukedom in the land did not seem more inalienable than that proud heritage.

HOLLIS.

Alack, sir! If it had been entailed ——

LEXINGTON.

Entails were never thought of. They would have seemed a weaker bond than the immemorial use of our whole ancestry. Philip Harley the heir of Lexington!

HOLLIS.

Truly, sir, I lament ——

LEXINGTON.

Lament!—Hark ye, Hollis. There be cases in which men "to do a great right do a little wrong." It stands now within thy power to render me a nobler justice than

could be shown by the judge upon his bench, or the king upon his throne.

HOLLIS.

Sir! Master Edward!

LEXINGTON.

The will, man!—the will!

HOLLIS.

What mean ye?

LEXINGTON.

Is not the will in thy possession?

HOLLIS.

It is.

LEXINGTON.

Go to! go to! I did not think thee so dull of apprehension. Say that there were no will, who would inherit?

HOLLIS.

Yourself, as heir at law.

LEXINGTON.

Ay—I, the heir at law, the natural heir, the heir of custom and of justice; Lexington of Lexington. Hast thou been a retainer of that bold race until thy hairs are white with age, and dost thou not feel the magic of the name?

HOLLIS.

Alack, sir ——

LEXINGTON.

Old man, it was on thy knee that I first learnt its

spell; on thy knee, and from thy tales of love and of valour, of the brave knights and the fair dames of Lexington. Would the bold Sir Hugh, think'st thou, who in these very halls took such signal vengeance on the treacherous kinsman who usurped his lands during his long absence in the holy wars,—would Sir Hugh, think'st thou, have brooked this usurpation?

HOLLIS.

Ah, Master Edward, those days are past. We now live under the law, and to commit an unlawful act——

LEXINGTON.

Unlawful! I ask thee but to remedy a great injustice. Unlawful! It shall be known only to ourselves. Heaven forbid that I should peril an old friend! I had rather—— Mark me, Hollis! The day that I take possession of these fair manors, the pretty homestead of Frimbleton Lea, with all its interchange of meadow and woodland, shall be assigned to thee in perpetuity.—[*Aside.*]—By heaven, he listens.

HOLLIS.

But to destroy——

LEXINGTON.

A bit of blotted parchment! Pshaw! Hast thou drawn leases for fifty years, and tremblest at the crackling of sheepskin?

HOLLIS.

But a will? The very name hath something in it of sacred and irrevocable.

LEXINGTON.

Irrevocable! Why 'tis another name for mutability. Look into thine own mind, watch the course of thy own thoughts, thy own resolves, and then say if the leaves of the aspen, the sand of the desert, the fitful wind, the eddying ocean foam, be not firm and stedfast when mated with the will of man.—[*Aside.*] He wavers!—[*Aloud.*] Hearken, Hollis. Do this, and perchance——Thou hast a fair grandchild, and I am yet unwedded——Do this, and——. Who comes here?

SCENE III.

Enter HARLEY *to the above.*

Philip Harley!

HARLEY.

The same, sir. When I tell you that, apprised of your coming by Mr. Hollis, I have been the auditor of this conference, you will hardly wonder that the first exercise of my authority as master of this house should be to command your instant departure.

LEXINGTON.

Command!

HARLEY.

I have said it, sir.

LEXINGTON.

And to me, the rightful heir.

HARLEY.

To you whose inheritance is forfeited by your vices.

The heir! Why even if you had succeeded in corrupting a man whose honesty I believe to be impregnable, there are three other copies of the will. That, sir, is one. Take it, and depart. Depart, I say.

LEXINGTON.

You shall dearly atone for these insults, Philip Harley. We shall meet again.

HARLEY.

In a court of justice?

LEXINGTON.

In the field.

HARLEY.

Never.

LEXINGTON.

Wouldst thou shelter thy cowardice under the plea of kindred? Cold and scornful usurper! Are we too near in blood to meet in honour?

HARLEY.

Honour! And dares a suborner, a felon, a forger—dares such a one as thou to name the word? No, sir, 'tis not because we are of the same blood,—though I shame to think that one drop of thy polluted stream should flow in my veins,—'tis not the nearness of our kindred but the difference of our natures that prevents our meeting. The gulf that parts us is that which lies between fair fame and foul disgrace; between crime and honesty. I pardon thee, for thou art below my vengeance—but depart,

I counsel thee, depart! Rear not thy crest at me, lest, reptile as thou art, I spurn thee and I crush thee. Speak not, but begone! I pardon thee, sir.

A FANCY SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

I KNEW a gentle maid; I ne'er shall view
Her like again; and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I traced regardless by;
For her pale cheek, unmarked with roseate hue,
Nor beamed from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
Nor flashed her nameless graces on the sight,
Yet beauty never woke such pure delight.
Fine was her form, as Dian's in the dance;
Her voice was music; in her silence dwelt
Expression, every look instinct with thought;
Though oft her mind, by youth to rapture wrought,
Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new.
The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt;
And on her lips, where gleamed a lingering smile,
Pity's warm tear gushed down her cheek the while:
Thy like, thou gentle maid! I ne'er shall view.

TO A DEAD EAGLE.

BY DELTA.

I.

It is a desolate eve;
Dim, cheerless is the scene my path around;—
Patters the rain; the breeze-stirred forests grieve;
And wails the stream with melancholy sound:
While, at my feet, behold,
With vigorous talons clenched, and bright eye shut,
With proud curved beak, and wiry plumage bold,
Thou liest, dead eagle of the desert, but
Preserving yet in look thy tameless mood,
As if, though stilled by death, thy heart were unsubdued.

II.

How cam'st thou to thy death?
Did lapsing years o'ercome, and leave thee weak,—
Or whirlwinds, on thy heaven descending path,
Dash thee against the precipice's peak?—
'Mid rack and floating cloud

Did scythe-winged lightning flash athwart thy brain,
And drive thee, from thine elevation proud,
Down whirling lifeless to the dim-seen plain?—
I know not—may not guess; but here, alone,
Lifeless thou liest outstretched beside the desert stone.

III.

A proud life hath been thine:
High on the herbless rock thou 'wok'st to birth,
And, gazing down, saw far beneath thee shine,
Outstretched, horizon-girt, the maplike earth.
What rapture must have gushed
Warm round thy heart, when first thy wings essayed,
Adventurously, their heavenward flight, and rushed
Up towards day's blazing eye-star undismayed,—
Above thee space's vacancy unfurled,
And, far receded down, the dim material world!

IV.

How fast—how far—how long
Thine had it been from rack-veiled eyrie high
To swoop, and still the woodlark's lyric song,
The leveret's gambols, and the lambkin's cry?
The terror-stricken dove
Cowered down amid the oakwood's central shade;
While ferny glens below, and cliffs above,
To thy fierce shriek responsive echo made,
Carrying the wild alarm from vale to vale,
That thou, the forest king, wert out upon the gale!

V.

When downward glens were dark,
And o'er moist earth glowed morning's rosy star,
High o'er the scarce-tinged clouds 'twas thine to mark
The orient chariot of the sun afar:
And, oh! how grand to soar
Beneath the full moon, on strong pinion driven;
To pierce the regions of grey cloudland o'er,
And drift amid the star-isled seas of heaven!
Even like a courier sent from earth to hold
With space-dissevered worlds unawed communion bold.

VI.

Dead king-bird of the waste!
And is thy curbless span of freedom o'er?
No more shall thine ascending form be traced?
And shall the hunter of the hills no more
Hark to thy regal cry?
While 'spiring o'er the stream-girt vales, thy form,
Lessening, commingles with the azure sky,
Glimpsed 'mid the masses of the gathering storm,
As if it were thy proud resolve to see
Betwixt thee and dim earth the zig-zag lightnings flee!

VII.

A child of freedom thou,—
Thy birthright the tall cliff and sky beyond:
Thy feet were fetterless; thy fearless brow
Ne'er, quailing, tyrant man's dominion owned.

But Nature's general law
The slave and freeman must alike obey:
Pride reels; and Power, that kept a world in awe,
The dreadful summons hears;—and where are they?—
Vanished like night-dreams from the sleeper's mind,
Dusk 'mid dissolving day, or thunder on the wind!

THE SKYLARK.

BY MRS. JOSIAH CONDER.

With fluttering start, in silence, from her nest
The skylark breaks;—then, steadier, upward soars,
And with melodious trill her prelude pours
To Earth, in hues of full flushed Summer drest:
Now, poised on moveless wing, she seems to rest.
Careless what bird, beneath the airy height,
May cross her path with horizontal flight,
The measured lay she breathes:—then, like a guest
Singing to other spheres, is lost in light.
Till, fondly lured, she turns her faithful breast
Downward, through fields of blue. The warbled strain
Near and more near she swells;—then, hushed again,
Falls, like a shadow from the sunny dome
And chaunts her three wild notes to welcome home.

LINES

ON A CUPID, INSCRIBED WITH 'YO EL REY.'

BY C. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

YES: tyrant Love! to *thee* alone belong
The terms which mock the feebler lord of Spain!
Thy sceptre tames the gay, and quells the strong,
Till *minds* are bound with many a viewless chain,
And willing sufferers fondly cling to pain!
Victor of victors! year succeeds to year,
Seas roll between, yet time and space are vain
To save thy victims;—still thy power is near
To prompt the struggling sigh, and starting tear!

Around thy throne a phantom train attends,
Bright Hope, and pallid Fear, and hectic Joy,
All foes, whom yet thy guardian Fancy blends;—
Fools only paint thee like a helpless boy,
Bearing a bow, light, graceful, glittering toy!
They never pined beneath thy cruel sway,
Rhymers who call thee playful, fond, or coy!

They never felt thee, each revolving day,
Wear feeling, thought, and life itself away!
Thou *should'st* be painted clothed with blasting light,
Enthroned on clouds like heaven's almighty Sire,
Thy features veiled in majesty and might,
Thy hand upraised to launch thy bolts of fire,
Refined by reverence, kindled by desire,
And wrought from passions wondrously combined;
Not darts of fabled bliss, but shafts of ire,
That fraught with moral death too surely find
A struggling prey in every gifted mind!*

* The song ascribed, in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826, to the late R. B. Sheridan, Esq., was written by Mr. Lewis, the author of "The Monk," and had been previously published.

GRÆCIA VICTRIX.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

I.

Nor yet shall Freedom yield the wreath;
Nor yet a tyrant's frown beneath,
Couch her keen spear, nor bend the steadfast knee;
Nor yet shall man his rights resign,
A recreant to the voice divine,
That gave, with life itself, the charter—*to be free.*

II.

What, though the tyger on his way,
Already marks his destined prey,
Sheathing in ermined pride his iron fangs;
What, though with murder-darting eyes,
Already he surveys his prize,
And o'er his feast of blood in savage rapture hangs;

III.

'Tis vain to hark, a voice appals
His startled ear; tis Freedom calls,
And from long slumbers bids her sons awake;
As her bright daughter mounts the sky,
The brood of night incessant fly,
And midst their haunts obscene, their impious refuge take!

IV.

Yet marked ye that indignant glare,
Heard ye that savage howl declare
The strong antipathy of ill to good?
So from the traveller's midnight fires,
The fell hyæna slow retires,
And yells his song of night, and champs his jaws of blood.

SPRING EVENING.

BY MISS HOLFORD.

Thousands and thousands have stood, like me,
Gazing upon the blossoming tree,
And watching the first young tender green
Spread itself over the vernal scene,
Counting the drops of the chrystal show'r
Fall in the cup of the timid flow'r,—
And thinking the while, as they stood alone,
On the blooming hopes of springs bygone.
Thus have I stood by Avon's tide,—
But then stood a loved one by my side,—
Listening the wild and varying swell
Of Philomel's song from coombe and dell,
Musing on summer, when o'er each tree
The young buds spread into leaves should be.
Then each breast, like teeming earth, was fraught
With many a project and many a thought,
As gay and as transient as the flow'r
Conjured to birth by the soft spring show'r ;—

Those thoughts were born of freshness and bloom,—
Little they recked of the silent tomb,
Little they recked of the day when one
Should watch the coming of spring alone,
When its showers, and blossoms, and songs should be
Mere nurture for mournful memory!

TO THE WIND AT MIDNIGHT.

BY THE LATE H. K. WHITE*.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl, as now
My shuddering casement round
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear hath caught in silent awe
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the pausing gale
Poured deep the hollow dirge.

Once more I listen; sadly communing
Within me,—once more mark, storm-clothed,
The moon as the dark cloud
Glides rapidly away.

I, deeming that the voice of spirits dwells
In these mysterious moans, in solemn thought
Muse on the choral dance,
The dead man's jubilee.

* The two first stanzas are given in Mr. Southey's "Remains of Henry K. White."

Hark! how the spirit knocks,—how loud
Even at my window knocks,—again;—
I cannot—dare not sleep,—
It is a boisterous night.

I would not, at this moment, be
In the drear forest groves, to hear
This uproar and rude song
Ring o'er the arched aisles.

The ear doth shudder at such sounds
As the unbodied winds, in their disport,
Wake in the hollow woods,
When man is gone to sleep.

There have been heard unchristian shrieks,
And rude distempered merriment,
As though the autumnal woods
Were all in morrice dance.

There 's mystery in these sounds, and I
Love not to have the grave disturbed;
And dismal trains arise
From the unpeopled tombs.

Spirits, I pray ye, let them sleep
Peaceful in their cold graves, nor waft
The sear and whispering leaf
From the inhumed breast.

THE BRIDAL OF ST. OMER.

A Tale.

Jacqueline folded up her embroidery, and sighed as she deposited the work in a drawer of an antique cabinet which stood in her chamber; for her hitherto obedient needle refused to trace those flowers which were wont to spring up beneath her creative fingers. She wandered into the garden, but its plants and blossoms no longer delighted her; the sickly tints of autumn had saddened the face of nature, and every surrounding object reminded her of her own faded hopes. Returning into the house, she sate down, and listened with anxious yet despairing ear for some stir or tumult, betokening the arrival of news; but no unusual sound disturbed the calm of the silent streets. The French soldiers basking in the sun in the front of their guard-room, now and then broke the stillness by snatches of old tunes, a fragment of some ancient romance chaunted to a national air, or the light laugh which occasionally followed a jest uttered in too low a tone to be heard beyond their own

circle. It was evident, from the careless gaiety of these men, that although the king of England was laying siege to Boulogne, they had no fear of being disturbed in the fortress so fraudulently wrested by Louis XI., the predecessor of the present monarch of France, from the house of Burgundy. Jacqueline's melancholy thoughts naturally turned upon the fallen fortunes of that luckless family. She herself retained a lively recollection of the beautiful orphan heiress, the Princess Mary, at the period of her deep distress, when, by the death of her gallant father, Charles the Bold Duke of Burgundy, she was left to the mercy of the factious citizens of Ghent, and exposed to the hostility of her most inveterate enemy, the cruel and crafty Louis. Jacqueline's heart burned with indignation as she reflected upon the disgraceful reverses which the Burgundians had sustained, from the period of their gallant sovereign's last fatal campaign in Germany; and she marvelled at the supineness displayed by Maximilian, in suffering the territories of his wife and her son (to whom, upon the decease of Mary, he had been constituted guardian) to remain in subjugation to the crown of France. The maiden gazed upon her delicate white hands as they hung listlessly over the arms of a high-backed chair on which she was reclining, and wished that they could be endowed with a giant's strength, to burst the fetters imposed by foreign power. She thought upon the heroic deeds achieved at Orleans by a frame as weak, and she almost fancied

that she could welcome the fate of Joan of Arc, to be, like her, the deliverer of her country. Suddenly the French guard sprang up from their recumbent attitudes, and the ponderous mail of the men at arms clashed as they rose in haste to salute their commanding officer, Count Bertrand de Montmorenci, the governor of St. Omer. For a moment Jacqueline hoped that he brought intelligence of the approach of the English or the Burgundians; that Boulogne had fallen, and that the town was threatened by a hostile force; but this expectation was soon dissipated: a few trifling orders, given with his usual affectation, sufficed to display the soldier's attention to his military duties. In another moment she heard the boisterous and hearty greetings offered by her father, and the interview was inevitable.

Ushered into the apartment by his friendly but unpolished host, Count Bertrand, attired in the extreme of the last Parisian fashion, advanced to pay his respects to the provincial rustic whose beauty and whose wealth had attracted him despite her country breeding. Jacqueline was an inattentive listener to her noble admirer's florid compliments, and little interested in the account of the hoods and wimples, the long training gowns, and flowing head-dresses, worn by the gay dames of the French capital, since she never desired to exchange her national costume for foreign vanities; and was only roused to animation when the conversation turned upon the politics of the day.

"The English have forgotten the art of war," cried Montmorenci, "or love to fight only upon their own soil. A French herald is now in their camp, and when he can strike a bargain with these trading islanders our master will be free to pursue his conquests in Italy."

"And where then is Maximilian?" exclaimed Jacqueline; "will he look tamely on, and see the only chance of recovering his son's inheritance bartered away for a few paltry pieces of gold?"

"Know ye not," returned Montmorenci, "that the German beast is dull and slow of foot? Where was the recreant knight when Charles VIII. carried away his affianced bride, the heiress of Bretagne? Where is he now, when he should spur on his English allies to action? Engaged in some pitiful broil at home, he keeps aloof, giving Henry of Lancaster an excuse to follow his own sordid inclinations, and gather ducats instead of laurels in his wars."

Jacqueline, was grieved and angry at this disdainful mention of the king of the Romans, but felt that the reproach was but too just; she therefore remained silent, listening with wounded ear to the remarks of her father, who, devoted to France, rejoiced over the declining state of the Burgundian affairs.

Arnold von Rothfels, though descended from a noble family, had soiled his fingers by trade. His love of gain had in the first instance overcome his pride; but a latent spark still existing in his breast, he was dazzled by the

prospect of uniting his daughter in marriage with the heir of the illustrious house of Montmorenci. The brilliant expectations which Count Bertrand's offer held out, effected an entire revolution in Arnold's sentiments. He forgot that he was by birth a Fleming; that he owed allegiance to the Duke of Burgundy; and that he had promised the hand of Jacqueline to one of Maximilian's most trusty knights, Maurice Waldenheim, the son of a deceased friend. The memory of the fair heiress of Von Rothfels was, however, more tenacious; she fondly recalled those happy days which she had spent at the court of Margaret, the dowager duchess of Burgundy, where Maurice Waldenheim had carried off the prizes at the tournaments, and laid them at her feet; and where she had embroidered a fair blue banner as the reward of his prowess, which the young soldier vowed, during a solemn banquet at which Maximilian carved the pheasant in person, should wave in proud victory over the French standard, now so exultingly floating above the towers of St. Omer. It was not in the power of the finical and haughty Montmorenci to banish these tender reminiscences. Jacqueline believed that her lover would religiously perform every iota of his promise; and there was little danger that her patriotic feelings would be subdued by the representations of Von Rothfels, of the superior advantages to be derived from living under the French dominion, while they were associated with the image of Maurice Waldenheim.

Count Bertrand, after he had sufficiently betrayed his contempt for both father and daughter, which, notwithstanding his pretended deference to the latter, was exceedingly obvious to Jacqueline's discriminating mind, at length took his leave; and, depressed in spirits by the assurance of a speedy peace between France and England, the object of this accomplished courtier's unwelcome homage threw a mantle around her, and ascending the ramparts, endeavoured, in the charms of the adjacent scenery, to dissipate those unpleasant sensations which clouded a mind until now a stranger to sorrow. The sun was still high in the heavens, and the whole landscape was bathed in its golden glories: it lit up the towers of Dunkirk and of Calais, as they rose to the right and left on the distant coast; threw an effulgent blaze of light upon the yellow sands between Dunkirk and Gravelines, and cast a strong illumination upon the dark walls of that gloomy fortress. The woods of Cassell were deeply embrowned with the hues of autumn, and a tempestuous night had stripped the trees which skirted the broad road across the flat country leading to the Netherlands so completely of their foliage, that every object proceeding from that quarter might be discerned at a considerable distance. It was the least interesting part of the landscape, yet thither Jacqueline continually directed her eyes: all was silent and solitary: vainly did she seek for the flash of the polished lance in the sun, and the waving of plumes and pennons: the naked

branches of the trees alone met her view, or showers of dead leaves, borne by the breeze, swept like small clouds through the empty space. Wearied with watching, she bent her steps to a home no longer sacred to felicity. A painful scene awaited the gentle girl. Unaccustomed to dispute a parent's will, she could only oppose tears and entreaties to the stern behest of Von Rothfels, when he commanded her to receive the Count de Montmorenci as her destined husband. She wept and prayed unavailingly, and her sole hope of escaping a union which she abhorred, rested in the speedy fulfilment of Waldenheim's oath. Jacqueline trusted that a token dispatched by a wandering minstrel to the Burgundian knight had made him acquainted with her perilous situation; and soothing her terrors with the fond idea that love would discover the means of preserving her from a fate she dreaded, she sought her couch, and obtained a transient oblivion from the cares which oppressed her burthened heart.

The next day, at the hour in which Montmorenci was engaged with the troops under his command, Jacqueline again repaired to the battlements, and again turned her expectant eyes towards the road leading to the Netherlands. An occasional traveller, a herd of cattle, or a peasant conveying the produce of his farm to market, were for some time the only objects that enlivened the scene. Still she continued to gaze; and just as the declining sun warned her of her long absence from home, her parting glance caught the gleam of spears in the dis-

tance. She paused,—looked again,—she was not deceived; and presently a body of archers and men at arms, accompanied by a squadron of *landznechts*, made their appearance, defiling in good order between the trees. Jacqueline's heart beat high. From the direction in which these soldiers marched, she had little doubt of their being Burgundians, led perchance by Waldenheim. In another instant she became convinced of the truth of her surmise; for, extended by a light breeze to its utmost length, the blue banner streamed along the martial line. Hope,—exultation,—joy,—sparkled in her eyes, and thrilled through her frame; but a chilling damp checked these delightful emotions, as with a feeling of bitter disappointment she contemplated the small number of warriors who followed Waldenheim's standard. Yet again was despondency banished from her sanguine breast, when she reflected that it was probably only the advanced guard who were now approaching the town; and if this brave band should dare attack, unsupported, a fortress rendered unusually strong both by nature and art, still fortune might and would befriend adventurous spirits, or all that she had read of desperate enterprises crowned with glorious success were false and deceitful legends, idle dreams, treacherously framed to betray the trusting heart to ruin.

The garrison of St. Omer soon caught the alarm; and Jacqueline, compelled to retire from the walls, heard only that a trumpet,—for Waldenheim's armament did not

boast a herald,—had arrived before the gate of St. Omer, formally demanding the surrender of the town in the name of Maximilian, a requisition which had been received with a laugh of deriding scorn.

The Burgundians pitched their tents at a convenient distance from the outworks, and made preparations for a regular siege. All was bustle and activity within the town; every street was filled with the din of arms; squires and lacqueys were seen burnishing the steel cuirass and the polished helm; the clink of the armourers' hammers resounded from all quarters; and soldiers hurrying to and fro hastened to relieve each other on the walls.

Suffering every alternation of bounding hope and the most chilling despair, Jacqueline, restless, anxious, impatient, now revolving some impracticable scheme of affording assistance to the besiegers, in the next moment sickening at the impossibility of becoming an active agent in their service, could only still the tumultuous sensations of her throbbing heart by prayer. She flew to the neighbouring cathedral, and poured forth her whole soul in supplication before the shrine of the virgin, listening, at the conclusion of every Ave, for the brazen roar of those dreadful engines which she concluded the enemy would bring to bear against the strong bulwarks of the fortress. But her vigil was not rewarded by the thunder of the deep-mouthed gun. Waldenheim then—and her heart panted with redoubled emotion at the thought—would venture to attack the walls armed only with the arrow, the battle-axe, and

the lance ; a momentary thrill of terror shot across her mind, but it was instantly dissipated ; she could not link the idea of defeat with the stout Burgundian soldier, and she rejoiced at a circumstance which would enhance the glory of his victory. Despite of these heroic feelings, Jacqueline could not contemplate the thought of the ghastly objects which she would, in all probability, encounter in her return home without horror ; she feared to meet some mangled remnant of mortality borne, writhing in convulsive anguish, from the walls, to see blood flowing that she could not staunch, and to hear the deep groans wrung by torturing agony from a soul struggling in the pangs of death. Whilst absorbed in these painful anticipations a burst of merriment greeted her astonished ear ; the soldiers who had rushed in the morning to man the walls were returning leisurely to their quarters unhurt, not with the shout of triumph which would have followed a successful engagement, but humming, as usual, the lays of the Troubadours.

Annoyed and confounded by this unlooked for result of a day which she confidently expected would have been marked by some signal event, Jacqueline sought her own home. Montmorenci stood smiling at the portal, his dainty white plume unsoiled, and not a single fold disarranged in the silken mantle which flowed gracefully over his stainless and undinted armour.

" In faith, fair lady," he exclaimed, " these awkward Burgundians have played us a clumsy joke, doubtless the

braggart knaves think it a fine thing to have detained a cavalier of France for the space of six hours in harness under a hot sun, but, pardie, a warm bath and a little Hungary water will repair the damage."

"Did not Walden——, did not the enemy," returned Jacqueline, correcting her hasty speech, "make any attempt to scale the walls."

"No," cried Montmorenci, "nor did they adventure within a bow-shot of the garrison. By mine honour and St. Denis, if the Lombards give us not exercise for our good swords, they are like to grow rusty in these campaigns with the English and their timorous allies."

"So thought the Mareschal des Cordes," said Jacqueline, rather scornfully, "yet the fall of Dixmude taught him another lesson. This is but a feint of the besiegers to draw you out into the open field, for never yet did the Burgundian chivalry quail before the arms of France."

Hastening up to her chamber Jacqueline relieved her full heart by a flood of tears. Though persuading herself that the craven conduct displayed by Waldenheim's soldiers was prompted by some deep-laid artifice, yet she could not avoid feeling very painful misgivings. The force which her lover had brought against St. Omer was certainly inadequate for the capture of so strong a town; Maurice would, perchance, imagine that he had redeemed his pledge by merely appearing before the frowning ramparts, and had probably no intention of endangering either life or limb in her service. Nothing disturbed the

tranquillity of the besieged during the following day; the anxious maiden saw Montmorenci armed at all points, preparing to make a sortie on the foe, and, from an upper window, she watched him as he returned in the same gallant array, not a feather broken from the plume that waved over his casque, his armour without spot or blemish, and his mantle still undisordered and stainless. Pleading a head-ache Jacqueline refused to join the count and her father, and thus was spared the disgraceful taunts which the haughty Frenchman cast upon a knight once ranked among the flower of Maximilian's chivalry.

Two more days elapsed, and, perceiving that de Montmorenci no longer led his soldiers in person to the ramparts, the now desponding Jacqueline emerged from her seclusion to learn the cause.

"The Burgundians have retreated," said she, as she saw Count Bertrand lounging idly in her father's hall.

"Not so," replied Montmorenci, "they tilt with the air in yonder plain, taking especial care to keep beyond the reach of our cross-bows; come to the walls and you shall see the cooks and scullions of St. Omer, armed with their spits and basting ladles, drive these redoubtable assailants like a flock of geese before them to the entrenchments of their camp."

"I will not," cried Jacqueline, "do the soldiers of Maximilian so much wrong as to witness so base an indignity."

"Then," exclaimed Montmorenci, "I will condescend

to lead the attack again, trusting that the animating sight of beauty may inspire the degenerate Waldenheim with the spirit of a knight. To stir the lazy current of a dastard's veins, and to kindle a blaze of martial ardor in a clod of mere dull earth, will be an exploit worthy of the loveliest maid who ever smiled upon a warrior's suit." The count then calling for his armour, sallied out at the gate as Jacqueline ascended the rampart.

The plain below was enlivened with the careering steeds of Waldenheim's men at arms, as, with pennons flying and trumpets sounding, they advanced to the walls. The long blue banner floated majestically over the well-appointed troop, and its fair embroideress, as she contemplated the martial appearance of her lover's followers, again felt her hopes revive, and stood in strong expectation that they would on this day wipe off the deep stain which sullied their honour: but her wishes and her prayers were alike fruitless; the Burgundians awaited not the shock of de Montmorenci's battle-axe; he no sooner approached them, than, like affrighted deer, away ran the whole of the squadron, Waldenheim foremost in the disgraceful flight, and the blue banner trailing in the dust behind him. The heart of the knight's betrothed beat high with indignation. Had she beheld her lover fairly vanquished in open fight she would have felt respect and admiration for him in his defeat; but to see him act a coward's part, retreating thus dishonoured without daring to hazard a single blow, she could not endure the shame,

the ignominy of such a spectacle. Oh! rather, much rather, would she have gazed upon his bleeding corse borne from the field, secure, in a warrior's death, from the reproach which now must cling to his name for ever. Jacqueline's heroism, and her affection alike, failed her in this trial. Had Waldenheim acquitted himself like a soldier, or even like a man, the convent or a grave would have afforded her an asylum from the hated Montmorenci; but while she brooded over his fall from honour, her resolution was shaken; she could not wound, or, perchance, break a doting parent's heart, for the sake of one so worthless, so utterly undeserving love which should only be lavished on the brave; and, though she would have gladly buried herself and her sorrows in a monastery, duty forbade the indulgence of her wishes, and, with a dejected air, streaming eyes, and listless steps, she returned to her home, listened with mute indifference to the addresses of Count Bertrand, and allowed her father to promise that she would meet him at the altar at the expiration of six days, without offering a dissentient word.

Nothing was heard of the Burgundians, and if a faint spark of hope was ever re-kindled in Jacqueline's breast, it was now entirely quenched. Vainly did returning love suggest an excuse for Waldenheim's conduct, or endeavour to point at the means by which he might retrieve a reputation now sunk below scorn; he had refused to meet Count Bertrand singly in the field, and even if at the head of a reinforcement he should, at some future

period, triumph over the arms of France, such a victory could not efface the indelible stain of cowardice, the disgrace branded upon him in that fatal retreat before the paltry force brought out by Montmorenci to oppose him. Jacqueline prepared for her approaching marriage,—for the sacrifice of every chance of happiness,—with a feeling of melancholy satisfaction. She knew that she was condemned to be the slave of a tyrannical and contemptuous husband; to misery which, under any other circumstances, would have been too bitter for endurance; but now, perfectly reckless of the destiny that awaited her, she experienced some consolation in the thought that the morbid feelings and blighted affections of a joyless heart would not destroy the happiness of one who, in seeking her reluctant hand, only strove to enrich himself. Could jewels and splendid apparel have reconciled Jacqueline to her fate, she must have been perfectly content. The taste and the magnificence of Count Bertrand were lavishly displayed in the bridal paraphernalia, and every citizen of St. Omer was employed under his immediate inspection in executing some new and brilliant device. The hour of midnight was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, and the spirits of the bride sank as the time approached; a thousand tender recollections crowded upon her mind, and subdued the stern determination which had hitherto supported her. As noon advanced she stole away from her garden, and, under the friendly screen of a tall buttress, cast an anxious glance towards the Burgundian

camp. But nothing, save the long grass and the boughs of the naked trees, was stirring in that quarter; the rampart on which she stood was deserted; a postern gate left negligently open, and the guard dispersed about the town, surveying the preparations for the evening festivities. Jacqueline felt strongly tempted to seize the favourable moment for escape, and to fly from a union which, despite of all her efforts, she regarded with horror. Where, however, could she go, and for whom should she forfeit the treasure of an unstained name? Alas! Waldenheim was unworthy of the sacrifice; he had abandoned her, or, if still lingering in the vicinity of St. Omer was too indifferent even to reconnoitre the place, and to take advantage of the carelessness of the garrison to communicate with one so ready to listen to his justification, and to discredit the evidence of her senses against the warm and eloquent pleadings of the man she loved. Successfully combating her weakness, the afflicted Jacqueline quitted the dangerous spot and sought for protection from her own rebellious heart under the paternal roof. Evening came, and with it the bride-maids and tire-women; the rich and massy chain, the satin robe lined with costly furs, the broidery of goldsmith's work, and the sparkling circlet inlaid with pearl and precious stones, vainly courted admiration from their unhappy wearer's averted and tearful eyes; but, rallying her failing energies, she prepared to accompany the procession to the church, and, nerving her trembling limbs, advanced towards the altar with an unfaltering step; but

there Jacqueline's courage and fortitude melted away; she feared that she had been too precipitate in breaking those vows so solemnly pledged to Waldenheim, and she would have given worlds to have recalled the promise she had made to her father. The nave of the cathedral was brilliantly illuminated, but the vast edifice presented many distant aisles and extensive recesses involved in deep gloom, and, as her eyes wandered restlessly around, she almost fancied she could perceive the frowning countenance of the man she had forsaken in each dark and empty space. 'Twas only the vision of a distempered imagination. The light danced upon waving plumes, glittering tunics, and faces beaming with joy. Pleasure seemed to rule the hour, and Jacqueline alone, pale, sad, and motionless, offered a contrast to the gay throng who crowded round the steps of the altar. The ceremony was about to commence, the officiating priest had opened his missal, and the bridegroom, anticipating the moment in which he should place the ring on the finger of the bride, had stretched out his hand to clasp that of his trembling companion, when a whisper ran through the outer circle: a short pause ensued, but the alarm, if such it were, subsided; all was profoundly quiet, and the solemnity commenced. In another instant, a shout, a din of arms, groans, shrieks, and cries of terror, were distinctly heard; but ere the bridal party could look around them, all other sounds were stifled in one wild acclamation. The

doors of the church were burst open, and the whole of the interior filled with Burgundian soldiers: numbers of the wedding guests were stretched bleeding on the ground; de Montmorenci, torn from Jacqueline's side, would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of four assailants, but for the opportune appearance of Waldenheim, who, springing from a monument over the heads of his *landznechts*, interposed his authority, and stayed the work of devastation.

"Now, Count Bertrand," he cried; "now shall my trusty sword vindicate the honour which you have dared to stigmatize; we meet on equal terms:" and throwing off his helmet, his coat of mail, and all other defensive armour (the bridegroom being arrayed in a vest and surcoat of velvet), the two knights drew their gleaming falchions, and encountered each other with deadly animosity; —fire flew from their clashing weapons, and every stroke seemed the herald of death. Jacqueline, speechless and clinging to her father's arm, gazed, with intense anxiety, on the sanguinary conflict. Both fought with untiring and desperate energy; at length the arm of the Burgundian appeared to relax, but, in the next moment, he charged again with redoubled fierceness, and Montmorenci, disarmed and beaten to the ground, received the boon of life from his generous antagonist. The terror-stricken bride saw not the termination of the combat; her senses fled ere Waldenheim had gained the vantage ground which he had so nearly lost, and she was only

restored to animation by the passionate exclamations of her lover, and the assurance that Bertrand still lived.

The strenuous exertions of Waldenheim preserved the town from pillage. On the following morning, after a solemn mass, he offered the blue banner at the altar of the cathedral, and received the hand of Jacqueline, who was now convinced that, with his slender force, it was only by lulling the garrison into security that he could have hoped to win the strong towers of St. Omer.

E. R.

IVAN THE CZAR.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

He sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar;
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war:
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won
To the earth beside his youthful dead,
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
Through the rich tent made way:

* Ivan le Terrible, etant deja devenu Vieux, assiegoit Novogorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affoibli, lui demanderent s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l'assaut a son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande a cette proposition, que rien ne put l'apaiser: son fils se prosterna a ses pieds; il le repousa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours apres le malheureux en mourut. Le pere, alors au desespoir, devint indifferent a la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survecut que peu de mois a son fils.

Dix Annees d'Exil, par Mad de Stael.

And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched
In the dust with his renown.

Low tones at last of woe and fear
From his full bosom broke;—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull hollow sounds,
Burthened with agony.

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath,
I call thee—and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is Death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

"Well might I know death's hue and mien,
But on *thine* aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen,
Save pride and tameless joy?

Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still, cold look;—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes!—I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee.
Lift brightly up and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of thought, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart,
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child
That in mine arms I pressed,—
Thou wert the bright one, that has smiled
Like summer on my breast!

I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse—
I look upon thee—dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!
And leave me!—I have conquered,
I have slain—my work is done:
Whom have I slain?—Ye answer not—
Thou too art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night;
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of Heaven he shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.

THE INFIORATA OF GENZANO.

"PAST six o'clock,—and I promised to be there at five!—well, I dare say they are gone without me."—Within twenty minutes after I had opened my eyes I was at the Caffè del Greco, the place of rendezvous; but convinced they had set out, because I could see no Vettura at the door as I went up the Condotti.—"They waited half an hour for you, sir," said the lacquey, in answer to my negative interrogation, "and have been gone now just forty minutes."—"Humph! then if I had hurried on towards the Porta San Giovanni, instead of coming here, I might have overtaken them. I can't help it, and it matters little, for the day will be very hot; and what with that, and the Scirocco too, I shall be far better where I am." Thus did I endeavour to console myself, when I discovered that my supposition was well-founded; and having entirely overcome my chagrin, I leisurely retraced my steps to the Pastini.

"And why are you not at Genzano this morning?" said my landlady; "I thought you had determined to go?"

"So I had, signora, but overslept myself!"

"You will not see the Infiorata at all then" added she, "and it is the most beautiful thing imaginable! Achilles shall run and see if a horse can be had in all Rome."

Her son Achilles was accordingly dispatched, and returned, ere long, with the information that he had engaged a Carratella, and that it would be at the door in five minutes. It is not a very handsome one to be sure," said he; "but I could find nothing better."—I have read descriptions of the jaunting cars which ply between Dublin and Donnybrook, more particularly on the fair-day at the latter place, and am inclined to think that the worst of them would be somewhat exalted by a comparison with my Carratella. A poor little horse stood under, rather than between, two shafts, the other ends of which crossed an axletree, and were covered by a few boards; two benches, slung with ropes across the stage, formed its seats; my coachman, a raggamuffin about fifteen or sixteen years of age, seated himself in front, with a pair of whip-chord reins in his hand, and I occupied the bench behind. Three hours solitary jolting in such a vehicle, over the worst paved road in Europe, across the Campagna di Roma, on Midsummer-day, and during the hottest part of the day, exposed to the broiling sun and basted by the south-west blast, which had just crossed the sands of Africa, and bore on its wings the pestilential vapours of the neighbouring Pontine Marshes, would frighten many men in theory, and I can bear

witness to its effect in practice; that it gave me an inordinate appetite for the vermicelli soup, mutton chops, and Velletri wine, which were set before me at Albano, full one hour *ante meridian!!* However, being somewhat tired of riding, I left my carriage at the latter place, and walked the remaining three or four miles. From Albano, just below the tomb of the Horatii, the ancient Appian way crosses the valley towards Genzano; but the modern road winds round it through La Riccia, and is beautifully shaded by finely foliated trees. As I had travelled by the latter route on several occasions, I determined to take the ancient road this time for variety's sake, as well as that I might see it in its original state, and examine its immense substructions where it crosses the deepest part of the valley. I was less incommoded by the heat than I had expected to be, the Sirocco having given way to a gentle breeze from the Iberian sea, which in some degree counteracted the intense influence of the sun.

The day of its patron saint is in every town a high festival; church processions form always a part of the business of the day, and certain places are noted for other accessorial ceremonies, which render the *festa* still more interesting. Genzano, a small town about twenty miles from Rome, on the high road to Naples, has been long celebrated for its Infiorata in honor of its patron St. John the Baptist. This being the day, hundreds of the Romans were flocking thither at an early hour of the morning, in vehicles of all descriptions, and before eight o'clock,

both Albano and Genzano were filled with strangers from all the country round. When I reached the latter place, at about one o'clock, I found the grass, under the beautiful avenue of trees towards La Riccia, strewed with men, women, and children, dreaming away the hours until the spectacle should begin. In the town, groups of peasantry,—the women in their most awkward costumes—occupied the wine-shops; and the blowzy *cittadine* with their yellow-faced daughters, hen-pecked looking husbands, and gaby sons, rusticated in the coffee-houses.

At this time of the year the northern visitors usually make their retreat, so that not more than twenty or thirty of us, Angles, Gauls, and Germans, were on the ground. I joined the party with which I should have set out in the morning; and after demolishing a flask of delicious Genzano wine (some of the finest Italy affords), we strolled about the town, and up to that part of it which looks over the Lake of Nemi, a beautiful silvered mirror, framed by a range of lofty vine-trellised hills. A temple and grove of the vestal huntress once hallowed the place; and they who would speak poetically, to this day call the lake *Lo Specchio di Diana*. Flora, however, had now usurped the empire, and that day we celebrated a feast in honour of the goddess. St. John is but the nominal patron; Flora had the honour of the day.

The church (of the saint) faces the high road, which forms the principal street of the town; two wide rows of

houses run up the hill from before it, and are joined at their ends by a short, cross street, the base of an isosceles triangle, of which the church is the apex : on this spot the Infiorata takes place. A breadth of about twenty feet, in the middle of the three streets, was completely strewed with laurel and other bright green leaves, evenly laid, and quite covering the ground; margins were formed on both sides of it, and the whole length, with yellow flowers : it was then divided transversely into an immense number of compartments, which were filled with various devices. The Pope's arms,—the cross and symbols of the passion,—the sacramental articles,—flowers,—stars, —single figures,—groups and perfect pictures from church and scripture history, were repeated from one end to the other,—from the church door to the church door again,— and all formed with the leaves of flowers of every requisite variety of colour. Many of the devices were exceedingly well drawn and coloured, especially when it is considered who were the artists, and what were their materials. The peasant inhabitants of the town, with the leaves of trees for a ground, and of flowers for the embroidery, in a few hours formed a splendid mosaic carpet, which was never equalled in brilliancy by any work of art. The effect was unexpectedly beautiful! The bright coloured dresses of the peasant women, the silks of the city dames, and the bright crimson hangings at the windows of the houses, looked as meagre and poor against it as a grape vine in December would if it could be compared to itself in the

month of May. The richest dyes that art could frame turned pale before the blushing beauties of nature. Fortunately the wind did not stir a leaf or a flower, so that all remained perfect till the religious procession had passed over it: but before that, for more than an hour, we had leisure to promenade the streets (of course the aisles), and admire the Infiorata, and the pretty girls. All the windows that looked on the streets were filled with groups of ladies; many of them were old, and many ugly, and many neither the one nor the other; but the faces of some were young and beautiful; and who, that ever saw a really beautiful Roman *dama*, can forget her face and form? The glossy black ringlets,—the noble forehead,—the heavy voluptuous eyelid and death dealing eye,—the fine clear complexion, too, and the beautifully-formed mouth and lips,—and then the elegantly-turned neck, flowing as it does into the finely-moulded bosom, all conspire to make the handsome *Romana* the most enchanting creature eyes ever beheld, and to prove her the lineal descendant of Juno! Our beauties are the daughters of Venus—women made to be loved; these are goddesses, to whom "it would not be idolatry to kneel." Well! at some of the windows, and in some of the balconies, were such forms, and such faces; and in the crowd,—but to cut the matter short, I never saw more than two or three handsome peasant girls out of England, so that I had no right to look for them at Genzano.

At length the grand procession began to move from

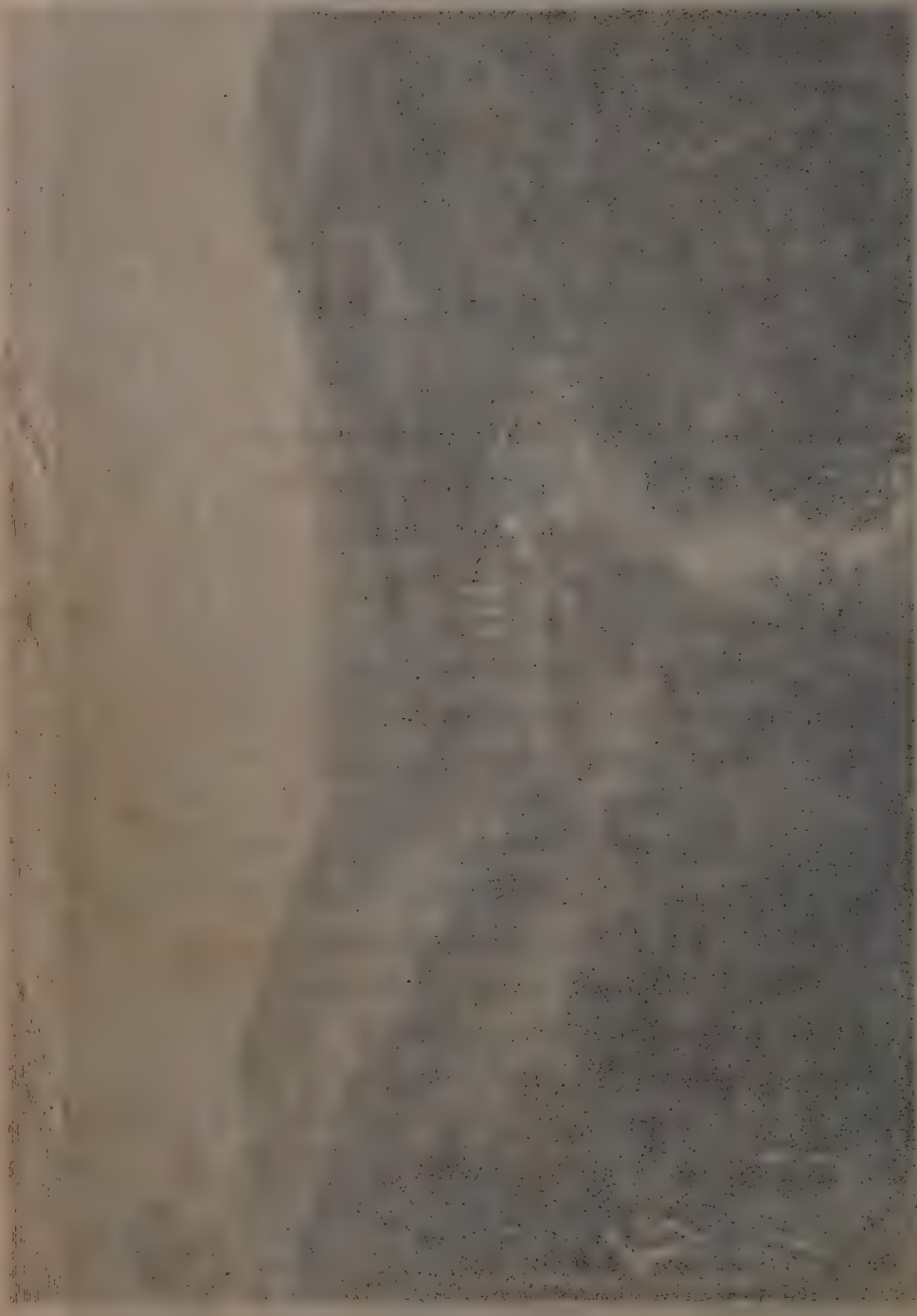
the church over the pictured streets. First came a string of men (seculars) bearing waxlights; then a cross, then a flag with a picture on each side of it, then a crucifix, and then again men as at first, and so on with five or six companies, all disposed in the same order: at last came the Host, preceded by a military band, and surrounded by a phalanx of priests, who closed the pageant. No sooner had it passed over, than the croud rushed in, and a few minutes sufficed to destroy the Infiorata di Genzano.

W. H.

Painted by J.M.W.Turner, R.A

BUCKFASTLEIGH ABBEY, DEVONSHIRE.

Engraved by R.Wallis



BUCKFASTLEIGH ABBEY.

Sweet pastoral vale!—When hope was young,
And life looked green and bright as thou,
Ere this world's toils or cares had flung
A shade of sadness on my brow,—
A loiterer in thy sylvan bowers,
I whiled away uncounted hours,
And, by thine own sequestered Dart,
Poured forth, in song, my burning heart!

Wild river! as it lapsed along
In glory on its winding way,
Like Youth's first hopes, rejoicing, strong,
And full of Heaven's own hues as they,—
I little thought that storms would fling
Their shadows o'er so bright a thing;
Or that *my* course would ever be
Less calm than then it seemed to me.

I came when wintry winds were high,
And storms were brooding in the air;

Thy river rushed in fierceness by,
Thy skies were dim, thy trees were bare;
And that lone ruin, erst that rose
An emblem of thy charmed repose,
Now, struggling with the fitful blast,
Frowned like the spectre of the Past.

A change was on my aching heart,
As dark as that I kenned in thee;
Thoughts, like thy waves, impetuous Dart,
Thronged o'er my soul tumultuously,
As gazing on that altered scene,
I turned to what we both had been;—
Thy charms are lovelier than of yore,
When will *my* storms of life be o'er?

And thou art now a fairy dream,
To stir the source of sweetest tears;
That sun-touched fane, and sparkling stream,
My beacon-lights to other years.
Oh might my toil-worn spirit close
Its weary pinions in repose,
I would not ask more perfect bliss
Than such a paradise as this!

C.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

A Country Story.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

In a winding unfrequented road in the south of England, close to a low, two-arched bridge thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling and the picturesque buildings of Hatherford mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering pyracantha, and the clear brook, which, after dashing, and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river whilst pent up in the mill stream, was no sooner let loose than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in. Many a passenger has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when the accom-

panying figures, the jolly miller sitting before the door pipe in mouth and jug in hand like one of Teniers' boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulder carefully descending the out-of-door steps, and the miller's daughter flitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery on the other side of the road was equally attractive in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filberd walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds sloping into the very stream; so that the cows which, in sultry weather, came down by twoes and by threes from the opposite meadows to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind *that* was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten of the passers by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would to be sure limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good

feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence; and no sooner did she appear than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and above all the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring that made Katy's face with all its faults so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, on "the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair of the very hue of the glossy rind of the horse chesnut, turning when the sun shone on them into threads of gold. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and childlike. Add to this "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen without a lover. She had indeed had two offers: one from a dashing horse-dealer, who having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night as they were chaffering about the price, and took the refusal in such dudgeon that he would have left the

house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa twice as much as he intended in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a staid, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of schoolmaster and parish clerk, an old crony of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still, from habit, "young Sam Robinson." He, one fine evening as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug and discussing the Welch rabbit, reappeared as usual on the following Saturday, and, to judge from his whole demeanour, seemed entirely to have forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighbourhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet, respectable old couple, who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun-dial, and planted the great mulberry-tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a young tenant from a distant county, the younger son of

a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer Edward Grey, who being unmarried, and of a kindly and social disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was nowhere a greater favourite than with his opposite neighbour, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe altogether different from her usual shame-facedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out not merely in his conversation but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he insisted on being called, the compliment of running away as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had past would prattle to Edward Grey as freely and fearlessly as to her own father.

On his side it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child with the kindness of an indulgent brother; was amused with her artlessness, and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fireside too lonely, and the parties of the neighbourhood too boisterous: the little parlour of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation, and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel Ranger taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortably as if in his master's own demesnes, and Katy's large tabby cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but even ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little miffs had indeed occurred betwixt the parties. Once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May, Katy having taken fright at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half led, half forced, into the booth, to look at the real living monsters, by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish

to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the colour of a riband—an election riband. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manner of a county candidate, who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvas their opposite neighbour, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favourite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll. So that that quarrel was perforce pretermitted. At last a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations her cousin Sophy Maynard had long been her favourite. She was an intelligent, unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself; the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain, but there was such a natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing, and her conversation so attractive, that few people after passing an evening in her society remembered her want of beauty.

She was exceedingly fond of the country and of her pretty cousin, who on her part looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself an hundred times when most pleased with their new neighbour, How I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey! And now that her cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world if they had never met. They were evidently delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that rank of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy that poor Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable; flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank away from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her, but she was quite sure that she was wretched—and then she cried again.

In the mean while the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret;—could it be a love secret?—and the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point

of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations, and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world. A pleasant walk it was through those newly mown meadows just cleared of the hay, with the bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered with little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine and the briar rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom; now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willowherb, the blue forget-me-not, and a "thousand fresh water flowers of several colours," making the bank as gay as a garden. It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged robin, the wild rose, the crane's bill, and the fox glove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art,"

and show "what every flower as country people hold did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind gathering long wreaths of the woodbine and the briony and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers; quoting the well-known lines from the Winter's Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

At last Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow-sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves into a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's country art, but it is my favourite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. "And it shall be so," added he, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole countenance. "The botanical name signifies the queen of the meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand shall go also. Oh that the offering might find favour with *my*

fair queen!"——Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sate her down, trembling, cold, and wretched, understanding for the first time her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sate, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream as if trying to catch one, came to her and laid his rough head and his long brown curling ears in her lap, and looked at her with "eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech," eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger in common with all the four-footed world loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face and licked her cold hand. Oh, kinder and faithfuller than your master! thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush of tears she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sate in that position as it seemed to her for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water lilies.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily and tremblingly and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet. "Come and see how

nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water under those hazels—Come!" He put her hand under his arm and led her thither, and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical queen of the meadow waving like a plume over her own straw bonnet: felt herself caught in Edward's arms, for between surprise and joy she had well nigh fallen; and when with instinctive modesty she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper—"I knew it all the time, Katy! Every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edmund to stay and be brides-maid."—And the very next week they were married.

CORINNA AT THE CAPITOL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans cette carriere bien peu de sorts qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimee et d'une mere heureuse."

Madame de Stael.

I.

Daughter of the' Italian heaven!
Thou, to whom its fires are given,
Joyously thy car hath rolled
Where the conqueror's passed of old;
And the festal sun that shone
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,*
Makes thy day of glory bright
With a shower of golden light.

II.

Now thou tread'st the' ascending road
Freedom's foot so proudly trod;
While, from tombs of heroes borne,
From the dust of empire shorn,

* The trebly hundred triumphs.---*Byron.*

Flowers upon thy graceful head,
Chaplets of all hues are shed,
In a soft and rosy rain,
Touched with many a gem-like stain.

III.

Thou hast gained the summit now!
Music hails thee from below;—
Music, whose rich notes might stir
Ashes of the sepulchre;—
Shaking with victorious notes
All the bright air as it floats.
Well may Woman's heart beat high
Unto that proud harmony!

IV.

Now afar it rolls—it dies,
And thy voice is heard to rise
With a low and lovely tone,
In its thrilling powers alone;
And thy lyre's deep, silvery string,
Touched as by a breeze's wing,
Murmurs tremblingly at first,
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

V.

All the spirit of thy sky
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,—

And thy cheek a flush hath caught
From the joy of kindled thought;—
And the burning words of song
From thy lips flow fast and strong,
With a rushing stream's delight
In the freedom of its might.

VI.

Radiant daughter of the sun!
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crowned of Rome!—oh! art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot?—
Happier, happier far, than thou
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth!

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
While waters coldly close around,
Till of her pathway through the seas
The track no more is found;—
Thus, passing down Oblivion's tide,
The beauteous visions of the mind
Fleet as that ocean pageant glide,
And leave no trace behind.

II.

But the pure page may still impart
Some dream of feeling else untold,—
The silent record of a heart,
Even when that heart is cold:
Its lorn memorials here may bloom,
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear,—
Like flowers that linger o'er the tomb,
Bedewed with Beauty's tear.

III.

I ask not for the meed of fame,
The wreath above my rest to twine,—
Enough for me to leave my name
Within this hallowed shrine;—
To think that o'er these lines thine eye
May wander in some future year,
And Memory breathe a passing sigh
For him who traced them here.

IV.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,
With bosom silent and serene,
And but the plank upon the shore
Reveals that wrecks have been.
So some frail leaf, like this, may be
Left floating o'er Time's silent tide;
The sole remaining trace of me;
To tell I lived and died.

THE TWO VOYAGERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Upon this coast was found a low cave, in which were two graves. On the rock above them was rudely cut--"Here lieth the body of Roger Lynden of the Dolphin, May, 1740:" and underneath it--"Here also was laid the body of his son Charles, who died on this coast October, 1763."

I.

"My boat is on the shore, mother, my ship waits but for me,
And all I lack of freightage now is a farewell word from thee."
"Oh! stay at home, my only son," the mother wildly cried,
"For on the very shore thou seek'st in youth thy father died:
His ship, like thine, was a gallant ship,—like thine his trusty crew,—
And all a perilous voyage might need he had ready hands to do;
His helmsman loved him as his son, a grey-haired man was he,—
Thy father was his foster-child brought up upon his knee.

II.

" I well remember how the ship lay yonder in the bay,
And what a sinful pride was mine as I saw the streamers play;
There was music on the festive deck, the wine like water poured,
And they drank success to the noble ship and to every man on board:
A stirring gale swept through the shrouds, like the restless aspen's quiver,
And the gazers gave a rending shout as she went down the river:
Storm came at length,—but wave nor wind could yet her course impede,
She braved a fiercely surging sea, as a strong man braves his steed.

III.

" But as they nearer came to land, more dread the tempest's sway,
And soon upon that savage coast a wreck the vessel lay:
There were sixty men, all stout of limb, lay lifeless on that shore,—
Alas! for every lifeless one how many hearts grew sore!—
But one of all survived—but one!—and he the grey-haired man,
Whom years before you would have said through life had well nigh ran;

He saw his comrades fall a prey to the ravening savage grim,
And lean, and gaunt wild beasts come down and rend them limb from limb.

IV.

"He scared each rabid thing away thy father's corse to save,
And dug, a solitary man, with patient love, his grave.
In a hidden cave he buried him, and graved above his head
His name, and whence his vessel came,—then down the coast he fled.
But home at length the old man came to tell the fearful tale,
And died within his children's arms in his green native vale.
Then stay at home, my only son, for the wailing of the surge,
And the low voice of the gathering winds, are moaning like thy dirge!"

V.

Again a ship went down the stream, again the people cheered,
And the mother watched, with tearful eyes, till the top-mast disappeared.
On went the ship, on went the ship, nor storm did overtake,—

She went as sails a stately swan upon its placid lake;
Through wave and wind, o'er surf and swell, with steady keel she bore,
And the seamen shouted joyfully when they reached the palm-wood shore;
When they saw the gorgeous sky above, and felt the land-breeze blow,
And saw the painted savage flit in his light bark to and fro.

VI.

With furled sail and anchor cast, that vessel lay to land,
And many a day the young and gay went forth upon the strand;
They roamed 'mid wilds of myriad flowers, through woods of giant trees,
To snare the strange, bright-plumed bird, the savage beast to seize.
They stood round him who led them on, a gallant, faithful train,
But the fervor of the torrid sun smote fiercely on his brain;
Misery, like madness, seized on him, remorse and feverish dread,
And the memory of his mother's prayer like a curse upon his head.

VII.

The seamen knelt around him there, and marked his swift decay,
For he who saw the' uprising sun marked not its parting ray:
The moon came up the cloudless sky, but ere she reached the west
They had borne him to a hidden cave and laid him down to rest;—
Even there another had been laid to take his dreamless sleep,
But when they read the graved name no man forbore to weep;
For it was beside his *father's* grave they laid the fated son,—
"Oh, God!" they said, "how wondrously thine awful will is done!"

MODERN LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

The sportsman Love, a youth of skill,
Since time began by all confessed,
For want of nobler game to kill,
An arrow aimed at Florio's breast.

To miss his mark was something new;
He bent his trusty bow again;
Three times his whirring arrow flew;
And thrice the archer shot in vain.

Then at his mother's feet he flung
His well-stored quiver and his bow,
With sobbing heart and faltering tongue,
Cried, "take these weapons, useless now!

"Three times I've aimed at Florio's heart,
And thrice has he my skill defied;
My blunted shafts still backward start;
While he nor shrinks nor turns aside."

The Queen of Love with fondness smiled;
"Take up your arms, my son," she cried;
"I will avenge my darling child,
And punish Florio's stubborn pride."

She strung his bow with auburn hair
That flowed on Cythna's snow-white neck,
And said, "Cheer up—for sport prepare,
Your arrows now *must* take effect."

He trusted to the magic string,
With steady hand his bow he drew,
Swift through the air, on viewless wing,
The erring weapon harmless flew.

She gave a shaft, dipped in the beam
Of beauteous Mary's bright black eye;
"This must be fatal, as the gleam
Of lightning darting from the sky."

Still dauntless, he received the shock,
His indurated heart unmoved;
A feather on the flinty rock,
Had just as formidable proved.

"Take this," she cried, "'twill vengeance wreak,
Its feathered wing with crimson glows;
It is a blush from Laura's cheek,
And sweet as morning's dewy rose."

It struck his adamantine form—
He fearless grasped it in his hand;
Then glanced a look of haughty scorn,
And flung it shivered on the sand.

An arrow winged with sparkling wit,
With keenness cleft the yielding air,
And Florio's naked bosom hit,
But failed to make impression there.

Each charm that e'er in woman shone,
Each virtue that adorns the mind,
Was hurled against that heart of stone;
Yet none—not one—could entrance find.

The archer had his quiver strained
Against a bosom stern and cold;
One arrow only now remained,
He tipped its gleaming point with gold;

With feeble arm and careless aim
He reckless launched the gilded dart;
It shook the clodpole's trembling frame,
And deeply quivered in his heart.

"No more, my son, disgrace your arms!"
The Queen of Beauty cried, and frowned;
"What boots the loveliest female charms,
Since gold alone has power to wound?"

THE POET'S SOLITUDE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

THINK not the Poet's life, although his cell
Be seldom printed by the stranger's feet,
Hath not its silent plenitude of sweet.
Look at yon lone and solitary dell;
The stream that loiters 'mid its stones can tell
What flowerets its unnoted waters meet,
What odours o'er its narrow margin fleet;—
Ay, and the Poet can repeat as well:—
The fox-glove, closing inly, like the shell;
The hyacinth; the rose, of buds the chief;
The thorn, be-diamonded with dewy showers;
The thyme's wild fragrance, and the heather-bell;
All, all, are there. So vain is the belief,
That the sequestered path hath fewest flowers.

THE PEASANT OF PORTUGAL.

The French had already made rapid strides into Spain and Portugal, under the command of Marshals Soult and Junot, and so ably did they perform their mission of death, that they left one grand line of desolation to mark to the reinforcements constantly sent by Napoleon, where they might join the main body of the army. Fire and smoke, and groans of anguish and execration, were their welcome and their guide wheresoever they directed their steps. Sounds and sights of war, sufficiently terrible even to those who are accustomed to them, broke in upon the repose of a delicious little village near Thomar, where part of the French army had suddenly encamped; inspiring horror so much the more overwhelming, as their presence was altogether unexpected. A regiment of cuirassiers was sent to invest the place; and while the trampling of their horses sounded yet in the distance but as a low deep murmur of the wave or wind, Juan Taxillo, the happiest of peasants, was clasping to his breast, with the fervour of true and passionate love, his beautiful and newly-made bride Marguerita. There were circum-

stances attending this marriage which made it an universal festival.

Juan, when an infant, had been left at the gate of a neighbouring monastery, wrapped in a military cloak, richly embroidered, which, together with a sword, whose blade was of exquisite edge and temper, and sheath and hilt of matchless workmanship, were all the appurtenances with which this child of misfortune or of guilt was attended. The inference drawn by Juan Taxillo, one of the monks, who afterwards gave his name and protection to the child, from these accompaniments, was that his father must have been both a soldier and a gentleman; and he resolved that the education bestowed on the young intruder should be commensurate rather with his supposed birth than with his probable fortunes. Vain were such resolutions; a taste for fun and frolic early manifested itself in the young foundling; long black lashes could scarcely conceal the roguery that lived in his dark bright eye, and playful mischief was the predominant expression of his sweet but furtive smile. As for books, he hated them; study and penance were two ideas inseparably connected in his mind; for in doing his best to avoid the one evil he constantly fell in with the other; till the monastic rule, habits, and manners, became so thoroughly hateful to him, that he resolved to abandon his protectors and their gloomy abode altogether.

Before he left ——, however, linked as it was to him by a thousand pleasing and painful associations, and

scarcely less dear at the moment of parting for the latter than the former, he visited a friendly peasant, whose cottage was not only the best-conditioned, but whose daughter and heiress was the pride, boast, and beauty of the whole village. Juan fancied that a tear brightened Marguerita's eye, and the farewell faltered on her tongue as she prayed for the welfare and success of the handsome adventurer. Mingled joy and fear for an instant kept him silent; but he was of a nature to meet obstacles and overcome them; accordingly he poured forth his soul at the feet of the beautiful maiden, and received in return a gentle pressure of the hand, which, though almost imperceptible to the most watchful and minute observer, ran like wildfire through his veins, and kindled in his heart a flame that was to be unquenchable, even in the blood of a hundred victims.

"Marguerita," said he, "you love me,—you will be mine,—from my soul I thank you; but you are a prize of inestimable value, and I must do something to deserve you. I should not be content to have won from so many rivals,—it may be my superiors in some respects,—so matchless a being, without having performed one single deed to make me worthy such supreme happiness. I will challenge every youth of this and the neighbouring village to feats of prowess, skill, and agility; and when I have vanquished the last of my competitors, then shall I claim my bride with something like a feeling that I have deserved her,—till then, farewell."

The grey-beards thought Juan very presumptuous and fool-hardy; the young men were impatient to engage with him; all believed it impossible that he should verify his idle boast: but the calculations of the wise and the foolish are equally set at nought by circumstance. A very few weeks proved Juan an unrivalled wrestler, swordsman, and swimmer; the fleetest of foot, and strongest of arm of all his youthful competitors. With infinite good-humour did the vanquished retire from the contest, and with one voice confess his superiority. A young nobleman having chanced to see him wrestling on one of these occasions, was so struck with his figure of gigantic height, and extraordinary muscular power, combined with exquisite grace and agility, that he informed himself of his story and character, and offered to secure to him such an income as would, with his bride's dower, render him independent of all future caprices of fortune.

"You are well born," said the Marquis de Marialva; "there can be no doubt of it: allow me the merit of restoring you to your proper station in society."

"My lord, you must not think me the less grateful for your intention because I reject your favours. I am very proud in my own particular manner. I would not condescend to be one of a body who might hold themselves disgraced by my admission into their circle; I should hurl back on them all, and more than all, the contempt they would lavish upon me. But I have energies within me that shall not perish by feeding on themselves—

thoughts and feelings that shall nerve me to exertion. The time may come that my country will need an undaunted soul, when one fearless and determined spirit may change the fortune of a day;—then will I make a name for the nameless, and I shall ask no less proud a title than the Peasant of Portugal. You may smile, my lord; but I would rather be the one who should have saved or died for his country—rather dignify the general denomination of half a people—than be lord of the largest territory and most ancient name in the civilized world."

When with flushed cheek and burning brow Juan thus gave expression to an inward sense of power not yet modified into distinct form and nature, he little imagined that the danger was already at hand which, in the spirit of sad prophecy, he thus anticipated; but the suddenness of the demand for his exertions only gave them added force and vigour. Although so lately a happy bridegroom, he prepared to leave his lovely wife without a murmur; and Marguerita, heedless of the danger that threatened from without, tenderly reproached her husband for quitting her on their bridal day. He was already on the threshold, but he returned to kiss the tear from the cheek of his beloved, and to assure her the desire of fame, and the wish to distinguish himself, originated in his anxiety to prove himself worthy of her; and he said truly. One great passion in its mighty flow had aroused every dormant faculty of his being, and that

with such rapidity as to seem to give birth to the powers it merely called into action. With perfect presence of mind, and an air of calm decision, did he give orders for the defence of the village; and they were the most skilful and judicious that could have been conceived and executed on upon the spur of the moment. Then unsheathing his father's sword,—the rude pillow of his infancy,—he conjured the assembled villagers, all vigorous and robust men, to fight to the death for their homes, their wives, and children.

"We shall live—we will live, my friends, to press once more to our bosoms those dear ones, who will be all the dearer for the danger they will have incurred. But should we fall, we will make an impassable barrier with our bodies, which the most hardened profligate shall tremble to violate;—we will purchase, by our deaths, the right of honourable treatment for our wives and daughters."

All hailed the enthusiasm of the young speaker as the herald of success; and never was a French regiment, instinctively brave as they are, met with more determined hostility, or a stronger spirit of resistance. Provoked that a handful of Portuguese peasants should dispute the event with a regiment high in favour with Napoleon, and decked with numerous marks of distinction,—hard-earned pre-eminence,—the commanding officer gave his men permission to put the village to fire and sword, and pillage and massacre, at their own unlicensed will, its unfortu-

nate inhabitants. But the peasantry were fighting at their own thresholds for the olives and vineyards that formed their little store of wealth; they were no hirelings, paid so much a day for shedding their blood in a cause they neither felt nor understood. They were a simple people, and knew little of the pitiful ambition of rulers, born of weakness, yet powerful in its consequences; like a lighted brand in the forest, which, borne on the wings of the wind, compels the loftiest trees to yield their green honours to swell the flame,—the food and fuel to its pride and glory. They were men urged to desperation; and what had their enemies to oppose to its influence? They had numbers—increasing numbers; and good discipline, and able commanders; and more than all this, they had revenge; which urged them to wreak upon the helpless and unresisting, when the strong had fallen, the deaths of their companions in arms. It would have been mercy,—a mercy little understood by a ferocious soldiery,—had they only stabbed their victims to the heart; but brutal lust and burning vengeance were not to be so satiated: they dishonoured, ere they destroyed, to deprive death of all consolation—of every mitigation in its bitterness.

Marguerita had for some time concealed herself in safety in the luxuriant grove attached to her dwelling. But alas! her security had been of merely temporary duration. This was the scene of her repose from the noontide heat,—and here she had many times held

"sweet converse" with her lover. The sun's burning eye in vain sought to penetrate this delicious bower, which, however, wooed the young breeze, and paid it back with the perfume of orange flowers and lemon trees, for the refreshment it loved to bring upon its wing;—and here, where the senses of the lovers had been so often steeped in a delirium of joy, and forgetfulness of all save each other; when the earth's uttermost bounds had seemed to them but as a cold unimaginable distance that had nothing in common with the little world they could encircle with their clasping arms;—here had the two lovers again met—their love sanctified by marriage and the approval of smiling friends—but, great God, how different from all that had preceded it was that terrible meeting! They met in despair the darkest and most direful, shedding tears of blood, and of the heart; for the mental torture which wrung from Marguerita the tears of burning indignation that bathed her face, forced also the red stream that welled from her fair and wounded bosom to a deeper and more rapid flow,—life receding with its gush. Physical pain she felt not. Juan was by her side, leaning on his sword, crimsoned to the hilt. He spoke not—he moved not; but seemed rooted by horror to the spot on which he stood—spell-bound, yet retaining a terrible consciousness of his fate. She—his loved one—his bride of the morning—was dying. Sadness and mournful tenderness should then have been the predominant feelings of his heart; but it had no room for

either ;—and Marguerita's broken words were needless fuel to the one towering and absorbing passion of his soul.

"Do not approach me, Juan ; I should die of your touch. Oh ! how have I longed to rest upon your bosom, and feel and know that I was the wife of your heart, as I was once its chosen mistress :—how have I longed to tell you of my love, its depth and intensity ! The dream is over ;—but oh, Madonna ! what had I done to be so rudely awakened ?" A perceptible shudder ran through her exhausted frame as she continued : "I am a lost creature, and it is well that I am dying ; but so very young,—and so very happy as I might have been !—Juan, they resisted my struggles, my prayers, my entreaties. I prayed but for death at their hands. Oh why —why was it denied me, when death would indeed have been a boon of mercy ?"

Scarcely had she given expression to these words when, casting an imploring look upon her husband, she sank upon the ground in the last brief agony of death. Juan, stung to frenzy by the sight, called on her, as he hung over her lifeless form, to open once more her eyes, that she might carry his vow even to the presence of her God. Stay thy breath, wronged, insulted Marguerita ! thou must not, canst not die, until thou art fully appeased by my oath of vengeance." He knelt as he spoke, and, kissing the hilt of his sword, exclaimed solemnly, "By this weapon, and the red wine it has drunk,—by the holy mother, and her holier

child,—I swear it shall never leave my side sleeping or waking, until every fiend incarnate of the accursed regiment whose ruffians have perpetrated this deed, hath sunk beneath its stroke. They may implore mercy; but lightly shall their entreaties avail them; for did not she, my beautiful and innocent Marguereita, lift up her voice in vain?—Shall I staunch their wounds, the blood-hounds? They left her weltering in her gore!—Shall the thought of their bereaved wives and children stay my hand? They have torn from me my young and blooming bride!—they have made the queen of my soul their most abject slave!—and, by the eternal God, no imaginable sacrifice can satiate my appetite for vengeance!"

The dreadful conflict of the moment which had given to his beautiful and open countenance an expression almost demoniacal, as he thus denounced the offending and the inoffending to one common ruin, passed away; but in that gigantic, stern, and unbending figure, no one could have discovered a trace of the youthful hilarity that was wont to live in his eye and sport upon his brow in happier days.

On the banks of the Zezere Juan hastened to assemble the poor remnant of the once joyous inhabitants of his devoted village, and before them did he renew his vow. He plunged his weapon into the river, and wiped away the French blood that had so deeply dyed it. "These stains," said he, "were honourable ones; they were the life-blood of men who fought to the last, and died on the

field of battle. True, they were enemies, but they were brave. Ferocity is not courage. We who fought in defence of our country and its rights, deserved other and better treatment than to wear the insignia of dishononr,—its garb of mourning,—and the dark reality in our hearts for the remainder of our lives. The patriotic spirit which formerly animated me has passed away—has been displaced by vengeance—it shall be ample; for every lost friend and dishonoured maid many a soul shall go howling and shrieking to the bottomless abyss. I devote myself to avenge your wrongs and mine own. I leave you now to retire to my future home, a cave in the fastnesses of the mountains near Abrantes. From thence shall an unseen arm extend to Thomar, the camp of our hated foes, and deal out death like the unseen destroyer. I will avail myself of every precaution to secure myself from discovery or death, that my sacrifice may be full to overflowing. You may count my pleasurable emotions by the number of my victims." Having thus spoken he waved his hand in token of farewell; and, folding his dark gray cloak around his gigantic form, he was soon lost in the distance.

On the following morning the whole camp was in commotion, and, indeed, there seemed sufficient cause for consternation. Two centinels had been found dead at their posts, their heads literally severed from their bodies. In the camp two soldiers had also slept into eternity. They had evidently died without a struggle—murdered in

their unresisting sleep. The sentry was doubled, and exhorted to diligence. Vain, however, was every precaution; they died ere they could raise the alarm. Each succeeding night mantled some dreadful deed; every morning's sun shone on some new made grave. So silently, so surely, and with such extraordinary celerity did death perform its mission, and so unerring was its aim, that the soldiers, panic-struck, declared it was the work of some fiend possessed of supernatural powers, to whom human opposition was as utterly useless as the resistance of a feather to the winds; and that it would only provoke for them more certain and speedy destruction.

The officers alarmed yet more at the consequences of this persuasion getting ground in the minds of their men, than at these nightly executions, however terrible and bloody, sent out spies into the neighbourhood to learn, if possible, the cause of these dreadful outrages. They returned with information that Juan the Peasant of Portugal was their author, the one unaided destroyer; his vow and devotion to the cause of vengeance was repeated; and then it was they remarked a circumstance which had hitherto escaped their observation, that the victims were all cuirassiers, and had belonged to the fated regiment. The discovery of the source of an evil leads often to the adoption of a preventive; not so in the present instance. Every pass, every bushy brake and dell of the mountains was explored; the utmost caution and courage availed them nothing. Sometimes a gay soldier fell by an unseen

stroke at the side of his companions, his unfinished burst of laughter changed in his throat to the death-rattle. Sometimes the faint exclamation of "My God" breathed by the dying, awoke a sleeping comrade to share his doom.

All this was not so effected, however aided by darkness and unwearying skill and energy, but that Juan had been often beheld by the soldiery. Bullets whizzed harmless by his head, unhelmeted but by its massy curls, and rent his grey cloak to tatters, but seemed to glance from him as though he were double-cased in armour bullet-proof. Often pursued, he mocked their utmost swiftness. Sometimes he would suffer one to approach him, then, taking deliberate aim, would shoot him through the heart and laugh, with savage exultation, at the impotent rage of the survivors. The weakness of the human mind, as in all instances of oppression, was his best and most constant assistant: it would have been impossible to have dissuaded the ignorant and superstitious from believing that our unhappy hero held communion with the Evil One; they swore that the musket, sword, and pike, were alike powerless when employed against him: they exaggerated his gigantic figure to an unnatural height; his extraordinary endurance of fatigue; his promptitude, speed, and strength were not, they declared, of mortal culture,—so that, at length, they refused to employ their arms against him.

The colonel of the fated regiment caused one of his soldiers to be tried and executed for disobedience of orders

by way of example to the rest; but it was unnecessarily multiplying murder. The poor remains of the regiment to a man gave themselves up to punishment, declaring their inability to wage the unequal war. The powers of darkness were not to be vanquished by human means. It had been worse than useless to combat such arguments; —they were placed, therefore, in the centre of the camp, and strict watch was kept throughout. But death can close the eyes of the sleepless and the most vigilant. For three months the work of destruction was pursued with unmitigated fury; and, favoured by disguise, fearlessness, and perfect presence of mind, Juan was free as air,—free as the blasting breath of the Simoom that wanders at will, but leaves death behind to tell where it has been.

With sickening soul Colonel Vermont rose one morning from a disturbed slumber, expecting to hear of some new massacre, when his servant placed a letter in his hands, in lieu of communicating the usual information. When he had possessed himself of its contents, he sent for the officers of his regiment, and explained to them its purport.

A poor wretch, a Portuguese of the neighbouring village, had offered to betray Juan in the place of his concealment; stipulating for a certain sum of money, and consenting to leave his person in their hands, as a pledge of his sincerity, until he had accomplished what he had undertaken to perform.

"My good friends," said the commander, a young intrepid spirit, "I waive, in this case, all right to your

obedience, but I ask such of you as are either fearless, or, like myself, willing to sacrifice a few years of existence for the purpose of putting an end to this dreadful carnage, to follow me to the cave, where, hitherto, despite our scrutiny, this mistaken man has found such complete security. He has endured irreparable injury at our hands, red and hot as they were with the blood of their victims; severe, indeed, has been the expiation. Not a handful of the brave fellows I brought from their smiling homes are now remaining. By heavens, I care not if I leave my bones to whiten in Portugal, so that I arrest the progress of this infatuated assassin."

His hand was passed across his brow as he said this, and some thought it was to wipe away a tear so honourable to the man that it could scarcely disgrace the soldier. All present unanimously declared they would follow their young commander wheresoever he should lead; all agreed that it would be better to meet death boldly, supposing the chances were against them, than to be sacrificed, one after the other, to the wary vengeance of the sanguinary Juan. There was something so mysteriously dreadful in the unseen stroke that felled to the earth alike the young soldier and the veteran, that all evil which involved action seemed so light in the comparison, that the privates yet spared besought permission to accompany their officers. "We have no right," said they, "to claim exemption from this service, for we are the offending party; and you cannot ask others to assist you in this enterprize, since, in

all probability, none would have fallen that did not belong to our regiment, had they not interposed between ourselves and the enemy."

The traitorous wretch who was to betray his countryman obtained from them the poor boon he claimed; but he seemed fearful of approaching the den of the desperate Juan unless numbers should ensure his safety.

It was remarked afterwards, that the colonel, although by no means a melancholy man, nor one likely to presage evil, visited, ere his departure, the most intimate of his friends, and to the care of Captain S——, of the ——, consigned the miniature of a beautiful young female, with a curl of his own rich brown hair, to be given to the original of that picture, should he never return from the mountains. His friend jested with him for his sadness, and remarked, that "he seemed rather as though he were on the eve of fighting a desperate battle, than on the point of encountering a single villain; I can understand the superstitious horror that unnerved your men, but you and I laugh at the supernatural." The colonel smiled mournfully: "Well, you will perform my mission should I fall; should I live I will laugh with you at the oppressive feeling which now weighs, I know not why, so heavily upon my heart."

The Portuguese led them by a path that seemed unnecessarily circuitous, so that it was decline of day ere they reached the utmost height of the mountain which overhung Juan's cave. They had been compelled to leave their

horses on the outskirts of these hills, so intricate were their fastnesses from the luxuriance of wood and undergrowth. A rocky point, jutting out to some distance, at length, brought them in full view of Juan's retreat; which hung mid-way from the place where they stood and the foot of the mountain, totally unsupported from beneath. With infinite caution they slowly and irregularly followed their guide; yet the steepness of the descent did not seem to incommode or retard the betrayer, who, although encumbered with a ladder and ropes, contrived to make his way with no despicable celerity;—sometimes clinging to the roots of a stunted tree, and swinging himself thence to the nearest crag. At length he touched on the projecting point nearest the cave, and over-against its mouth or entrance; and here, in deepest silence, he awaited the arrival of his armed friends. The departed sun had left a line of splendour that rendered distinctly visible the darkand rugged brow of the mountain; a few stragglers had almost reached the guide, when he in a low whisper implored them to assist and hasten the descent of their companions, who, as they crawled on their hands and knees down its jagged side, looked like some herd of black mis-shapen animals. He then dexterously threw over one end of the ladder, so that it rested firmly in the mouth of the cave; and securing the other to the strong dwarf-bay that grew by his side, he proceeded to cross, upon this frail bridge, a yawning chasm two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the plain. By this time the whole number had arrived in

sight of Juan's fastness. They halted, as with one accord, and gazed on each other speechless, as if one feeling possessed, at the same instant, every mind, and each understood the rest by some common language not communicable by speech; so frightful seemed the abode chosen by the avenger, and so dangerous and almost inaccessible its approach. There was, however, no time, had they felt inclination, for parley. Colonel Vermont set a fearless example to his followers. He was the first to enter the small dark aperture which admitted them into the cave.

There was no loop-hole save the entrance through which a gleam of light could find admission, and the shades of evening had already fallen upon the earth, so that no eye could penetrate its depths; and incertitude had, probably, its effect on the imagination in enlarging its extent, and multiplying its dim horrors. They had all reached the interior of the recess, and, astonished at meeting with no resistance from one whose powers had appalled the hearts of the strongest and the bravest, they demanded of the guide if it were possible that Juan could have taken the alarm and contrived to make his escape. The Portuguese was not present to reply; but in his stead rose from among them the low deep tones of Juan's voice, and they beheld, opposite the entrance, the tall unbending form of him whom they sought, yet now trembled to approach. In his right hand he held a blazing torch, and while intense and overpowering consternation for a few

brief moments rendered the besiegers powerless, he thus addressed them :—"Around you is traced the girdle of death ;—this cave contains a train of more than sufficient power to destroy you were your numbers increased a hundred fold. Advance one step and I will hasten the glorious illumination that will mock the love-sick moon!" The colonel, apparently unintimidated by this threat, called on his followers to seize the assassin. Juan smiled scornfully as he shook off the rude hold of one of the soldiers, and dashed him senseless to the earth ; then, with fierce and outstretched grasp, he seized the ladder from without and threw it down the dread abyss : when it had reached the lowest depths the faint and dull sound it occasioned tolled the death of hope in every manly breast, for it was the single fragile barrier between them and the grave. Again the avenging spirit spoke,—" Ye came in numbers to seize upon one whom you believed would fall an unsuspecting victim, and therefore do I rejoice,—your own terrors have ever been the best ministers to my revenge. My undying hate would have scorned a more inglorious sacrifice when it was to be the final one. My prayers have been heard ;—for every hollow blast, every gentle breeze, has been the herald of *His* will, and borne to me the sad lament of my murdered dear one, lest I should sleep upon my vengeance ! Will it be to ye consolatory to know that my own destruction is necessarily involved in yours ?—No, no ! for death is the only blessing left me after revenge ; now

that is ample I ask no richer crown,—myself will light my funeral pile."

His gigantic figure darkened the aperture and rose high above it; the bright yet fitful flame of the pine-torch only increased the gloom in the space beyond its immediate influence, and threw a red gleam over his own handsome, animated features, while it served to display the ghastliness of despair which lived in every lineament of the young commander's countenance; his slight and elegant, but somewhat diminutive figure, completing the awfulness of the contrast. The mass of heads beyond were all indistinct, or in absolute obscurity; for the certainty of their impending doom had taken from them the power, as they saw the inutility, of all opposition. Numbers availed them nothing, and merely increased the horror, by multiplying the sufferers.—The train was fired,—yet, ere the beautiful serpent flame had wrought the meditated ruin, one dreadful rush was made towards the aperture to attempt that desperate chance of escape. But Juan, merciless and immovable as his own rocky habitation, made himself a barrier of resistance that no union of effort could displace, during the fearful moment that intervened, before the cave and its human prey were given to the elements.—One mangled and mutilated wretch, hurled to an almost incredible distance by the force of the explosion, survived his companions a few hours to tell the dreadful tale.

A broken fragment, black, and scorched, and burnt, still marks the spot; and Portuguese guides, with scarcely suppressed exultation, relate to travellers the fate of the —— regiment of French cuirassiers, and the Peasant of Portugal.

SONNET.

On leaving a favourite Picture.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

Young world of peace and loveliness farewell!
Farewell to the clear lake, the mountains blue;
The grove, whose tufted paths our eyes pursue
Delighted; the white cottage in the dell
By yon old church; the smoke from that small cell
Amid the hills slow rising; and the hue
Of summer air, fresh, delicate, and true,
Breathing of light and life—the master spell!
Work of the Poet's eye, the Painter's hand,
How close to nature art thou, yet how free
From earthly stain! The beautiful, the bland,
The rose, the nightingale, resemble thee:—
Thou art most like the blissful fairy-land
Of Spenser, or Mozart's fine melody.

THE CONTADINA.

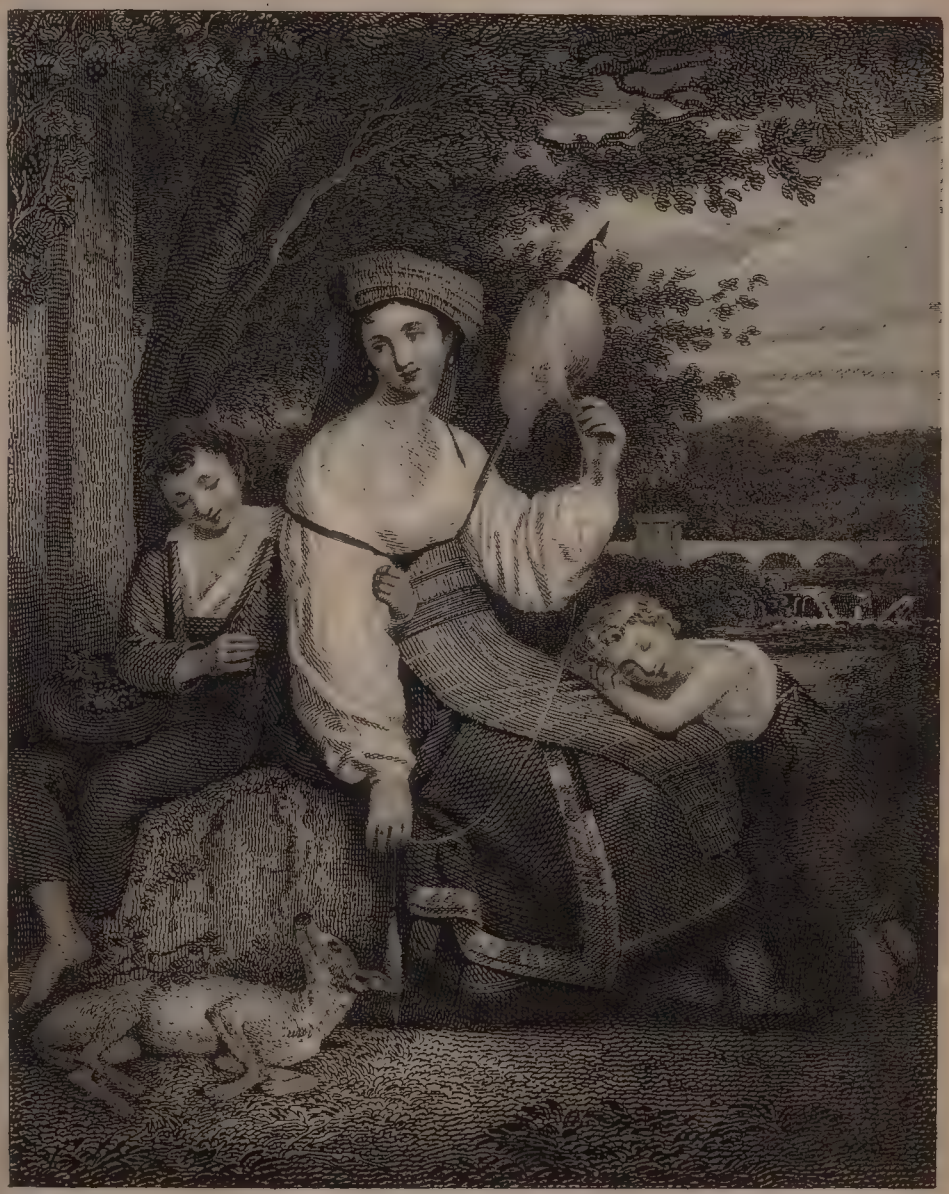
BY DELTA.

I.

Most cheerful Contadina!—thy lapsing years glide o'er,
Serenely, like the elfin waves that melt on Nemi's shore;
Thy heart is full of pleasant thoughts, thy tongue is void of guile,
The eloquence of purest truth effulges in thy smile;
No dark malignant passions break thy bosom's chaste repose,
But softest sleep and sweetest dreams thy tranquil spirit knows;—
Through sunny day and starry night propitious fates decree
Whate'er of brightest, blithest, best, the world contains for thee!

II.

Most lovely Contadina!—in thy sparkling, speaking eye,
Gleams the purity and depth of thine own Italian sky;



Painted by T. Eastlake. Engraved by J. Mitchell

In rings of glossy brightness thy raven locks hang down;
And what although the day-star's glow hath tinged thy
cheek with brown,
It takes not from thy beauty's dower, but seems to lend
a charm,
When stealthily a glimpse we gain of thy snowy neck and
arm;
For in thy locks, and lips, and eyes, and witching form,
we see
That earth has showered, with lavish hand, her choicest
gifts on thee!

III.

Most generous Contadina!—thy hospitable home
Still, with its open porch, invites the passer by to come:
The kneaded cake, the fragrant milk, the vegetable store
Of herbs and fruits thy garden yields, and vine-encircled
door,
What though they deck a humble board,—he lays his
welcome head,
A light and cheerful supper o'er, upon his rushy bed;
And when, beneath the opal morn, the wild birds carol free,
Thou speed'st him on his path, while flows his blessing
back to thee!

IV.

Most gentle Contadina!—thou breath'st Ausonian air,
Where Nature's face is, like thine own, serenely fresh
and fair;

Thou sitt'st by azure lakelets where the sportive fishes leap,
Around thee groves, above thee vine-clad ruins on the steep;
Thou sing'st and twirl'st thy distaff, while beside thee sleep or play
Thy loveliest children, pleasure-tired, in the blue light of day;
While on the turf the household fawn, beneath the threshold tree,
Turns, listening to thy syren notes, her floating eyes on thee!

V.

Most simple Contadina!—although around thee lie
Pride's scattered wrecks, and o'er thee glows the Roman's classic sky,
Although thou know'st not Arria's fate, how home-sick Clelia fled,
In purity how Portia shone, and how Lucretia bled,
Yet is thy duty daylight task, for Nature's torch within
The beauty and the blot displays of sanctity and sin;
And what to most is weary toil, as perfume leads the bee,
Silent, spontaneous feeling tells, and kindness teaches thee.

VI.

Most pious Contadina!—from earth-caught errors shriven,
The stedfast anchor of thy hope, through faith, is fixed on heaven:

Thou know'st that He who bled for man can for thy faults
atone;
Thou feel'st that He thy soul can free with ransom not its
own;
In the calm of peace thou kneelest down, outpouring songs
of praise;
Or if the storm of sorrow comes to overcloud thy days,
Unto thy rock of refuge still 'tis thine for aid to flee,
And, if denied on earth, still shines Heaven's star of bliss
for thee!

CANZONET.

THE star is in the west, my love!—
The bright star of the sky;
'Mid the dark jasmine trees the dove
On white wings glideth by,—
And the sweet dews from heaven above
Are falling silently.

To me, be thou that star, my love!—
The bright star of my sky;
Come, as that soft and beauteous dove
On white wings gliding by,—
While like sweet dews from heaven above
Our tears fall silently!

ON THE DEATH OF MARGARET.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

And is it thus,—and is it thus
We 're doomed thy sainted form to see?
Oh, desolating thought for us!
Oh, sweet and blessed sleep for thee!
Thy heart is still!—but ours are torn!
Thou art in heaven!—but we forlorn!

Thy virtues, like a crown of light,
Beamed in full glory round thy head;
We never deemed a thing so bright
Could die so soon;—and thou art dead!
Thou dead!—and we are left alone,
'Neath overpowering grief to groan.

And whither, whither shall we turn
From sorrow that has pierced us through?
We meet with none but those who mourn,
And vainly ask for comfort too:
We weep—they weep—but hearts that bleed
Far other consolation need.

Angel! where from her throne above,
She looks upon her cell below,
'Twould break her bliss,—'twould wound her love,
To see us thus desponding;—no!
We 'll bear it all,—as 'neath her eye
That now regards us from the sky.

And if some bursting tear should stray
Down our pale cheek,—some struggling sigh
Break forth, we 'll wipe that tear away,
That sigh subdue,—and smilingly
Look up to Heaven, and feel we share
The bliss unutterable there!

Thou gentle spirit!—in thy course
There were no rocks, no ruggedness,
Nor strife, nor sorrow, nor remorse;
But all was pleasantness and peace,
For all was calmest virtue!—Thou
Ne'er gav'st one heart a grief till now.

Not long ago thy blue eyes met
The fading sun when evening spread
Its lines of light;—he never set
More calmly than upon thy bed
Of death,—as waning when the even
Waned,—thy young spirit flew to heaven.

The autumnal flowers look smiling on,—
  There 's life and joy in field and wood;
Yet she who waked their smiles is gone;—
  We wander forth in solitude.
Mock not our woes, sweet flowers, but share
And sympathise with our despair!

Despair!—oh, no! 'tis thoughtless, vain;
  On every field, and flower, and tree,
We 'll trace that lovely smile again,
  Which beamed upon them, saint! from thee:
Yes! stars, and flowers, and all that 's fair
Thine image holds—thy name shall bear.

Some star that 's brighter than the rest,
  Some flower whose fragrance never dies,
Shall blend them with thy memory blest,
  Shall consecrate thy obsequies;
And hourly as we think of thee,
These shall thy sweet memorial be.

LINES,

Written in the Livre des Etrangers of the Union Hotel at Chamouni.

BY THE LATE LORD BYRON.

How many numbered, and how few agreed
In age, in clime, in character, or creed!
Here wandering Genius leaves an unknown name,
And Folly writes—for others do the same;
Italian treachery, and English pride,
Dutch craft, and German dullness, side by side;
The hardy Russian hails congenial snow;
The Spaniard shivers as the breezes blow.
Knew we the objects of this varied crew—
To stare how many, and to feel how few!
Here nature's child, ecstatic from her school,
And travelling problems that admire by rule;
The timorous poet woos his modest muse,
And thanks his stars he 's safe from all reviews;
The pedant drags from out his motley store
A line some hundred hills have heard before;
Here critics too (for where 's the happy spot
So blessed by nature as to have them not!)

Spit their vile slaver o'er some simple phrase
Of foolish wonder or of honest praise,—
Some pompous hint, some comment on mine host,
Some direful failure, or some empty boast;—
Not blacker spleen could fill these furious men
If Jeffrey's soul had perched on Gifford's pen!
Here envy, hatred, and the fool of fame,
Joined in one act of wonder when they came;
Here beauty's worshipper in flesh or rock—
The incarnate fancy and the breathing block—
Sees the white giant in his robe of light
Stretch his huge form to look o'er Jura's height;
And stops, when hastening to the blest remains
And hidden beauties of more classic plains:
And here whom hope beguiling bids to seek
Ease for his breast and colour for his cheek,
Still steals a moment from Ausonia's sky,
And looks and wonders on his way—to die!
But he, the author of these idle lines,
What passion leads him and what tie confines?
For him what friend is true, what mistress blooms?
What joy elates him, or what grief consumes?
Impassioned, senseless, vigorous, or old,
What matters?—bootless were his story told.
Some praise at least one act of sense may claim—
He wrote these verses but he veiled his name.

CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

A Killarney Legend.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

ABOVE all the islands in the Lakes of Killarney, give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is in truth a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so sceptical, that they only smile at my stories and doubt them.

However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner:—the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow

nor a merrier soul than Father Cuddy;—he sang a good song, he told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of "the fat Father." Now there are many that will take huff at a name; but Father Cuddy had no nonsense of that kind about him; he laughed at it, and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other,—his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. 'Tis a question to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water, and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept,---what then?
He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept again!

Such was the tenor of his simple life; but when he prayed a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which it must be confessed never occurred when a well filled "black-jack" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short, and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no reason why he should not in return love its venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befel him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Muckruss. The superintendance of this important matter was committed to Father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Muckruss, and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous father:—at the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprang up from their lair, and as they bounded off—"Hah," exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there!—how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter."

As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save when buried in the fox-glove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme,—and even then, the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season; and metheglin he considerded, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor,

particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his entire satisfaction.—"Welcome, Father Cuddy!" said the prior, "grace be on you."

"Grace before meat then," said Cuddy, "for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water."

A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion as regarded Father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to have departed without partaking of the grace-cup:—moreover, Father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well;—he tried another,—it was no less excellent; and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, as willing to embrace all mankind!—Surely then there is christian love and charity in wine!

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm-singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever Father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him. Mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue; and these, from

experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as "*in vino veritas,*" his song will well become this veritable history.

"Quam pulchra sunt ova
Cum alba et nova
In stabulo scite leguntur;
Et a Margery bella
Quæ festiva puella!
Lardi pinguis cum frustis coquuntur.

"Ut belles in prato
Aprico et lato
Sub sole tam læte renident,
Ova tosta in mensa,
Mappa bene extensa
Nitidissima lance consident."*

* O 'tis eggs are a treat
When so white and so sweet
From under the manger they're taken;
And by fair Margery,
Och! 'tis she's full of glee,
They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.

Just like daisies all spread
O'er a broad sunny mead
In the sun-beams so beauteously shining,
Are fried eggs, well displayed
On a dish, when we've laid
The cloth, and are thinking of dining.

Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery's delicious fried eggs, which always imparted a peculiar relish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and, with one hearty pull thereat, he finished its contents.

This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess;—but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink like an unrelenting host; therefore, I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine, bedecked with *the venerable Bead*, Father Cuddy emptied into his "soul-case,"—so he figuratively termed the body.

His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare; but the honest Father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor, which he had so commended, had caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh no!—he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man and a good christian; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. "Bless my eyes," said Father Cuddy, "everything is changing now a days!—the very stars are not in the same places they used to be;—I think *Camcéachta* (the plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before

to-night, but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards everywhere."

Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman; who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful, and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight, as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy Father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder. "Ah, Margery,—merry Margery!"—cried Cuddy, "you tempting little rogue—'*Et a Margery bella—Quæ festiva puella.*'—I see you—I see you and the bottle!—let me but catch you, Margery *bella*." And on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chace; yet such was his piety, that unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropt Father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep as usual stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced when he awoke from dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their load of viands, and wine poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring.

Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alterations which appeared in the face of the country. "Bless my soul and body," said the good Father, "I saw the stars changing last night, but here is a change!" Doubting his senses he looked again. The hills bore the same ma-

jestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and was studded with the same number of islands; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered; —what had been naked rocks, were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields; and to complete the work of enchantment the very season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer's morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreariness of winter;—the hard ground was covered with withered leaves;—icicles depended from leafless branches;—he heard the sweet low note of the robin who familiarly approached him, and he felt his fingers numbed by the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise; when lo! he discovered that both his knees were buried at least six inches in the solid stone: for notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. The great difficulty was, to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter—whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle, nothing else could

he conclude it to be, urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvellous events.

Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to seek his own bark, but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island; and here new wonders awaited him.

Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance.

"Holloa! whence come you, master monk, and what's your business?" demanded a stranger who occupied the porter's place.

"Business—my business!" repeated the confounded Cuddy, "why do you not know me? Has the wine arrived safely?"

"Hence, fellow," said the porter's representative in a surly tone, "nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales."

"Fellow!" exclaimed the Father, "mercy upon us that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my own house! —Scoundrel!" cried Cuddy, raising his voice, "do you not see my garb—my holy garb?——"

"Ay, fellow," replied he of the keys, "the garb of laziness, and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, of the suppression of this nest of superstition, and that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to

Master Robert Collan, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty, whom God preserve!"

"Queen of England," said Cuddy; "there never was a sovereign queen of England;—this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night—the world 's turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen Island, and I am the Father Cuddy who yesterday morning went over to the Abbey of Irelagh respecting the tun of wine. Do you know me now?"

"Know you! how should I know you?" said the keeper of the abbey—"yet true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother remembered the man, often speak of the fat Father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fried eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word of God, and who, being drunk, it was said, tumbled into the lake one night and was drowned; but that must have been a hundred—ay, more than a hundred years since."

"'Twas I who composed that song, in praise of Margery's fried eggs, which is no profane and godless ballad. No other Father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen," earnestly exclaimed the holy man. "A hundred years! What was your great grandmother's name?"

"She was a Mahony of Dunlow, Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother ——.

"What, merry Margery of Dunlow your great grand-

mother!" shouted Cuddy; "St Brandon help me! the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle—why 'twas only last night—a hundred years—your great grandmother said you? Mercy on us, there has been a strange torpor over me. I must have slept all this time!"

That Father Cuddy had done so, I think is sufficiently proved, by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Eggs fried by the pretty Margery were no longer to be had in Innisfallen, and, with heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remnant of his days.

The stone impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called,—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact: and Spillane, the bugle man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did to me.

YOUTHFUL LOVE.

I.

'Tis Autumn's pensive noon: no zephyr's breath
The withered foliage in the woods is shaking;
Their feeble song the mournful birds bequeath
To the sere coverts they are fast forsaking:—
And there two lovers walk, whose breasts are aching
With many a pang these much-loved haunts to leave,—
And, oh, to part!—Each silent heart is breaking;—
Yet both attempt to hide how much they grieve—
And each, deceived in turn, the other doth deceive.

II.

How can they part!—The lake, the woods, the hills,
Speak to their pensive hearts of early days;
Remembrance woos them from the haunted rills,
And hallows every spot their eye surveys;
Some sweet memorial of their infant plays,
Some tender token of their bashful loves,
Each rock and tree and sheltered nook displays:
How can they part!—Nature the crime reproves,
And their commingling souls to milder purpose moves.

III.

For what were life—ah, what were weary life,
Without each other, in this world of care?
A voyage through wild seas of storm and strife,
Without an aim for which to struggle there.
But, blessed in wedded love, how sweet to share
The gladness or the grief that life may bring!
Then join, relenting Love! this gentle pair—
Let worldly hearts to gold and grandeur cling—
Around the lowly cot thy turtles sweetest sing.

IV.

Yes! they shall part no more! Those downcast eyes,
And blushes mantling o'er the changeful cheek—
The plighted kiss—the tears—the trembling sighs—
The head upon his arm reclining meek—
Tell far more tenderly than words can speak
That that devoted heart is all his own.
Oh, Love is eloquent—but language weak
To paint the feelings to pure bosoms known,
When Transport's heavenly wings are sweetly round them thrown!

V.

And now, the lake, the hills, the yellow woods,
Are bathed in beauty by the parting ray:
Through earth and air a heavenly rapture broods,
Breathing of young delight and blushing May:

As home they wend, amidst the year's decay,
Some magic spell the hues of Eden throws
O'er every scene that, on their outward way,
Told but of pleasures past and coming woes:
Such the enchanted radiance heart-felt bliss bestows.

VI.

Oh Nature! 'tis impassioned hearts alone
That know thy genuine charms. The vulgar mind
Sees but the form from which the soul hath flown:
Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
And sensual throng to grovelling hopes resigned:
But they whom high and holy thoughts inspire,
Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined,
In that ethereal fane where Love's pure fire
Burns bright, and Genius tunes his loud immortal lyre!

T. P.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I.

My sweet little cherub, how calm thou 'rt reposing!
Thy suffering is over, thy mild eye is closing;
This world hath proved to thee a step-dame unfriendly;
But rest thee, my babe, there 's a spirit within thee.
A mystery thou art, though unblest and unshriven—
A thing of the earth, and a radiance of Heaven;
A flower of the one, thou art fading and dying—
A spark of the other, thou 'rt mounting and flying.

II.

Farewell my sweet baby, too early we sever;
I may come to thee, but to me thou shalt never.
Some angel of mercy shall lead and restore thee,
A pure living flame, to the mansions of glory.
The moralist's boast may sound prouder and prouder,
The hypocrite's prayer rise louder and louder;
But I 'll trust my babe, in her trial of danger,
To the mercy of Him that was laid in the manger.

THE INCONSTANT.

And deem'st thou that my heart could be
A trifle and a toy for thee;
A trophy, to be wooed and won;
Taken but to be trampled on!

And deem'st thou that my heart would spring,
A young bird on its summer wing,
To be one moment caged in thine,
Then left, poor prisoner, to pine.

You knew me not if you could deem
I should weep o'er a vanished dream;
The willow was not made for me,
My wreath is of the aspen tree.

There is in southern climes a breeze
Which sweeps with changeless course the seas;
Fixed to one point, oh, faithful gale,
Thou art not for my wandering sail!

I will not own a brighter eye
Than mine has caught your truant sigh,—
I will not own a fairer brow
Than mine has made you captive now.

I deem my eye is still as bright
As when it fixed your charmed sight;
I deem my brow is still as fair
As when you gazed and worshipped there.

But well I know that they have been
Once, twice, or thrice already seen,—
I know the charm of change too well
Not to bow down and own the spell.

Love's vows are writ upon the wave,
And are unto themselves a grave.
They call Love ever young; but he
Is as old age in memory.

Farewell then, sometime love of mine,
Yet claim I gratitude of thine;
Surely that love is something worth
Whose death is laughing as its birth.

L. E. L.

MAN'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY HOURS."

To worship for a season,
  To flatter, feign, pursue;
To love with little reason,—
  To leave as blindly too:

Or, having won and worn,
  To fling the rose away,—
Or, having crushed, to scorn
  Its premature decay:

To stab with sharp unkindness,
  With cold neglect to kill;
To' abuse with selfish blindness
  The love no wrongs can chill:

To fly the hour of danger,
  The bed where sickness lies,
And leave, perhaps, a stranger
  To close the dying eyes:

And, ere her last cold pillow
The green grass waves above,
To cast away the willow,
And choose another love:—
Thus—thus—'tis thus men love!

BALLACHULISH.

Sweet paradise beneath the mountains rude,
That centinel Glen-Coe's terrific vale,
Smile ever thus in peace and solitude;
Smooth be thy lake, and gentle be thy gale!
Methinks good angels are abroad, and sing
At morn or noon, at eve or moonlight pale,
High hallelujahs to the Omnific King,
Who bade thee in thine awful beauty show
What primal Eden was, ere yet the sting
Of sin and death had marred the bliss below.
O, were the season ripe to quit the roar
Of life, and all its turbulence of woe,
Here would I wait my voyage to that shore
Where sorrow, pain, and guilt, shall be no more.

THE STORM.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON.

The evening winds shrieked wildly;—the dark cloud
Rested upon the horizon's verge, and grew
Mightier and mightier, flinging its black arch
Around the troubled offing, till it grasped
Within its terrible embrace the all
That eye could see of ocean. Then arose,
Forth from the infinite of waters, sounds
Confused—appalling;—from the dread lee-shore
There came a heavier swell, a lengthened roar,
Each moment deeper, rolling on the ear
With most portentous voice. Rock howled to rock,
Headland to headland, as the Atlantic flung
Its billows shoreward,—and the feathery foam
Of twice ten thousand broken surges sailed
High o'er the dim-seen land. The startled gull,
With scream prophetic, sought his savage cliff,
And even the bird that loves to sail between
The ridges of the sea, with hurried wing
Flew from the blast's fierce onset.

One—far off—
One hapless ship was seen upon the deep,
Breasting the western waters. Nothing lived
Around her—all was desert,—for the storms
Had made old Ocean's realm a solitude,
Where man might fear to roam. And there she sat,
A lonely thing amid the gathering strife,
With pinions folded, not for rest, prepared
To struggle with the tempest.
And it came
As night abruptly closed;—nor moon nor star
Guided her course; but darkness, deep as that
Which reigned o'er the primæval chaos, wrapt
That fated bark, save when the lightning hissed
Along the bursting billow. Ocean howled
To the high thunder, and the thunder spoke
To the rebellious ocean with a voice
So terrible, that all the rush and roar
Of waves were but as the meek voice of rills
To that deep, everlasting peal which comes
From thee, Niagara, wild flinging o'er
Thy steep the rivers of a world! Anon
The lightnings glared more fiercely, burning round
The glowing offing with unwonted stay,
As if they lingered o'er the black abyss,
And raised its veil of horror but to show
Its wild and tortured face. And then the winds
Held oft a momentary pause,

As spent with their own fury; but they came
Again with added power—with shriek and cry
Almost unearthly, as if on their wings
Passed by the spirit of the storm!
They heard
Who rode the midnight mountain wave;—the voice
Of death was in that cry unearthly. Oft
In the red battle they had seen him stride
The glowing deck, scattering his burning hail,
And breathing liquid flame, until the winds,
The very winds grew faint, and on the wave
Rested the columned smoke;—but on that night
He came with tenfold terrors,—with a power
That shook heaven, earth, and sea;—his ministers
Of vengeance round him,—the great wind, the sea,
The thunder, and the fateful flash! Alas!
Day dawned not on the mariner;—ere morn,
The lightning lit the seaman to his grave—
The sea-dog feasted on the dead!

TO THE PINE-TREE OF THE COLONNA GARDEN AT ROME.

Composed on the Pincian.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

I.

In cloudless glory, broad and bright,
The winter sun of Rome
Slow sinks behind the stately height
Of Buonarotti's dome:
Beneath my gaze are Latium's lands,
The Tiber winds, and Rome expands.

II.

Why then hath all the matchless scene
Less powerful charm for me
Than has yon speck of sober green—
Yon solitary tree?
Which bids my wandering glances swerve
From that fair temple's faultless curve.

III.

Though stems may rise of ampler girth,—
Colonna's ancient pine,—
There is no tree on all the earth
Can boast such site as thine.
No king, howe'er his realms obey,
Rules with such undivided sway.

IV.

Emblem of nature's power to bloom,
Daring the wintry year,
With roots implanted in the tomb
Of all that man could rear—
Of all the mightiest of mankind,
Vanished themselves, could leave behind.

V.

In future times, when fancy tells
Her hoarded riches o'er,
And roams amid the crowded cells
Of memory's treasured store;
First in the list, illustrious tree,
Thy well-remembered form shall be;
And, comet-like, in memory's sky,
First fascinate the observer's eye.

TO MY CHILD SLEEPING.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

My fair-haired boy! as thus I gaze
Upon thy calm, untroubled sleep,
I feel the hopes of other days,—
The cherished hopes for words too deep,—
Unfold within my heart again,
Like flowers refreshed by summer-rain!

II.

The brightness of thy dark blue eye
Still peers its half-closed lids between,
Like glimpses of an April sky
Through clouds of snowy whiteness seen:
And dimpling smiles are lingering now
Round thy sweet mouth, and sunny brow!

III.

The spirit of some gentle dream
Hath kindled sure thy glowing cheek,

And lent that half-shut eye the beam
Which seems in furtive light to speak
Of tameless glee—of antics wild—
Of "nods and becks"—my sinless child!

IV.

October's winds are chill and drear,
And howl our cottage home around,
Whilst emblems of the waning year
In ceaseless eddies strew the ground:
I gaze upon the leafless tree,
And deem it but a type of me!

V.

But when I turn from Nature's waste;
From thoughts those saddening sights can bring;
And look on thee, I seem to taste
The freshness of a second spring;
And feelings, long repressed, arise,
That whisper hopes of brighter skies.

VI.

Oh, did not anxious cares alloy
My bliss with thoughts of future ill,
Now might I taste of perfect joy,—
My heart with sweetest rapture thrill,—
As thus, with yearnings fond and deep,
I watch my guileless infant sleep!

VII.

But bodings full of fear *will* throng,
Unbidden, on my feverish brain;
And thoughts of sickness, blight, and wrong,
Come back upon my heart again:
And, sitting by thy side, I grieve
O'er dreams I cannot choose but weave.

VIII.

I turn me to the past, and mourn
That what has been again may be;
I weep, lest ills that I have borne
Should be in store, my child, for thee;—
To warp thy truth, to cloud thy brow,
And make thee all that I am now:

IX.

The slave of anguish that has taught
My harp the echo of my heart,—
Of hopes with bright enchantment fraught,
To stir my soul and then depart,—
Of gentle thoughts, inspired to bless,
All turned to tenfold bitterness;—

X.

Of waning health, a wasted frame,
Worn by the racking strife within;

Of pride not even grief may tame,
That weighs upon my heart like sin;
Of glowing visions of delight
Quenched by their own excess of light;—

XI.

The dupe of every sordid fool,
With just enough of sense to cheat
A simple novice in the school
Where souls grow learned in deceit;—
The victim of man's selfish schemes,
For deeming him the thing he seems!

XII.

Till every finer feeling sered,
Each kindlier impulse rudely checked,—
And hopes my trusting youth endeared,
Crushed by unkindness or neglect;
I look around with altered eye,
And deem the world all treachery!

XIII.

Yet it shall have my blessing still,
And I will worship its decree,
Will bend unmurmuring to its will,—
Nay, court its frowns and contumely,
So every wrong it heaps on me
May win its smile, my babe, for thee

XIV.

But, lo! those merry eyes unclose,
And dart their thousand meanings round,—
Thy cheek with fresher crimson glows,
Thy brow with sunnier light is crowned,
As, bursting slumber's silken chain,
Thou bid'st past hopes revive again.

XV.

Thus do thou—ever thus—when Care
Flings her dark shadows o'er my way,
And hopes, as perishing as fair,
Like withered leaves have dropped away,—
Shed light upon my heart and brow,—
To rapture turn my tears as now!

THE BRIDAL GIFT.

Lines addressed to a Lady on presenting to her a Dagger as a Bridal Gift.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD PORCHESTER.

They tell us, Cupid, God of Love,
Was wreathed with light in realms above;
But when he ranged our earth below
Was decked with arrow and with bow.
Since Paphia's son bore mortal arms
To aid the spell of heavenly charms,
Like him, from equal beauty born,
View not this martial gift with scorn;
It were not, lady, meet, that all
Beneath thy conquering eye should fall;
That lightning doom should be alone
For spirits of a lofty tone;
And meaner hearts should sinking feel
The rigour of thy mortal steel!

Painted by J. Green. Engraved by E. Finden

ROSALIE.

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir, 1827

PARTHIAN DARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LOVERS' QUARREL.'

Of all the queer animals in the vast menagerie of society, there is none so queer as a middle aged Scotchman, who has been brought up in a counting-house. Notwithstanding that his character is replete with a strong, manly judgment, a sly, modest wit, and a grave dignity, which insures respect, because we know it to be built upon honesty; still, the more he approaches the stars, the more we are compelled to think of Ursa Major. Unremitting attention to his duty has elongated his countenance, and picked his bones, till he is nothing but profile and right angles. Seclusion from the world has divided him from its tastes, manners, and costume, as far as the bear of Lapland from the monkey of Cochin China. His thin light hair is still cut quickset-wise over his forehead, an eternal monument to his patrimonial porridge pot; his dingy neck cloth seems well nigh to have strangled him; and his trowsers are crowding about his heels, precisely as if the hangman had been pulling at them.

When he gazes (and he gazes at every thing, because nothing is familiar to him), his mouth is drawn open by the weight of his chin; when he talks, it is always in the same key, which neither love nor murder could elevate or depress; when he laughs, he laughs with his arms and legs. If he stands, it is with his great nobs of knees bent in, and his huge double-soled feet squared out; his walk is a hop, step, and a jump, in which he goes all fours like a windmill; if it be wet, he splashes himself up to the eyes, and if it be slippery, he tumbles down. Run he cannot, for fear of knocking his heels together; his only knowledge of a horse is that it has no horns; and as for dancing—oh, Terpsichore! he would kick down a set of quadrillers like nine-pins!

Just such a good kind of a hippopotamus as this was my friend Mac —— (the proper name at the end of this would make him too frightful), born far north, and bred in Lombard-street, where he had lived on a few broth, and a singed sheep's head, till he had bought breeches for all his clan. The simplicity of his habits, resulting from a sensible conviction that he was unfit for those of other men, rendered money an incumbrance to him; and Mac turned restive upon two thousand a year, and vowed to heaven that he would make no more. As soon as he had given up business, it was necessary for him to consider what he should do with himself. Alas! for the amusements of London, he was too much of a clown; for those of the country he was too much of a cockney; and a

visit to the dear bleak hills of his native land was out of the question; he had cousins enough to eat up his fortune at a bawbee a piece.

After a world of rumination, and a perfect conviction that he was good for nothing, he resolved that the next best thing to seeing his native country was to visit some other that happened to be like it. Norway or Sweden seemed very much the sort of thing, but then he knew nobody in those countries, and could not talk the language: the same objection applied to Russia and the Hartz Mountains. In this dilemma, his friends suggested the more fashionable tour of Switzerland, which, with the temptation of letters to a French family residing *far north*, seemed the best plan of all. He had quitted the grammar school perfectly master of the rudiments of French (excepting just the accent), and, as this was not above five-and-twenty years ago, a phrase book was all that he wanted. The book was bought, and, in a short time, Mac commenced his journey and his studies together.

It was fine July weather, and France, with her green vineyards and ripening corn fields, never looked more luxuriant. But then France had no mountains, and Mac kept on and on till he gained the German side of the Rhine, and plunged into that den of wolves and wild boars, the Black Forest. Here, indeed, was something even better than Scotland. The hills closed gradually around him, with their thousand hues, like volumes of sun-set clouds, confining his journey within a narrow

valley of purple pines and rainbow rivulets. At intervals, the bugles of his postillions, and the bells of their horses, brought out the picturesque population of small towns of grotesque architecture, particoloured walls, and green and golden steeples, all glittering through the mist of a world of water-mills. Then he had to descend mountains, diversified by foam and ravine, till he almost feared that the carriage would tumble over the horses; then he had to ascend others with toil and difficulty, till he was quite sure that the horses would tumble over the carriage. At last the night came on, but his fears for his neck were by no means so strong as his curiosity. He desired to see if the moon shone the same as she did on the Grampians, and so on he went, climbing up into her bright regions, and thundering down into black abysses, till his silver and sable rout grew dim in the mists of morning. Still he had good subject to keep him awake, for that mist was so like the mist upon the bonny braw Highlands. For two good hours, he could scarcely believe that he was not amongst them; and then the sun darted his red rays over the mountain tops, and the cold blue forests seemed partially on fire. He was, just at that moment, attaining the summit of a hill which appeared to be the highest he had as yet ascended, and had scarcely time to wipe his spectacles, when all Switzerland, like a land of dreams, lay glittering before him. No one can forget this first glimpse of mountainous confusion, of dark forests and variegated pastures, melting from green to purple, and

from thence through a thousand gradations, till they mingled imperceptibly with the crimson skies. No view can ever efface the recollection of the sun refracted from the majestic lake of Constance, as though the bright waters had been lashed up by the fervour of his plunge. It must dwell upon the mind, thought Mac, in a poetical transport, like the memory of first love, which by all succeeding impressions is only buried deeper and deeper.

I must not dilate upon his journey along the margin of the lake. It was almost twilight when he began to wind gently up the Swiss side of it, towards the old chateau of his destination. The road was a continued interchange of thick foliage and luxuriant vineyard, all dropping with an atmosphere of honey. As he advanced, the feathery branches of the acacia, intermixed with the weeping ash and the willow, trembled gracefully above his head, and beneath and around him a smoother sward, and fantastic summer-houses, gave token that he was approaching the very temple of taste. Every step grew more lovely, till the domestic maze almost vied in enchantment with all that had preceded it.

The chateaus in Switzerland resemble very much the old-fashioned country houses in England. They are white stuccoed, red tiled, and contorted into shapes which give a fantastic idea of taste in its dying agonies. Such was the style of the chateau of Mac's future friends. But then it had a romantic hill above it, and a romantic slope beneath it, and an undulating lawn around it, and

the chanting of distant peasants mingling with the sweet sound of neighbouring cascades, and a thousand other agreeables, which fully atoned for its deformity.

Upon the above mentioned lawn took place Mac's introduction to the proprietors, who were ruralizing upon rustic seats, and had been for some time speculating upon the prize which was announced by the sound of strange wheels. The whole party were somewhat amazed, and well they might, for the manner in which he plunged out of his carriage, and jerked himself to the encounter, was enough to drive elegant French folks into fits. Beside this, his person, which always looked wrong side outwards, was considerably the worse for wear. Mac, however, undauntedly twitched up his trowsers, clawed off his hat, and rummaged out his letter of introduction, with which he made a lunge at the lady of the house, who advanced to the charge all flaring and fluttering with hues and fringes, like a man of war on a holiday. As soon as she had glanced over his credentials, Mac's stammering attempt at something like *comment vous portez vous* was completely overwhelmed by the volubility of his welcome.

"*Ah, quel bonheur extraordinaire! Une lettre de mon bon ami! Vous ètes déjà bien connu, mon cher Monsieur. Nous sommes trop heureux de vous voir! Mais vous ètes fatigué. Vous avez besoin de repos! Ah, mon Dieu, mettez votre chapeau, je vous en prie!*"

"*Je vous remercie, madame, très bien;* responded Mac, thinking that all this meant, "How do you do?"

"*Ah! monsieur, je suis bien aise que vous parlez François si bien.*"

"*Pardon, madame, je parlez très petit.*"

"*Ah, vous ètes modeste, mon bon voyageur!*"

"*Pas voyage, madame; je venir par terre.*"

"*Mais vous parlez à merveille!*"

The next that marched up was *mon bon mari*, a little old wizened person, with a large nose, ornamented by a snuff drop, to which a retreating mouth and chin gave the appearance of the hand which we sometimes see upon a direction post, the fore-finger alone being extended to point the way. After he had sufficiently acknowledged the honour done him, and Mac had made a random answer of *oui, monsieur*, a young lady, who had been hanging her head in the back ground, was presented as *mon enfant gatée, Rosalie*. Pretty, pretty Rosalie! She was about as much like her parents, as a rose is like a briar. Her age was exquisite eighteen, her dark eyes were only equalled in beauty by her delicate features, and her figure seemed made for nothing but to float upon the skies. She said but two words, and one sounded melting, and the other mirthful, and all Mac's arithmetic was insufficient to decide whether she was the true embodiment of a smile or a sigh. The last of the group was a handsome and rather depressed looking young man, who paid his compliments with a retiring air, and was

described as Monsieur Carl ——, a student in the fine arts, who was travelling in pursuit of nature. The history of his acquaintance with the family was, that in his progress through Switzerland some three or four years ago, he happened to be invited to the chateau, where his readiness to paint nic-nacs for my lady's chamber had insured him a welcome, or rather a sufferance, every summer since. Being poor, however, and destitute of friends, he was of course considered in rather a secondary point of view, and one towards whom the young lady was expected to use particular reserve.

When Mac found himself really domesticated with the above personages in a high finished saloon, all scented with exotics and glittering with chandeliers and brilliant bagatelles, what with the dreamy confusion of the natural beauties he had passed, and the unwonted elegance and strange language that were passing, he felt himself imbued with a grim spirit of romance and could not have looked more aghast, had he been suddenly snatched up into the moon. But the thing of all things which astonished him most was the extraordinary attention paid to him. Having never exhibited himself in society before, and having never peeped into the letter of introduction to see how rich he was described, and how sadly in want of a helpmate to spend his money, the politeness of French manner seemed something quite supernatural to him. Madame even tasked her daughter to show him Mons. Carl's portfolio ; and, what was more, mademoiselle did as she was

bid. It was a dangerous neighbourhood. At every moment she became more and more interesting, and the circumstance of her figure being painted in every one of the sketches would already have troubled him had she not given him to understand that she considered the distinction as no honour,—in fact, there was not a single stump of a tree which she did not call *vilain*; and when, out of common politeness, Mac added that they were all *coquins* and *voleurs*, she fully proved her antipathy to poor Carl by laughing outright.

He had not been long at the chateau before he found himself completely at home. He knew the English of *bien bon ami* and *cher Mons. Mac* just as if it had been Scotch, and followed the light figure of Rosalie through the woodland pathways, as a Will-o-the-wisp which could lead nowhere but to Paradise. Her character indeed was the very poetry of puzzles. Nothing could be more complete as a whole, and nothing could appear more incongruous than the parts. She was the supreme goddess of caprice, and, in the same hour, could display all the varieties of sadness and sentiment, mirth, malice, tenderness, and tyranny. As Mac poetically expressed it, the ground-work seemed to be common sense, but then there was such a profusion of flowers worked upon it, that not a stitch of the original was to be seen. On another occasion, he thought she was like a rainbow, which displayed all the hues imaginable, and all equally beautiful. In

short, he had lightened himself of his judgement, and was soaring up into the clouds with very considerable rapidity.

Meantime the young painter, having finished as many sketches as madame's chamber would hold, became more and more unpopular, for the very excellent reason that Mac was a newer acquaintance, and better to do in the world. He could not help observing that the manner of his entertainers grew more cold towards him in proportion to the length of his stay; yet, though his words were more few and his looks more sad, he appeared unwilling to depart. Day after day he was glad to fly from his place at the end of the table, to take refuge in his solitary pursuit by the brook side, or upon the hills which overlooked the lake; but still the next morning found him in his painful situation.

Alas, he had painted the figure of Rosalie in his landscapes too often to be insensible to its beauties. The nature of his profession had contributed much to soften a disposition, originally susceptible of all soft and delicate impressions, and his heart was of a character to retain them tenaciously. He felt that Rosalie was not to be forgotten; to fly then was useless. He felt that if it was misery to gaze upon what never could be his, that misery would be redoubled when he could gaze no longer. The chillness of his entertainment therefore, was too unimportant to be considered, and he stayed and stayed on with patience. He strove to bear the reflection that Rosalie

loved him not. He endeavoured to support the conviction that his poverty rendered his love a presumption, which deserved the punishment it met. There was one misery, however, which he could not bear, and that was to see the attention which would have raised him to the gods bestowed upon the fashioning of such a bunch of rattling joints as my friend Mac.

Certain it was that he had good reason to find fault with Rosalie's taste. She had gone on from bad to worse till she had been detected in learning half a dozen words of English, and, moreover, in giving Mac lessons in French, over a certain little fortune telling flower, called a Marguerite. This lesson always began with *je t'aime* and ended with *à la folie*, and, as Mac stooped his spectacles over the pretty fingers of his mistress to regard the magic leaves, it is no wonder if the proximity acted somewhat upon his nerves. He found himself paying compliments in spite of his teeth, and of his French too; talked of her hands being *extremelyment blanches* till the young sorceress was afraid of having them snapped off, and of lips *astonishinglyment rouges* till she began to dread his playing the vampire.

Things went on for some time delightfully; Rosalie became the companion of Mac's peregrinations, and he began to talk of being *dans amour*. Upon this subject, however, he was assured that he was not yet qualified to talk, as it required excellent French to enter into all the elegant minutiæ, which made it interesting.

Strange, incomprehensible, exquisite little Rosalie! No sooner had Mac left her than her face waned from its mirth into an expression of the most touching melancholy. She turned from mountain to lake till her eyes swam with, apparently, the reluctant tremors of her heart, and her endeavours to sing herself happy were sad as the last melody of the expiring swan—

> " De colline en colline en vain portant ma vue
> Du sud a l'aquilon, de l'aurore ou couchant,
> Je parcours tous les points de l'immense etendue,
> Et je dis, nulle part le bonheur ne m'attend"—

Soon afterwards she was found weeping bitterly in the summer-house by madame. Why did pretty Rosalie weep? She wept, in sooth, with laughing at *Meester Mac*.

One morning she danced down from her chamber the loveliest and most fantastic native that Berne ever produced; and this costume, in which she had more than once been painted by Carl, and which she consequently considered peculiarly becoming to her beauty, she continued to wear for several days, whether out of compliment to one cavalier or for the purpose of mortifying the other we have not as yet been able to discover. Mac became more and more enamoured, and made up his mind to bring her to the point of yes or no on the first opportunity: Rosalie at the same time being determined not to satisfy his curiosity. She was all that heart could desire in the presence of madame and the rest of the house; but the usual hours for walk-

ing in the woods were precisely those on which it was necessary to attend to a feathered protegé. For some time he was contented with airing himself before her vine-clad lattice, to watch the pretty spectacle of her teaching the detestable little wretch, with a ribbon round his leg, the accomplishment of flying—to feast upon the beautiful turn of her arms, the animation of her countenance, the endearing expressions with which she tossed him up, and extended her sweet finger to receive him. In short, the perpetual variety of her character would have filled a heart as big as Mont-Blanc. She was not *one* beauty—she was a whole paradise of beauties. What then must have been the effect produced upon poor Mac, who was only a beginner in the art of love? He was penetrated with darts from head to foot, and felt that he could have roared like a bull in the arena.

This could not last; and, in fine, when he had gazed himself blind upon the picture of angelic innocence, and wished in vain that he was either the little bird or the cat, that he might be revenged upon it, he called up to the window—

"*Mademoiselle Rossely, voulez vous marry me?*"

"*Oh mon Dieu, Meester Mac, je suis déjà mariée! Voilà, mon petit mari!*" Tossing up her nondescript. "*Ah, comme il baille!*"

"*Mais j'ai besoin parler seriously.*"

"*Tout à l'heure, Monsieur Mac. Mon mari a besoin de son diner. Allez vous en! allez!*

With that she closed the casement, and Mac incontinently walked off, to make his proposals to madame herself.

Such an event could not fail to make a remarkable sensation in the house. The elders were enchanted, Rosalie did not know whether to laugh or to cry, and the young painter, who was made a confidant by way of punishment for having presumed to be unhappy, became as pale as death.

Carl had, indeed, for some days, been growing more and more depressed. People in his situation are peculiarly sensitive, and unable to disguise their feelings. Every passing word, therefore, which Rosalie chanced to address to him, seemed to carry with it a degree of cold cruelty, to which he could not help replying with a look or tone resembling reproach. The young lady, on the day of Mac's proposals, chose to fire at this species of impertinence, complained to her *cher Ecossois*, and declared her resolution of taking the painter to task the moment she could find an occasion.

The occasion was found the same evening. Carl took his usual hour, when the hills of the Black Forest were blazing with the red sunset, to steal off with his colour-box, and catch the varied hues from a romantic old wood hard by. He sat himself down upon a moss-grown stump, and endeavoured to forget in his art the smart of hopeless love—of insulted poverty. Alas, his hand was unsteady, his mind was astray, and his pencil had lost

its brilliancy. He flung it in despair amongst the flowers at his feet; his delight in it was gone; his anticipations of fame were destroyed; Rosalie had signed his death-warrant. He had conducted himself towards her with unobtrusive humility—with silent devotion; and she had treated him with coldness—with contempt—with tyranny. She was about to sell herself to a creature which was neither man nor beast, before his very face, and without one compunctious look. He would forget—he would detest; that was to say, he would cherish—he would worship her memory whilst he lived, and have a glorious revenge hereafter in leaving her the conviction of his sufferings. He had just come to this noble resolution when, approaching by the winding pathway, he was startled by the light, quick step of Rosalie herself.

"No ceremony, monsieur," she said hastily, as he attempted to rise. "I never use any myself—I will only trouble you to make room for me."

Carl was struck by the unusual colour in her cheeks, and an indefinable desperation in her eyes, as he obeyed.

"I have had some trouble to find you," she continued, "and am a little out of breath, as you perceive. You never told me where you were going."

"Alas! what reason had I to expect that I should have had the happiness of your company?"

"It is a happiness which you could, perhaps, have very stoically spared."

"Madame!"

"Rosalie, monsieur. I have known you four years, and I choose to be called Rosalie; and now Rosalie demands in what she has offended you?"

"Pardon me, madame; I am not aware that"——

"Yes, monsieur, you are aware; or, if you are not, I will inform you, as a secret, that you have been highly offended."

Carl, who had hitherto kept his head averted, to conceal his agitation, turned round to regard her. She was watching him with a penetrating look, and he fancied that her lips were trembling. Was it an artifice to throw him off his guard, and make him ridiculous? He had no doubt of it, and his reply was shaped with coldness accordingly.

"Monsieur," she said, "I think you are very proud."

"I am glad of it, madame. When the poor cease to be proud the chances are that they will become servile."

"I do not think that, in your particular case, there would be any such danger. Be proud of the endowments of nature which you have received in lieu of those of fortune, but do not be unjust to those whose case happens unluckily to be the reverse."

"Unjust, madame!"

"Yes, monsieur, unjust, in believing that I have presumed upon my father's wealth to treat you in a manner unbecoming your merit. Do not deny that you have done me this wrong; and do not deny that it is a wrong of a most unfeeling, almost unpardonable nature."

Her voice stopped in a tremour. Carl was confused. He felt that, if he had been wrong, he had been *very* wrong; but he was by no means sure that he had not been *right*.

"Well then," she resumed, in a more lively but not less agitated vein, "you will *not* make the *amende?* Or perhaps you are too proud to know how? I will even try to teach you. Do you be Rosalie and I will be Monsieur Carl."

He felt certain that she was turning him into ridicule, and looked graver than ever.

"Madame," he commenced, with an attempt to expostulate ——

"No, mademoiselle," she interrupted. "I tell you I am Monsieur Carl; and I beg that, as you have Rosalie's character in charge at present, you will do nothing to make it appear unamiable. In the first place, that face is not a bit like her, which is the picture of good temper, gentleness, and humility. Look at the face which, in her generosity, she assumes for you—meek, penitent, and apologetic. You never looked half so irresistible in your life." She then continued in her mock character—"Rosalie, I feel deeply penetrated by the opportunity which you have given me of explaining my conduct"——

"No, madame, no; I never should presume to explain."

"Rosalie"—she persisted, placing her hand upon his

mouth—" you are aware that I feel a deep interest in you. Considering the unpropitious eye which parents are apt to cast upon all suitors but the wealthy, a *rashly advised* interest; nay, I have even ventured to be dissatisfied with your attentions to others, though I know that it was not in your power to bestow them elsewhere, whatever your inclinations might have been. I have been rash—I have been wrong; but the faults which arise from affection are surely the easiest to forgive."

"Forgive—forgive them then," exclaimed Carl, completely thrown off his guard by the pathetic earnestness with which she pleaded for him. "Rosalie, on my knees I acknowledge that you have penetrated the wretched secret of my heart. I acknowledge the fault which has ensued from it. You have spoken for me the words which I dared not speak for myself."

"I will do more," she replied—"I will answer. My conduct has been in obedience to commands which I could not dispute. I have laboured till my heart sickened to avert the consequences which that obedience has brought upon me; and I have determined that my parents shall not have to repent the misdeed of making me the victim of evil arrangements. You see me as I am, a wild, vain girl, with but little wit and less prudence; but still I feel that I have a heart, and courage to undertake wonders for those who are dear to it." Her breath was drawn with increasing difficulty, and she concluded with a gush of tears. "A courage that only

shrinks from the contemplation that I am betraying the feelings of my soul to one who has no wish to profit by them."

Her lover knelt in silent bewilderment. He was a new creation. He was a man snatched up from the grave.

The next morning Mac in vain called under his mistress's window "*ou ettez vous*;" and vainly did madame seek to lament to Carl her expectation of company who would require the use of his apartment. The little anonymous bird, having finished his flying lessons, had been dismissed to his native freedom, and not a brush nor a scrap of canvass was to be found from garret to cellar. It was clear that Rosalie and Carl had gone to take views; and as it was presently found that the carriage and horses were also missing, it was suspected that these views were somewhat distant.

In the course of a few hours the equipage returned; and, to set at rest all useless surmise, a letter was produced from *Madame Carl*. This little document was, as might be expected, a model for all compositions of the kind. It began with such touching entreaties for pardon, and ended with such affectionate compliments to Meester Mac, that the whole party were in a puzzle what to do. But five minutes before monsieur had absolutely torn his wig to pieces for rage; madame had burnt the memory of her daughter upon a funeral pile, composed of all her lover's sketches; and Mac had been

seriously lamenting that he had never learnt the sword exercise. In five minutes afterwards all was revolutionized; madame's clouds went off, *à la Françoise*, in showers; monsieur wiped the snuff drop from his nose; and Mac magnanimously declared, "*Je allez à cheval après lui pour pardonnez.*"

Very little remains to be told. Carl was very shortly again seen sketching in the environs of the old chateau; while his happy wife, considerably more steady, and not a whit less delightful, reclined by his side, and amused herself with improving the French of honest Mac. The art which he thought had jilted him returned in greater strength than ever; whilst, with a laudable anxiety for his improvement, Rosalie supplied him with little landscape figures as fast as he could paint them. There was only one stumbling-block in the way of his celebrity, and that was—he never again found his pockets empty.

A HIGHLAND GROUP.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I.

The glens of Aberfoyle were fair
  Before the wizard wight,
Whose viewless hand seems everywhere,
  Had strewn them with delight:
Now, they are full of life and joy
Beside the glory of Rob Roy.

II.

Its old kirk-yard I wandered by,
  And in it noted well
Two plane trees, 'twixt whose branches high
  Is hung the single bell
Whose lonely tongue has called for years
From their far homes the mountaineers.

III.

I passed the school; from moor and hill
  The gathering children came;

The highland lads with voices shrill
Were eager at their game:
How sweet, in such secluded places,
Seem childhood's sports and happy faces!

IV.

But on the brink of Aven Dhu
A lovelier sight was seen;—
Glad girls in kirtles of bright blue,
Their locks of golden sheen,
With clapping hands, and playful scream,
Were dipping in the sunny stream.

V.

And ever as their souls of mirth,
Danced one so sweet and mild,
If e'er Titania visits earth
She must be like that child:
I would that every hour and scene
Could show me such a fairy queen.

VI.

But soon where I unmarked had stood
That fairy's glance was cast,—
And through the merry multitude
A sudden silence passed,—
A blush, a titter, and anon
A peal of laughter,—they were gone!

VII.

Beautiful group! your happy glee,
Your gladsome roar and rout,
Never will be forgot by me;
But your exulting shout
Shall haunt with bliss my memory still,
Like music from a far-off hill.

VIII.

'Twas on a bright and beaming day,
Within a glorious land,
I saw your faces, and for aye
That lovely scene shall stand;
On your own heath, by your own river,
There shall you laugh and play for ever.

IX.

I never more may tread your soil,
Or should I, may not bear
That spirit which, undimmed by toil,
Breathes over earth and air
A charm, a glory, a delight,
Making the very tempest bright.

X.

Never more may I gaze on you,
Or should I, must survey

Nothing like that enchanting view
Which thence I bore away.
Alas! should I not find you then
Bowed to the woes and thrall of men?

XI.

Time's silent scathe, the spell of care,
Will through your souls have gone;
From you the mirth, the merry air,
The magic have passed on
To some obstreperous little crew,
Blessed and beautiful as you.

XII.

I would not see, I would not know
One passage of your fate,—
But on you fancy shall bestow
A never-changing state;
And there, in beauty and in glee,
Your joy shall live a joy to me.

XIII.

That lovely, round-faced, mimic lass,
Shall chatter, leap, and dance;
And mirth, as sunshine from a glass,
Shall from her blue eyes glance,—
Casting their living glow on you,
Ye blessed little Highland crew.

SONNET.

THE FISHING SEAT—WHITE KNIGHTS.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

THERE is a sweet accordant harmony
In this fair scene: this quaintly-fluted bower,
These sloping banks, with tree, and shrub, and flower
Bedecked, and these pure waters where the sky,
In its deep blueness, shines so peacefully;—
Shines all unbroken, save with sudden light,
When some proud swan, majestically bright,
Flashes her snowy beauty on the eye;—
Shines all unbroken, save with sudden shade,
When from the delicate birch a dewy tear
The west wind brushes. Even the bee's blithe trade,
The lark's clear carols, sound too loudly here:
A spot it is for far-off music made,
Stillness and rest,—a smaller Windermere!

[These lines were inserted in my friend Mrs. Hofland's elegant description of White Knights, printed *for private distribution* by the Duke of Marlborough.]

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

From Bion.

BY THE HON. AND REV. H. HOWARD.

A STRIPLING once, within the grove,
In search of game, found truant Love
  Perched on a boxen tree.
The bird inviting looked, and big;
He placed his bird-lime and his twig,
  But little luck had he.

Love hopped above him and about him,—
It seemed as if he meant to flout him;
  Till, full of perturbation,
He sought an old and cunning swain,
And 'gan of his mishap complain,
  And show'd young Cupid's station.

The senior, smiling, shook his head;
And "leave alone the bird," he said,
  "He 's little worth when taken.
Perhaps, before you 're twenty-two,
He 'll choose to come and sit on you,
  Nor off again be shaken."

THE DISTANT SHIP.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

The sea-bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast,
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendour wins thee not,—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark, distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

II.

Look round thee!—o'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods;
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods:
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light;—
What spell, from that rich pageantry,
Chains down thy gazing sight?

III.

A chastening thought of human cares,
A feeling, linked to earth!
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears
The loved of many a hearth?
Oh! do not hope, and grief, and fear,
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
Follow her venturous prow?

IV.

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below;
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe!
Therefore, amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way,
For human hearts are there.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

SINCE all of brightest promise here is earliest in decay,
I marvel not, sweet babe, that thou so soon wert snatched away;
For never did a lovelier form delight a parent's eye,
Nor ever seemed a thing of earth more fitted for the sky.

II.

The rose just budding on thy cheek—thy clear and polished brow—
Thy faultless symmetry of form—of these I think not now;
The language of thy sunny smile I would not now recall,
Which told that all were dear to thee—and made thee dear to all!

III.

I knew not how I loved thee then, while on thine opening bloom
I gazed without a fear of change, or presage of the tomb ;—
It was not till the spoiler came—till Death had aimed his dart,
I learned what bonds of love had linked my daughter to my heart.

IV.

Yes—she was dearest to my soul, when pale and cold she lay
Close clasped to her fond mother's breast, and breathing life away ;—
Her infant loveliness and grace had charmed mine eye before,
But in the patience of her death I felt I loved her more.

V.

For 'twas but by the murmured moan—the short convulsive sigh—
The pressure of the damp chill grasp—the dim and tearful eye :—
'Twas but by these we guessed how strong was Nature's strife within ;
How she who could not share the crime had shared the curse of sin !

VI.

She died—we laid her in her shroud—and strewed fresh flowerets there,—
Meet emblems of a flower so late more fragrant and more fair;—
This soothed our woes:—we looked again on our departed one,
And wept afresh—and strove, in vain, to say "Thy will be done!"

VII.

For in that brief and hurried glance—though dimmed by gushing tears—
Came o'er our spirits, like a dream, the forms of future years!
We thought what charms of womanhood, fair infant, had been thine!—
Alas! we could not look to heaven, and see thee now divine.

VIII.

Years since have rolled, and Time hath lent its balm to Nature's smart,
But none hath filled thy first fond place within thy father's heart—
O if thy form of health and life were blotted from my breast,
I never, never could forget the image of thy rest!

IX.

But hush—who would not tread the path which thou,
sweet babe, hast trod,
To reach the home where thou art now—the bosom of
thy God?
Who would not bear what we have borne, to whom, like
us, 'twas given
Awhile to love a spotless child—then give a saint to
Heaven?

SONNET.

Long years of sorrow and slow-wasting care
Have stol'n from thy soft cheek its vermeil hue,—
And somewhat changed the glossy locks that threw
Their shadowy beauty round thy temples fair,—
And lent to those sweet eyes a sadder air,
That, from their long dark fringes laughing, blue,
Once looked like violets fresh-bathed in dew,
And seemed as they might even enchant Despair!
Sickness and grief have touched thee; yet so mildly,
That, though some graces of thy youth are gone,
The loveliness that witched all hearts so wildly
In life's romantic spring—is still thine own:
And those meek, pensive eyes, in their revealings,
Speak now of higher thoughts and deeper feelings.

P.

CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

Look at those sleeping children!—softly tread,
Lest thou do mar their dream, and come not nigh
Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry
"'Tis morn, awake! awake!" Ah! they are dead!—
Yet folded in each others arms they lie—
So still—oh, look!—so still and smilingly—
So breathing and so beautiful they seem
As if to die in youth were but to dream
Of spring and flowers!—of flowers?—Yet nearer stand—
There is a lily in one little hand,
Broken, but not faded yet,
As if its cup with tears was wet.
So sleeps that child, not faded, though in death,—
And seeming still to hear her sister's breath,
As when she first did lay her head to rest
Gently on that sister's breast,
And kissed her ere she fell asleep!

Th' archangel's trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.
"Take up those flowers that fell
From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!
Your spirits rest in bliss!
Yet ere with parting prayers we say
Farewell for ever! to the' insensate clay,
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!"
Ah! 'tis cold marble!—Artist, who hast wrought
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought,—
Thine, Chantrey, be the fame
That joins to immortality thy name.
—For these sweet children that so sculptured rest—
A sister's head upon a sister's breast—
Age after age shall pass away,
Nor shall their beauty fade, their forms decay.
For here is no corruption—the cold worm
Can never prey upon that beauteous form:
This smile of death that fades not, shall engage
The deep affections of each distant age!
Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,
Shall gaze with tears upon the monument!
And fathers sigh, with half-suspended breath,
"How sweetly sleep the innocent in death!"

July 2, 1826.

STANZAS.

Suggested by a Book of Church Offices.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS HODGSON.

I.

Hail, solemn register of hopes and fears,
Record divine of man's uncertain race;
How does thy page recall our smiles and tears,
Each blooming promise, and each withering grace!

II.

Yet all the varied picture points to thee,
Poor, lost Monimia! On thy nuptial day,
Yon happy train in bridal white I see,
Strewing with rosy wreaths the village way.

III.

I hear the holy words that made thee his
Who loved thee long;—I mark thee kneel again,
To thank thy Maker for a mother's bliss,
And vow thy child to Heaven. Ah, pleasures vain!

IV.

Ah, fading flowers of time! Another year,
And, lo! beside thy bed the sorrowing priest
Bends in calm faith—and soon the dark-plumed bier
Waves silence round, and speaks a soul released.

V.

What ray of joy on his lone journey gleams,
Whose breaking heart resigned thee to thy God?
The thought, that when our sun withdraws its beams,
It lives, and glitters in some far abode;—

VI.

The trust, that when those beams shall shine no more,
His vanished light in other worlds shall wake;
With him shall wonder, and with him adore,
Blest in one mansion for their Saviour's sake.

NIGHT IN GREECE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

The silent moon hath climbed the sky,
Her silver torch is gleaming high!—
From heaven's steep battlements she looks
O'er woods, and dells, and leaf-strewn brooks;
O'er mountain-wilds, and isles that gem
Our dark sea's sparkling diadem!
Her fleecy veil all thrown aside,
With throbbing heart she gazes wide;
And, as she seeks her hunter-love,
Her torch inclined o'er Latmos' grove,
Rests on one grot, where Echo wakes,
As some lone horn the stillness breaks.
Ah! gentle queen, 'tis not his breath
Which winds that plaintive music's wreath!
Endymion's foot is distant far!—
Heeding no more thy beckoning star,
He asks not now, her lamp, to show
Thy bashful uprise, soft and slow!—

No more he comes, with fond delight,
To watch, emerging through the night,
Thy kindling cheek, but half revealed;
Then thy full gaze, in haste concealed;
Thy snowy vestments tossed, or rent,
Whilst hurrying down heaven's long descent!—
Nor kneels he now, in valley lone,
To woo thee from thy starry throne!—
He comes no more!—he comes no more!
With him love's raptured pulse is o'er.
Tired of the chase, (man's horrid joy!)
On heaped-up leaves that hunter-boy
Sleeps with calm brow, all dazzling bare,
Nor feels thy fond eye resting there.
O! veil thy head, poor slighted queen!
Think not of what the past has been;
Haste, ere he wake; nor stay to prove
The last keen agony of love!
Indifference cold, or biting scorn!
Return—on thy sad step, return!
Shroud thy pale face—thy torch forego,
And bend no more o'er man below!—
Ah, linger not!—Yon gate of heaven,
(Where lately passed the train of even),
Stands open yet, for thee, and Night:—
Haste, haste, and shut him from the sight!

Painted by R Farrier

Engraved by J Romney.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The Original Story.

Jamie hadna been awa a twelvemonth and a day
When my father brak his arm, and our cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
When Auld Robin Gray cam a courting me.
My father coudna work, and my mither coudna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I coudna win:
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jeanie, for their sakes, O marry me!

Ballad.

JEANIE GRAHAME was ane of the blithest, bonniest lasses to be seen in the auncient kingdom of Fife, from the Leven Loch to the Bay of St. Andrews; at least she was (speaking of her as I first saw her) happy as a summer mavis, and bright as a June rose. What she afterwards saw and underwent was eneuch to have wasted and withered a' the beauty that was e'er bequeathed from heaven to woman.

The affairs of auld Walter Grahame had been lang back-going, and were now come to a poor pass. It would, indeed, be difficult preceesely to point out the cause; but the guids and gear, collected by the grandfather, Wattie o' the strong back (so called from his being famous

at putting the stane), had begun to dwindle in the days of his son, Alexander, who succeeded him in the farm of Rowan-brae; and so great was the confusion to which things had been allowed to run, that Walter, the second o' the name, and Jeanie's father, might be said to have fallen to a fruitless inheritance, and to have been left warstling in a sea of troubles.

Being the head of a family, and come to that time of life when moving about the warld has muckle mair of incumbrance than pleasure in 't, Walter struggled hard to better his lot. He was up early, and lay down late,—drove his ain cart to the market,—toiled in the fields,—hedged and ditched,—and submitted to every drudgery along with the maist menial o' his warkmen. All, however, wadna do. It seemed as if the bow of Providence was bent against him,—that he was a doomed man,—and that naething was destined to thrive in his unfortunate hands.

His wife and he had foregathered in their better days, and if it may be said *he* bore up wi' a strong fortitude, it maun be confessed, that oh *she* tholed ill the deprivations to which their straitened means compelled them. When a high speerited, careless young lassie, she had married for love (as the saying is), against the will o' her relations, that were a' wealthy and well to do in the world; and, when she could afford to keep up her degree, and brush by them in a gown of French silk, to the full as guid as their ain, every thing was weil eneuch. It was otherwise,

however, when, year by year, obleeged her to dispense with some wee bit article o' accustomed finery, and a back-going fortune estranged faces that had often smiled around her mair plentiful table. True it is, that with the changes o' life so we change; and that with the turns o' fortune we are oure apt to turn. Her temper began to sour; she took to liking an ill tale against her neighbour; and, as the family purse began to grow lighter, so in proportion did her wounded pride begin to show itself. Wad she petition her friends for help? Wad she condescend to bow down before them that had sae lang treated her as an outcast frae their family? Na—na—that wad have been as much as owning she had been in error, and they in the right. Sooner wad she perish of cauld and hunger; or be forced away into stranger districts, to beg, from door to door, a crust o' bread, and a drink o' water, from the hands of the charitable.

Oh, but Jeanie Grahame, the dochter, was a dear, sweet, bonny lassie! I was half in love wi' her mysell; and that is muckle for a douce married man to confess. Her behaviour to her parents, during all the time of their backgoing and misfortunes, was most pattern like,—a sight to see as guid as a sermon to hear. She was the very heart and soul o' their howshold, and seemed to shed a glint of true pleasure oure the hame of honest poverty. Educated to the best o' the means that even their most prosperous days allowed them, she submitted to every accumulating little want without a murmur. Still she

was the same innocent, contented, cheerfu' lassie; still she was the light o' her father's ee, the pride o' her mother's heart. With them beside her, she seemed to fear nae evil, and to despise every hardship; her duty seemed aboon a'. She soothed all their misfortunes,—checked all their vain repinings,—cheered them with the smiles o' her sweet face,—and seemed ane that, to a stranger, had nae cause for tears in this world; but, for a' that, she sometimes grat to hersell in secret.

Auld Robin Gray, the Laird of Stanedykes, I mind him weil. He was a tall, lour-shouthered carle, a guid way up in his sixties at the time; wi' strong, hard-set features, and a brown, three-story wig. His face was remarkable for naething but his rough, bushy ee-bree, that, grizzled wi' years, lookit like snawy arches thrown oure a pair o' grey sparkling een. Mony and mony a time, when a callant, passing that road, have I seen him, standing at the bit parapet wa' before his house, with his hands in his pepper-and-salt coat pockets, his staff aneath his oxter, and his blue bonnet on his pow, looking at the folk passing on the road frae Wemyss to Dysart, or glinting his ee oure his braid fields, surrounded wi' fine auld trees, where the cows stood chewing the cud of fatness, and his whistling ploughlads turned up the mools wi' the glittering share; proud nae doubt a' the time to ken himsell the laird o' sic a rich inheritance. Except for his keen hawk's ee, ane could scarcely have fand him out; however, there are surer ways of discovering a man's heart, than from

the cut of his coat, or his bodily looks; and where was the neibour that ever had occasion to lend him a guid word, or the beggar that e'er depairted frae his gate muttering a blessing?

The lang and the short of the story is, that auld Robin was a doure, hardhearted, selfish man,—the king of misers; scraping and scraping frae a' corners from day to day, and from year to year; screwing what he could by all lawful shifts out o' ithers; and denying himsell amaist the necessaries of life. In the early pairt of his youth, he had married a cousin of his ain, a dochter of the Laird of Lowth; who, after living wi' him six or seven miserable years, took farewell o' this world it is to be houpit for a better, the latter pairt o' her life having been waur than purgatory,—a dull, broken-hearted creature, that left him the father of an only son and heir.

In the course of years and nature, the son, Jamie, grew up a bonny, black-haired laddie, fu' of the milk of human kindness, funny and frolicksome; and seemingly determined to mak up, in the eyes o' the world, for the sourness of his father's disposition, by the sweetness of his ain. In all games and exercises he was the foremost; and no a lass in the parishes of Dysart or Kirkaldy wad have scrupled to have set her cap at him.

Mony a girn, and mony a bitter word did the laird gie; yet the outbreakings of youth were borne by the gruff auld carle better than could have been expectit. Whether, however, as he grew aulder, the father's temper grew mair

fractious, or his affection to his callant grew mair cauld, was hard to discover; but it becam visible to all, from the usage he underwent, and the drudgeries to which he was made to yield, that the matter wad soon be past the endurance of a proud-hearted, free-speerited lad,—and so it happened; for, in a fit of resentment and sorrow, he betook himsell to a vessel setting sail frae Leith to the West Indies; leaving to the doure, gruff, auld miser, and to his housekeeper, sand-blind Nancy, to mak a kirk and a mill of the pleasureless domicile and property of Stane-dykes.

On the night before Jamie set off there was a grievous parting between him and Jeanie Grahame. They seemed made for ane anither; and if, as some suppose, Nature formed human creatures in pairs, these were the twa that it meant to meet. From the years in which the heart first opens to love, they had loved each ither like brother and sister; but with feelings still more warmly kindled, and more deeply rooted. Neither had ever been in love before—it was first love, full to the overflowing wi' passion and power,—to which a' the ither loves of life (if man can really and truly love twice) are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Sair, sair, did Jeanie greet, and beg o' him no to gang away; lang did she hing upon his neck, while her burning tears drappit down on his hands; but na—his purpose was fixed,—fixed by an oath, as if he had been an auld Mede or Persian; so, after explaining to her the absurdity of his remaining at a hame where he

could never better himsell; and of his submitting to a state of miserable and slavish dependence, he said he was only aboot trying to push his ain way in the world, and to get into a situation that would not render their coming together a thing, as it now was, altogether hopeless. "No—no," he said, "Jeanie," taking a farewell kiss from her lips, "you maunna cry,—it cannot be otherwise. It were cruel to you, as weel as mysell, to stay where I now am. I must—must leave you, Jeanie, and mind this,—if I get on in the world you will see me soon, if not, try to forget what has passed; and, my dear, dear, Jeanie, mind that I leave you a free creature,—as free in promise as God's daylight,—as free as before I saw ye:—and, when I am far away oure the sea, and forgotten, refuse not a guid offer for the sake of the foolish, silly, thoughtless memory o' what has passed betwixt us. So, may be, when I come hame—if ever it be my fortune to come hame,—a crazy, weather-beaten, broken-down, auld man, I may see ye surrounded wi' yere bonny bairns, and yere proud gudeman——No, hang me, I wad be sooner shot thro' the head, like a dog, than see the mon that daured, in my hearing, to ca' Jeanie Grahame his wife!!"

When the auld miser fand that his son had taen his will in his ain hands, and had decampit, he had a grievous contention wi' the bitterness and blackness of his ain speerit, and he vowed that, only son as he was of his, he wad cut him off wi' a shilling; come what liket of

the guids, gear, and chattels, he lamentit he could na carry to the grave with him. Naething wad mak him relax in his purpose, his determination was as fixed as the whunstane rock; and the friends that were sae forward as to presume offering a word o' advice, fand that they were only rivetting the nail of hatred more firmly in the laird's bosom.

Considering the ties o' nature, ane wad have thocht, that the course of time must have blunted his wrath, and reconceeled him to Jamie; but far otherwise. His speerit had got a bend that couldna be straightened; so, instead of relenting, every day appeared to mak him mair inveterately cruel. Twa simmers had passed oure, when the laird received a letter from his son, in which Jamie lamented the step he had taken, and the way they had pairted, hoping that, when he saw him again,—as he shortly expectit to do,—a' the past wad be forgotten.

The auld neerdoweel had scarcely patience to read the letter thro', ere he tore it into a thousand tatters, and strampit them below his feet. "Come hame when ye like, my man," cried the unnatural father, in the bitterness of his doure rage, "come hame when ye like, ye'se never mair be son of mine. Ye have brewed the cup o' wilful disobedience, and ye maun drink it to the dregs—deevil cares hoo bitter the dregs may be. Forgie ye! faith lad, ye little ken me. I'm no the willow whand to be bowed to your purpose. Do ye hear that?" added he, tapping sand-blind Nancy, his housekeeper, on the

shouther, an auld, withered looking witchwife, that deserved a tar-barrel on the top o' Lomond hill, far better than mony that suffered there; "do ye hear that? Our bonnie son Jamie is thinking of paying us a veesit soon. Do you hear what I 'm saying?"

"Nonsense, laird, nonsense. Jamie coming hame!" answered clootie's dochter, wi' a grin that showed her blackened stumps. "Ou, ay, he 'll be coming to marry his bit bonny sweetheart, oure by, Wattie Grahame's dochter, ye understand, laird."

This was setting fire to tinder. The laird lookit first black and then blue; glowred in Nancy's withered face for a minute without speaking, like a man lost within himsell, then gieing his head a shake, and screwing his mouth up to a whissle, like a man that has, after muckle trouble, seen his way thro' a puzzle, he clappit his bonnet on his pow, and away down the road to Rowan-brae.

At Walter's every thing was looking dowie and mair dowie, gloomier and gloomier. The cattle, ane after anither, had been selled to pay the landlord his rent. The barn yard was threshed out and empty. Sheriff-offishers frae Edinburgh were seen like wild cats in the gloaming, prowling aboot his bounds wi' docketted accounts in their side pockets, threatening poinding and horning; while, to crown a', Walter himsell, by a tumble frae his cart shaft in the dark, had gotten his arm broken. It was a hame o' cauldrife poverty and wretchedness. Misfortune after misfortune showring down upon them,

had at length soured Walter's heart, and broken doun his speerit. His wife, wha could have tholed her puir fate better had she been among strangers, began to sink under a pride so mortally wounded, and she grew every day mair crabbit and ill-tempered, as she harpit oure the thocht o' their afflictions affording a cause of crowing to her neglectful relations. The warst of all, however, was, that they were neither o' them sae young as they once were; the snaws of auld age had begun to gather round their brows; and they hadna the warm hopes of youth, to see bright days amid years to come. Jeanie, puir thing, bore up wonderfully, and tho' doing every thing for the best, she took hard words, and crabbit looks, without a murmur; exerted hersell frae morning till night in managing the howshold concerns; and lookit like a stray sunbeam let into a dwelling of darkness.

Ane might naturally ask,—had she nae consolation which helpit her to oppose this brave speerit to the storm? had she nae secret help? nae kind letter? nae blithe tidings? Nane—nane; frae the night of the pairting she had heard not a syllable from or about him. She kent from his own lips that he was aff to the West Indies, and she had heard from ithers that the West Indies is the European's grave!

Auld Robin, the laird, saw the desolation of his neibour's dwelling, and he laid his schemes accordingly. He blew and braggit of his siller;—tell't Wattie that he understood a' his difficulties;—that he had nae objections

to lend him a helping hand ;—and that, to crown all, he wad make Jeanie his wife, and the leddy of Stanedykes.

Walter's countenance brightened up. It was like torchlight suddenly let in on folk that have a lang time been sitting in darkness. But an hour afore he had thocht his case desperate, and now!——yet he could scarcely credit his ears. Sooner wad he have expectit a shower of gold frae the gloomy November clouds than help frae the hand of the laird of Stanedykes. But, tho' blinded like a man by a flash of lightning, even then, when he thocht o' his daughter, the young, the bonny, the dutiful,—of sacrificing her in this gate,—it was eneuch to stagger him, and make his flesh creep. It was, however, the only star he saw in his night of black darkness; and the laird stuck to him.

"Now, ye 've gien me your hand," said Robin, rising to gang awa, "ye 've gien me your hand, that ye 'll do your utmost wi' my bonnie Jeanie. I 've mair, Walter, than either you or her ken aboot, but the day she takes me she 'll be mistress o't a'. She 'll hae naething to do ava, but sit, and sew, and churm like a lintie, and tak her pleasure, wi' a ponie to ride on when she likes the open air; and as mony maidens to wait on her,—if she likes attendance,—as ony lord's leddy frae Earlsferry Abbey to Culzean Castle. When ye bring me oure word that she's consentit (she's your daughter, ye ken, Walter, my gude freen; and Scripture tells ye, ye can mak her do what ye like), bring oure a' yere bills and bonds to

me, and I'll pit my name on the back o' them. Then ye ken," he added, snapping his fingers, "they'll be worth twenty siller shillings to the pound; and as gude as the Bank o' Scotland. But mind ye, I canna wait; and, if I hear nae her consent the morn, I maun een look anither way."

It is hard to say, when he thocht of Jeanie in her teens, and the laird wi' ae foot in the grave, whether pleasure or grief was uppermost in Walter's heart; but at night, when they were sitting oure their cheerless ingle, he took an opportunity of breaking the subject to his daughter. "It's true, Jeanie, my dear," he said, giving her a kind clap on the shouther, "it's true we canna get every thing we like in this weary world. Ye're mither and me there married, like fools, for love, and lippenit to guid fortune for the plenishing. Ye see what we have been able to mak o't! No that I wad yet change her for ony ane, na—na, guidwife; hooever, I'm no speaking about that at present. Ye see, Jeanie, my dear, the state to which we are reduced;—every thing gaun back wi' us—empty barns, and horseless stables—naething but cauld poverty,—and me, wi' my broken arm, every day in the fear o' being thrown into the jail. I wush, my dear Jeanie, ye could help us."

"Me! how can I help ye," said Jeanie, dighting away the tears, that had started in her een, wi' the corner of her apron, as she stoppit her spinning-wheel. "Ay, faither, if it lay in my power, if it lay between me and

the end of the world, to help ye, I wadna weary o' the way."

"Deed, Jeanie, it is in your power—and ye maun tak him. Ye wad, nae doubt, like a younger man if he offered; but mak hay, my dear, when the sun shines; and when ance ye 're the leddy of Stanedykes, ye may smirk in your sleeve at them a'."

"Stanedykes!—but, faither," askit Jeanie, innocently, "hoo can ye ca' Jamie Gray an auld man?—or, tho' I were to get him, hoo could either *I*, or ony ither body, be leddy o' Stanedykes when the auld laird is living?"

"Young Jamie?" quo' Walter, gieing a lauch, "na, na, lass, that were a kettle of fish to fry. Wha kens aboot that scapegrace? I'se warrant he's married abroad; or may be, wha kens, dead and buried long ago. It 's the laird himsell I 'm speaking aboot."

"The laird his faither!!" cried Jeanie, while her heart flaffed as if it wad have loupit thro' her stays. "Never speak in that way. Do ye think the laird wad marry me, that might be his grandchild?" and she gaed a wild lauch that sounded hardly canny.

"Tak ye, Jeanie!" said Walter, kindly patting her cheek, that had momently grown pale as the driven sna', "ay, and be glad to get ye.—Oh, Jeanie," he said, rising hurriedly frae his seat, and pacing aboot the floor in a distractit-like way, "think on the state we are in; look at me,—look at your puir mother,—we are beggared out

o' house and hal',—and, in a few days, may not have a mouthfu' to eat, or a roof to cover us."

"Jeanie, my dear bairn," said her mother, leaning her hand on her shouther, hear what your faither says, it is God's truth. Ye 've aye done your duty; come what will, I 'll aye say that o' ye. But what signifies a', what matters by ganes, if, when a word o' your mouth could lift us out o' this mire of meesery and wretchedness, ye keep your teeth close, and determine to act the pairt o' an undutiful dochter?"

Jeanie's heart swelled to her mouth; and while she sat wi' her hands claspit before her, and the tears running like beads of boiling water down her cheek, her voice died within her, and she couldna utter ae word. Her mind seemed to have fairly gien way; and when, in a while, her recollection began to come back, she started, as out of a fearfu' sleep, and in a broken, half-screaming way, cried out, "It wad ruin me here and hereafter—no—no—no—I daur not, cannot do it.—Oh, I wish—I wish—I wish I was dead and buried! ! !" With this she drappit from her chair on the floor, and gaed away in a dwam, second only in soundness to the awfu' sleep of death.

Next morning, however, she was up betimes, and gaun aboot the wee affairs of the house (indeed there was now little or naething for her to look after); but her pale cheek, and sunken ee, told what she had suffered, and

was suffering. She seemed to shudder within hersell at the bare idea of the struggle which she kent must again be renewed, as the bleating goat is said to shudder when driven into the den of the hungry wild beast.

So great, however, was the effect of the terrible conflict of yestreen, and such an impression had it made on the minds baith of father and mother, that, when they regarded the agoneezed countenance of Jeanie, they hesitated to put the thing to the test, though they kent that, in the course of a few hours, the battle must be either lost or won for ever. Breakfast passed without scarcely being tasted, while Jeanie glanced with a fearfu' ee on them baith, as dauting her, and hinging about her, they yet feared and kept aloof frae the momentous subject. The dark cloud, she perceived, had not yet passed over their heads. Hour after hour glided away. In the course o' the forenoon, Wattie hurriedly shut the auld family Bible, which he had sat down, as if to pore over; and, putting on his hat, dawndered away out like a tipsy man amang the fields, without kenning where his path lay.

Jeanie at last sat down to her spinning-wheel as usual, tho' she crooned not away at either of her favourite tunes, "Cowden Knowes," or, "The Flowers o' the Forest;" and her mother, putting on her spectacles, opened the book her father had shut. Neither seemed inclined to converse; and, save the humming of Jeanie's wheel, and now and then the mewing of the kitten, that wandered about among the empty dishes in search of its accustomed

milk, the haill house was silent. It didna, however, lang remain so. Walter came hurrying in with visible perplexity in his features; and, throwing his hat into a corner, sank down into a chair by the window. Jeanie turned and looked him i' the face, but, in the anxiety there painted, saw eneuch to prevent her looking a second time. The shadow of desolation cam' oure her speerit.

"Jeanie, my dear bairn," cried Walter rising up behind her, and patting her tenderly on the back, "Oh! Jeanie, have mercy on us,—speak the word afore it be oure late. Could ye bear to see the father that brought ye up, and the mither that bore ye—could ye bear to see yere auld mither and me begging our bread frae door to door, or lying on the straw of a poor-house? We thochtna—thochtna to have come to that—and you have it in your power to put every thing right. Say but the word; every thing depends on you,—our comfort, nay, even our very existence. We 'll lie down on our knees before ye on the floor,—the paurents that gied ye being will throw themsells at yere feet. Ye surely canna spurn them awa wi' disdain! Ye canna shut yere heart to our prayers! Ye canna think there is a hereafter—and yet see us starving here!"

This was past human tholing. "What maun I do—what maun I do?" said Jeanie, eagerly, "tell me what I maun do?"

"Ye maun just say, my dear lassie, that ye 'll marry Laird Gray. That 's a' Jeanie we want ye to say; and

that 's na muckle."—And, as Walter spoke these words, his voice trembled with anxiety and earnestness. Where could Jeanie look for council? She lookit in her mither's face—and her mither's een seemed to say, "Oh! Jeanie, do it, or my heart will break." Jeanie's heart was all but broken!

"To be sure, to be sure," she said, putting her hand within her mother's, "I'll do whate'er ye want me. Ony thing, ony thing."

At this very moment Robin Gray, whose coming oure the fields Walter had seen before hurrying in, tapped at the door, carrying in his hand a pair o' fat ducks, his first present of courtship to a famishing family.

It wad be needless here, and a waste baith of time and paper, to gang thro' wi' all the circumstantialities that took place before the wadding, which caused a titter of astonishment and jeering laughter alang the haill shore of Fife. But married they were, to the no small consternation of sand-blind Nancy, the veteran housekeeper, wha heesitated about gieing up the keys; till, at last, forced to believe her ain een, she concluded that the laird had grown donnard, and lost his right senses. Scarcely less thunderstruck were Walter Grahame and his wife, when they fand what a few days had brought forth: but the accepted bills, the stockit pantry, and the calls of mony, that scarce a week agone passed their door, like the Levite, on the opposite side, assured them that all wasna a dream.

Jeanie saw her faither and mother once more raised frae misery to comfort, and felt hersell the leddy o' Stanedykes. Of guids and gear she had eneuch, and to spare. Some, of course, wad tak it for granted she was happy; that, however, is another question.

It was in the thoughtfu' month of September, when the yellowing leaves, the heavy clouds, and the shortening days, remind man of the fate that sooner or later awaits him; and, it might be, some five or six weeks from the date of puir Jeanie's marriage, that, ae gloaming, as she was sitting at the far end o' the garden, behind the house, under the bourtree-bush, thinking, maybe, mournfully o' the days that were gone, a man dressed in a sailor's jacket burst suddenly thro' the hedge, and stood before her!

They gazed on each other for some time without speaking. His een were rivetted upon her, and pierced thro' Jeanie's soul; yet she couldna turn her head away. What, oh heaven and earth! maun she have felt, when she saw wha stood before her—when she saw her ain Jamie Gray looking into her heart—when she thocht of what had passed atween them, and when she thocht on what she now was—his father's wife!

He spoke not a word; but, with a smile of deevilish contempt, slowly raising up his finger opposite her face, he gave a long slow hiss of the bitterest scorn, turned on his heel, and depairted.

Jeanie was carried to bed in a raging fever; and the

laird, who had heard of his son's arrival, imputed it at ance, in the jaundice of his jealousy, to the right cause. With the wild fury of a madman, he taxed her with having broken thro' the vow she had sae lately sworn to afore the minister. All the wicked passions of his wicked heart were roused up, like serpents frae their dens. He stampit and swore about his son in the whirlwind of his unnatural hatred: he shook his head oure the deeing Jeanie, telling her that she, like the rest, was but born to deceive him; and cursed the day that ever gave birth to such an unfortunate, miserable wretch as himsell.

An awful night of tempestuous horror frowned over, and next morning Jeanie was out o' mind and delirious. She muttered and raved constantly about Jamie, asking why he had been sae lang, lang o' coming! What place of the West Indies they had buried him in!—and to take away the man in the sailor's claes that was aye standing afore her. Force was at last used to confine her to her bed; and auld sand-blind Nancy, standing wi' her hands in her sides in the middle of the floor, casting a leer first on the bed where lay the distracted and dying bride, and then on the laird, that was pacing up and down the room wi' his hands behind his back, mumbled, wi' hellish rejoicing, between her teeth, "What think ye now, maister, o' yere bonny bit wifie?"

Her strength at last totally exhausted, Jeanie fell asleep late in the afternoon; and the laird, bidding a' body leave the room, darkened the windows, and sat doun to doze in

the leather elbow chair by the bedside, where the sick-nurse had been sitting. Scarcely had he closed his een when he fand something desperately squeezing him. He started forrit, and lookit up. It was Jeanie's hand that held a grup of his coat sleeve, so forcibly that he felt her finger nails piercing the flesh o' his withered arm. Scarcely could the hand be drawn away, though the spark of life had fled for ever!

Jamie was never seen in Fife after. Some say that he was shot in a sea-fight off the Nore, and others that he was the stranger that throw himsell oure the pier of Leith. The truth is, that naebody ever heard ony mair about him.

Auld Laird Gray spun out ten years after Jeanie's judgment-like departure; but he never could be said, from that time, to be properly in his right mind, losing his faculties, ane after anither, and growing, wi' the frailties of age, a kind of second bairn, or rather natural. However, let the truth aye be spoken, he had his beef-tea, or chicken-soup, regularly every day; and his swelled legs, carefully wrappit up in the finest Welch flannel, were laid on a stool wi' a silk cushion, by the dutifu' hands of sand-blind Nancy.

Jeanie's gravestane is in the southmost corner of the kirkyard of Dysart; but the reading is now scarcely legible, from the effects of the rain and sea-winds on a soft stane. On the tap o't there 's the figure of a wee angel blawing a trumpet; but sae defaced as no to be

able to scare away the sea-gulls, that, coming up frae the shore, sail round and round about it, and at last light upon 't wi' a scream, as if it was the grave of some auld sailor of their acquaintance they had come up on purpose to pay a visit to.

It may very readily be supposed that this is the story on which the very beautiful Scottish ballad of Auld Robin Gray is founded; though, with a fine discrimination, Lady Mary Lindsay, leaving out the unpleasant parts of the narrative, has felicitously converted it from a tale of guilt and suffering to one of unmingled tenderness and beauty.

The circumstances throughout, even as connected with the ballad, bear too evidently the impress of *truth* to be the mere mental imaginings of any sentimental poet or poetess; and though, like the ancient legend of Gil Morrice, on which Home founded his exquisite national tragedy, or the pathetic tale of Girolamo and Sylvestra, from which Barry Cornwall drew the finest of his dramatic scenes, "The Broken Heart,"—these circumstances now only appeal to our feelings in the lines to which the singing of Miss Stephens has added a more deserved celebrity; yet we see life, *real life*, and *actual occurrence*, in every stanza, most visibly and distinctly.

We believe there is no existing record of the time at which the ballad was composed; but from the authoress having died within the last year, though at a very ad-

vanced age, we may with certainty assign to it a date considerably posterior to the prose record, whose language in many places exhibits the idiomatic Scotch simplicity of the latter portion of the seventeenth century. In other parts, the hand of some impertinent transcriber, who has used the liberty of interlarding the narrative with his own less Doric, though more modern expressions, is but too perceptible to escape censure.

Δ.

BEN NEVIS.

We climb, we pant, we pause; again we climb:
Frown not, stern mountain, nor around thee throw
Thy mist and storm, but look with cloudless brow
O'er all thy giant progeny sublime;
While toiling up the immeasurable height
We climb, we pant, we pause: the thickening gloom
Hath palled us in the darkness of the tomb;
And on the hard-won summit sound nor sight
Salutes us, save the snow and chilling blast,
And all the guardian fiends of Winter's throne.
Such too is Life—ten thousand perils past,
Our fame is vapour, and our mirth a groan.
But patience; till the veil be rent away,
And on our vision flash celestial day.

SOLITUDE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

Spirit of the lonely scene,
Desert shore, and distant sea!
Where man's step hath never been,
Or long hath ceased to be;—
By thy ever saddening shrines
Melancholy's vespers rise,—
There, when daylight calm declines,
She greets thine ear with sighs.

II.

On the Pyramids sublime,
Towering o'er a thousand graves,—
Landmarks in the sea of Time,
Long wasted by its waves:
On the mystic, mouldering cone,
Hooded in the night of eld,
Thou hast fixed thine awful throne,
And silent empire held.

III.

Gleaming high on Greenland's coast,
Where the polar star doth gem
Mountain pinnacles of frost,
Hoar Winter's diadem,
List'st thou to the rending roar
Of the ice upon the seas,
And howl of monsters from the shore,
Borne on the midnight breeze!

IV.

Or dost thou rather love to dwell
Where the lordly lion roams,
Whose awful voice, a nightly knell,
Peals through Palmyra's domes?
Or where majestic Babel lies
Buried in oblivious gloom,
Whose tower hath crumbled from the skies
Into a desert tomb!

V.

From thy deep and dread repose,
'Midst primeval, starless Night,
Didst thou start when God arose
And said—"Let there be light!"
Spirit! yet there comes a day
To restore thine ancient reign,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And all be thine again!

BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

It was not in the winter
  Our loving lot was cast!
It was the time of roses,
  We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned
  On early lovers yet!—
Oh no—the world was newly crowned
  With flowers, when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
  But still you held me fast;—
It was the time of roses,—
  We plucked them as we passed!

What else could peer my glowing cheek
  That tears began to stud?—
And when I asked the like of Love
  You snatched a damask bud,—

And oped it to the dainty core
Still glowing to the last:—
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed!

TO SILENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TO-DAY IN IRELAND.'

Yes, I have wooed thee, Silence, and have won:
Thou art my bride, and I will rest on thee
Pillowed, in life and death eternally;
Heedless how busy Time his course may run.
Some call thee sad and sombre, and will shun
Thy converse, as nor mirth nor speech
Thou hadst. Would they were here, that I might teach
How that in sweetness thou dost yield to none.
For now thou dallyest with me, to mine ear
Holding thine hand, hollowed like ocean-shell,
The conch from Indian strand, that still doth tell
Its dreamy tale of mingled hope and fear,
Whisper, and sigh, and distance, and the hum
Of happy moments near, but not yet come.

AN IMPROMPTU,

Addressed to a Lady who required a Specimen of the Author's Hand-writing.

BY. M. A. SHEE. ESQ. R. A.

'Tis said there are wise ones well skilled in the art
How to judge by the hand of the head and the heart;
Who can sound all the depths of the mind, and explore
them,
If you place but a scrawl hieroglyphic before them;—
Who'll decypher a dash of the pen, and pronounce
'Tis the sign of a sage, or the mark of a dunce.—
Then is it not vain and presumptuous in spirit
To hazard a test so decisive of merit?—
Aware of our weakness, thus plain to reveal it,
And under our hands, rashly sign it and seal it?—
'Tis cruel to drag a poor egotist elf
Into court, to give evidence, thus, 'gainst himself;
To make him even Dogberry's folly surpass,
And by his own document, dub him an ass.

I own, if my pothooks and hangers should prove me
A knave, or a ninny, 'twould grievously move me.
As I write the pen shakes in my hand, when I think
I'm depicting myself in a permanent ink;—
How, by carelessly cutting my letters, my name
I myself may scratch out from the records of Fame.
But your will is the law—I obey the decree;—
There 's a chance of escape still for scribblers like me:
Such writing my character cannot declare,
For 'tis plain there 's no legible character there.

GLEN-COE.

Keep silence, lest the rocks in thunder fall;
Keep silence, lest ye wake the hapless dead,
Whose blood is crying from the ground to call
The doom of justice on the murderer's head!
Dark and more dark, ye shades of evening, lour;
Wide and more wide, ye gathering tempests, spread
Thick clouds and waters round the' Avenging Power
Whose malison is here! The river moans;
The wind, with deepening sigh from hour to hour,
Saddens the gloom; a curse is on the land;
From every caverned cliff sepulchral groans
Appal the desolation; and around,
The melancholy mountains loathe the sun,
And shall—till the career of Time be done.

H.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

Hark! the ripe and hoary rye,
Waving white and billowy,
Gives a husky rustle, as
Fitful breezes fluttering pass.
See the brown and bending wheat,
By its posture seems to meet
The harvest's sickle, as it gleams
Like the crescent moon in streams,
Brown with shade and night, that run
Under shores and forests dun.

Lusty Labour, with tired stoop,
Levels low, at every swoop,
Armfuls of ripe-coloured corn,
Yellow as the hair of morn;
And his helpers track him close,
Laying it in even rows,
On the furrow's stubbly ridge;
Nearer to the poppied hedge.

Some who tend on him that reaps
Fastest, pile it into heaps ;
And the little gleaners follow
Them again, with whoop and halloo,
When they find a hand of ears
More than falls to their compeers.

Ripening in the dog-star's ray,
Some, too early mown, doth lay ;
Some in graceful shocks doth stand
Nodding farewell to the land
That did give it life and birth ;
Some is borne, with shout and mirth,
Drooping o'er the groaning wain,
Through the deep embowered lane ;
And the happy cottaged poor,
Hail it, as it glooms their door,
With a glad, unselfish cry,
Though they 'll buy it bitterly.

And the old are in the sun,
Seeing that the work is done
As it was when age was young ;
And the harvest-song is sung ;
And the quaint and jocund tale
Takes the stint-key from the ale,
And as free and fast it runs
As a June rill from the sun's

Dry and ever-drinking mouth :—
Mirth doth alway feel a drowth.
Butt and barrel ceaseless flow
Fast as cans can come and go ;
One with emptied measures comes
Drumming them with tuneful thumbs ;
One reels field-ward, not quite sober,
With two cans of ripe October,
Some of last year's brewing, kept
Till the corn of this is reaped.

Now 'tis eve, and done all labour,
And to merry pipe and tabor,
Or to some cracked viol strummed
With vile skill, or table drummed
To the tune of some brisk measure,
Wont to stir the pulse to pleasure,
Men and maidens timely beat
The ringing ground with frolic feet ;
And the laugh and jest go round
Till all mirth in noise is drowned.

CUPID EMERGING FROM A CLOUD.

From a Picture.

And this is Love!—This beauteous Boy,
From clouds emerging, fair and bright:
His parted lips breathe hope and joy,
His form is buoyant with delight!

In sweet profusion o'er his brow
The richly-clustering ringlets stray;
And gracefully his tiny bow
He bends, as if in sportive play:—

But tipped with poison are his darts,
And seldom miss their destined aim:
Unseen, they pierce the noblest hearts,
And check the proud career of Fame.

They quell the hero's spirit high,—
They blanch the stripling's blooming cheek,—
Dim the soft light of Woman's eye,
And Woman's heart in silence break.

Oh! trust not Love's insidious smile,
  His honied words, and beauty rare,—
His deep designs are full of guile,
  And who may ever 'scape his snare.

There are indeed a favoured few
  On whom his choicest gifts he showers,—
No tears, save those of bliss, bedew
  Their eyes;—their path is strewn with flowers.

They worship still the Paphian Boy;—
  To him their blazing altars raise;—
For happiness that cannot cloy,
  They laud his name and hymn his praise.

And hence Love, unsubdued, retains
  His empire o'er the human heart,—
His suffering captives hide their chains,—
  His favourites all their joys impart.

Hence, too, the inexperienced crowd
  Still throng around their idol's shrine:
They prize not freedom, idly proud
  To serve a Power they deem divine.

Alas! from many an early tomb,
  A warning voice to Fancy's ear
Sounds awfully,—"in youthful bloom
  The Power ye worship placed me here!"

They heed it not, they still rejoice,
Like Hindoos round their funeral pile,—
They hear but Love's entrancing voice,
They see but Love's resistless smile.

They court the "wound that will not heal,"
With hearts unguarded tempt their fate,—
They cannot fear until they feel,
And when they feel they fear too late!

S. A. B.

MAN AND THE SEASONS.

In verdant Spring the breeze which gently blew
Woke in the heart blithe echoes as it past,—
Young Hope's fond flatteries,—whispering all would last;
But winged with pleasures, fresh, and fair, and new,
And bright, and lovely,—oh, how spring-time flew!
Then, like full Manhood bursting from a boy,
Summer shone out—so rife in flowery joy,
That scarce the bosom owned, what well it knew,
How soon pale Autumn, like a dying friend,
Engendering solemn thoughts of life's decay,
Would come, and—withering—withering,—day by day,
Bring dark December on——and lo, the end!
Leafless and fruitless the year's pride is gone,—
And wintry Man looks round,—and finds himself *alone!*

LINES,

Written upon the Lid of a Coffin.

BY JAMES BIRD, ESQ.

I.

Sleep on!—sleep on!—The world, and all
Its hopes and fears, its grief and glee,
Man's weal and woe, his rise and fall,
Are sealed, for ever sealed to thee!
I deemed—too early knew—that thou
Wouldst fade in youth;—I marked the cold,
Pale hand of death pass o'er thy brow;—
I knew thy transient days were told!

II.

Oh! when thy smile hath beamed most bright,
And when thy lips have breathed of pleasure,
I marked the deadly withering blight
Steal from thy cheek its rosy treasure!
Yet thou hast fondly wished, nay, planned,
In future scenes to bear thy part;
So bright the seraph Hope had spanned
Her bow of promise o'er thy heart!

III.

Oh! loved, lost Alice!—Thou no more
Beholdst the burning tears I shed:
How vain the grief that lingers o'er
The coffin of the dreamless dead!
Yet I must weep,—no fate can stay
The waves of woe that o'er me roll;
No hand can pluck the veil away
Which hides the light that blessed my soul!

IV.

Still, Alice! since I know thee blest,
For *thee* I must not, dare not weep;
I only long to share thy rest,
Thy peaceful couch, thy envied sleep.
Though my soul's hope hung on thy breath,
Thou to so bright a world art gone,
I would not 'wake thee, sweet, from death,
Though loved in life;—sleep on!—sleep on!

Painted by B. West

Engraved by W Humphrys.

CUPID AND PSYCHE

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Love,—oh do not name his name!
On this earth he only came
To deceive and to destroy,—
Lasting sorrow, fleeting joy!
Sunny light each pinion flings,
But, alas, they still are wings!
Rainbow feathers edge his shaft,
They are stained with crime and craft.
Fair but false Divinity,
Does the bosom treasure thee!
Better would its folly fare
Were the scorpion harboured there.
Does the cheek with colours burn,
Shed from passion's purple urn!
Woe for the deceiving light,
It will herald darkest night.
Go thou, ask the happiest lover,
Far or near thou canst discover;

He will say his happiest hour
Was but as a fairy dower,—
Gold that for a moment shone,
Charmed the sight, and then was gone.
And albeit thy blind caprice
Gave the wearied one release,
'Twas to leave him like the pyre
Where the deadly flames expire;
Not till they have fed on all
Of odour, gem, or coronal,
Leaving smouldering waste behind,
Withered hope, and ruined mind;
Heart it were relief to break;
Oh, Love, thine is a fearful stake!—

What sweet picture may this seem?
Were it aught but painter's dream,
There were all in young Love's reign
Maidens hope for, minstrels feign;—
Leans he by his dear one's side,
From his eyes the veil untied;
Gentle as the gentlest rays
Of the dove's on which they gaze;
He has left his bow unbent,
Hung aside his shafts, content
But to trust his soft caress,
And his passing loveliness.

Oh, Love! couldst thou be like this,
Mirror thus of heaven's own bliss,
Then wouldst thou have hopes that might
Trust themselves to their delight;
Confidence, whose sweet repose
Weaves a pillow of the rose;—
Peace like that on ocean's breast,
When the halcyon builds her nest;—
Faith like that the martyrs feel
In their high and holy zeal.
Then the pleasures thou wouldst know
To immortal ones would grow.
Go, Love, like this couldst thou be,
Paradise were home for thee!

L. E. L.

TO-MORROW.

A Dramatic Scene.

BY EDWIN ATHERSTONE, ESQ.

Scene—*A Garden, by moonlight: a Grecian Temple in the back-ground.*

ANTILOCHUS *stands anxiously expecting* GANASSA, *whose father has consented to their union.*

ANTILOCHUS.

THAT was a footstep sure. No, no.—Oh, heavens!
What a mere cheat is this which we call time!
Whose minutes unto some appear long hours,—
Whose hours to some seem minutes. 'Tis a day,
Told by my restlessness, since I stood here;
While to some merry tippler 't has but been
The space 'twixt cup and cup;—and, by the stars,
Some fourth part of an hour perchance. Hark!—hark!
That *is* a footstep.—Ha! 'tis she—'tis she!—
But not alone.—Who is 't with her? He 's gone,
And she comes on again. Oh, God!—oh, God!
And she is mine!

Enter GANASSA.

GANASSA.

Antilochus!

ANTILOCHUS.

Ganassa! [*A pause.*

I wish this minute were eternity,
That we might ever be embracing so.
I could be happy for unending years
To press thee thus, and feel thy gentle breath,—
And hear thy heart's loud throb:—and nothing more,
Not even thy voice, I 'd ask;—but just to lie
On some soft couch beneath the moonlight sky,
With those bright stars for ever wheeling round,—
And a scarce-whispering breeze, perfumed like this
From yonder orange walk,—and not a sound
To tell of aught in the wide world beside.
And so, methinks, for ever I could lie,
Nor wish to move, or think, save the one thought
That thou wert in my arms.—Why dost thou sigh?

GANASSA.

I cannot tell,—unless that I 'm too happy.

ANTILOCHUS.

The melancholy sigh,—so do not thou.

GANASSA.

There 's melancholy in too sweet a bliss.
I cannot tell thee why,—but so it is.

ANTILOCHUS.

Who was it came with you, and turned again?

GANASSA.

My father.

ANTILOCHUS.

Say *our* father.

GANASSA.

Say it thou.

ANTILOCHUS.

When wilt thou let me truly call him so?

GANASSA.

Ask that of him.

ANTILOCHUS.

To-morrow shall it be?

GANASSA.

Oh! no, no, no, no, no. A month or two,—
I pray you grant me that. But ask my father;
I yield in all to him.

ANTILOCHUS.

And will you swear
To' abide by his decree?

GANASSA.

Oh! gentle love,
Talk not of swearing between thee and me.
If I do promise, wouldst thou ask an oath
To make it sure? Give *me* thy lightest word,—
Nay, even a nod, a smile,—'tis bond enough,
Though thou hadst promised kingdoms.

ANTILOCHUS.

Say but then
His word shall be thy law.

GANASSA.

It has ever been
My law, and my best good; for to obey
Was ever to be happy. 'Tis too late
To turn a rebel now.

ANTILOCHUS.

I ask no more.
What think'st thou of to-morrow?

GANASSA.

As the day
Shall follow this sweet night.

ANTILOCHUS.

And is that all?

GANASSA.

Is 't not enough? Methinks, to stand before,
Or after it, or but in the same week,
Were note enough for the best day i' the' year.

ANTILOCHUS.

But tell me truly,—shall it be to-morrow?

GANASSA.

To-morrow never shall be: for when 'tis
'Tis not to-morrow. Look on yon bright sky.

ANTILOCHUS.

But shall it be to-morrow?

GANASSA.

Ay, for ever!
Silent, and bright, and beautiful!—Methinks
Those stars are happy lovers, whispering
Their holy vows i' the absence of the sun.

ANTILOCHUS.

But shall it be to-morrow?

GANASSA.

That it shall.
The eastern sky shall rear his standard first,
Ruby and golden hued; and through heaven's gate
Shall he ride in upon his flaming car,
And bowl away o'er heaven's triumphal arch;
And, as he passes, all created things
Shall hail him monarch of the boundless sky,
And father of all life.

ANTILOCHUS.

But, dear Ganassa!
Say—shall it be to-morrow?

GANASSA.

I pray thee, love,
Now do not tease me more. Have I not said
Most eloquent things to quiet thy *to-morrow*?
In truth I know no more,—so now be still.
I am not counsellor to aged Fate,
And cannot tell thee what shall be to-morrow:
Yet what shall *not* be I could tell, methinks.

ANTILOCHUS.

Oh! speak.

GANASSA.

If that I would;—but I will not.

ANTILOCHUS.

What shall not be to-morrow?

GANASSA.

Thou shalt not
Be——I 'll not tell thee what. Now ask no more.
My father's will is mine.

ANTILOCHUS.

Beloved Ganassa!
Then will I tell thee what *shall be* to-morrow;
And yet I will not:—is not that the way?
To show the sparkle of some brilliant thing,
Then snatch it from the sight!

GANASSA.

Yes: that 's the way
Yon little cloud is dealing with the stars:
But soon it passes on and lets them shine.
And so thy secret will, ere long, peep out
Without my breath to speed it.—Some one comes.

ANTILOCHUS.

Hush! hush!—No, love;—'tis but the whispering wind.
I thought I heard a score of coming feet
Ere thine did come indeed. Each glancing leaf
Seemed thy white garment waving; every sound
Was thy light footstep. But I 'll tell thee, love,
What 'tis shall be to-morrow.

GANASSA.

Ha! so soon?
But now I will not hear it.

ANTILQCHUS.

But thou shalt.

GANASSA.

But if I stop my ears ——

ANTILOCHUS.

Why then I 'll tell it thee
Without a word, and thou shalt know 't as well.
I will but point to where the sun shall rise,—
And then to his bright chambers in the west:—
Then to yon temple's altar;—then to thee;—
And then to me;—and then I clasp thee thus—
And kiss thee thus;—and that shall tell thee plain,
That on to-morrow night thou 'lt be my bride.

GANASSA.

Why then, methinks, I 'd better shut my eyes.
How wilt thou tell it then?

ANTILOCHUS.

Why then I 'll count
How many minutes till to-morrow night;—
And for each minute will I give a kiss;—
And that shall tell it thee.

GANASSA.

But if it fail?

ANTILOCHUS.

Why then I 'll call to mind that every minute
Hath three score seconds;—and, for every second,
I 'll give thee kisses.

GANASSA.

Well—I have not heard it:
No—nor yet seen it: nor shall kisses tell me;

But my dear father only. Come away,
And tell thy wish to him.

ANTILOCHUS.

I have, my love.

GANASSA.

You have? What said he, dear Antilochus?
Ah! you but jest;—I see it by your smile.

ANTILOCHUS.

Now, by the soft eye of the queen of smiles!
That smile speaks falsely if it saith I jest.

GANASSA.

What said he then?

ANTILOCHUS.

That—on to-morrow night—
For certain weighty reasons, to be told
When time shall serve,—that, on to-morrow night—
If so Ganassa please—

GANASSA.

Antilochus!

ANTILOCHUS.

Yes, love,—Antilochus—should call her——

GANASSA.

Hush!
I will not hear you, though it be but jest.

ANTILOCHUS.

Should call her—(*Embraces her.*)—Oh, Ganassa!—call thee his!

GANASSA.

To-morrow night?—It is impossible!

My father could not,—would not ——

ANTILOCHUS.

Hear me, love.
Now by yon ——

GANASSA.

Nay—no oaths. To morrow night?
It is so very sudden.

ANTILOCHUS.

Sudden, love?
Why, in six days this earth, and the deep sea,
And all that lives,—and the star-lighted heavens
Were planned and formed; and the enormous sun,
Even at a thought, amid the dark, void sky
Stood blazing:—surely four and twenty hours
May serve to tie a wedding-knot, sweet girl!—
But, look! your father comes:—if still you doubt
He will resolve you. Shall we meet him, love?

GANASSA.

Oh! no—no—no!—not now:—I'm very faint:
My heart is sick: I cannot see him now.
Bear with me for a moment: it will pass;—
And then——but no—I cannot see him yet.
In truth I'm very faint.

ANTILOCHUS.

Come, lean on me;
And rest you in the jasmine-bower awhile:—
And we will listen to the nightingale,
Who there all night in perfume sits, and sings

Sweet music to his love. I understand
The language of that bird; and will interpret
What 'tis he sings to the soft nestler there.
Hark! he begins—"To-morrow night, sweet love!"

GANASSA.

Nay—nay;—come, let us walk. How rich this breeze!

[*Exeunt.*

THE SEA CAVE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

Hardly we breathe, although the air be free.
How massively doth awful Nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea.
How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly,
And under its glassed surface seems to smile,
With many hues, a mimic grove the while,
Of foliage submarine—shrub, flower, and tree.
Beautiful scene! and fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid;
Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,
'Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,
May sport, at noontide, in the caverned shade,
Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

In her bosom deep
Love was once lying,
Hid all in odorous sleep :—
Now—Grief which cannot weep
Is always sighing.

II.

The bright day is fled ;
And eve is flying,
Over the mountain's head ;
And winged Faith is dead ;
And Hope is dying.

III.

She who loved thee so
Is a pale ruin ;
And on her maiden brow,
And in her eye, doth show
What comes of wooing !

A SCOTTISH TRADITION.

A Leaf from a Winter's Journal in London.

The first time I saw Sir Walter Scott was by chance. I happened to call in at one of the club-houses so fashionable in the metropolis, and to several of which my passion for studying the human character had stimulated me to gain an *entrée*. This was one of rather general resort, not being confined, like many others, to the members of any particular profession or pursuit. On entering a little comfortable room, usually frequented by those who preferred a few hours social chat, in a quiet corner, to passing the whole of a wet morning in the larger and more crowded apartments, over billiards or the newspapers, I found about half a dozen persons, all known to me excepting two gentlemen, neither of whom I had seen before. One of my old acquaintance nodded to me as I approached, pointing, with a significant silence and gesture, to a vacant chair. While I obeyed his finger, and took the seat, he turned with a bowing attentiveness to one of the strangers, whose discourse had evidently been

interrupted by the opening of the room door. All present seemed, by their looks, to share the impatience of my friend for his recommencement. Mechanically I directed my eyes and ears towards the object of attraction. He was circumstantially relating a curious matter of traditionary history, connected with a noble cavalier of the north (an ancestor of his own, I suspect), which happened during the troublous times of the year forty-five. It told well for the disinterested attachment of a brave man to a prince of fallen fortunes, and pleased me; but one or two romantic incidents concerning this gallant knight's protection, *sans peur, sans reproche*, of an unfortunate lady, who had followed the royal fugitive over sea, still further excited my sympathy. While the narrator went on with his story, I scanned him with the curiosity with which one is apt to regard an unusually entertaining person, whose name is entirely unknown to us. There was nothing about him that denoted him of the *caste* of visitants I commonly found at these London clubs. He was no author-like looking man, pale with laborious study, or glowing with the elation of conscious fame. Neither did he seem a military or a naval character; nor had he the aspect of the church, nor of the bar; nor did he appear at all like a *blue-stocking dandy*; for we have such, both in literature and taste, as eminent as of the toilet! "By his tongue, even if his story did not tell it," apostrophized I to myself, "I should know he came north of the Tweed. Assuredly, then, he must be

one of those *stalwarth lairds* of whom we now hear so much! living on their own paternal lands—stewards alike for themselves and the tenantry by whose ploughs they profit!"

I judged this from an intelligent shrewdness in his countenance, which sufficiently proved him not to be a man to trust those concerns in another's hand he could manage himself; while a certain benevolence shone in his eye, that as plainly indicated the natural kindness of his disposition. In speaking more precisely of his physiognomy, according to the rules of Spurzheim and Lavater, I would say, that his head (which a closely cut crop of darkish hair, a little straggling on the deeply-indented lofty brow, amply defined), might be *topographied* into all the hills and valleys of sound sense and penetrating intellect. His face presented features of a corresponding mould, and in what we might call rather a roughly-chiselled outline. Small, deep-set eyes; a short nose; with a remarkably long space between it and his most singularly expressive mouth, which, when not speaking, closed with peculiar firmness, while a constant and almost playful inflection of the parts around it gave such an animation to his silence, that, when I knew who he was, I noted this commonly misdeemed inharmonious distance between his features, as the very registering place where the varied characters of his wit and genius were imprinted in legible promise. The figure attached to this marked style of countenance, was of the middle order both in height and

bulk, and apparelled without any pretension—a plain setting, indeed best setting off such men. His diction partook of the same character—clear, forcible; not a word of ornament, excepting when the subject took that shape; and then the eloquence, or poetry of the language, lay in the objects of the scene, the circumstances of the adventure, or the nature of the sentiments expressed—not a jot in the dress of his phrases. He spoke in rather a broad Scotch tone, and used not a few of his native words and turns of expression, which, while they gave an air of more genuine truth to his narrative, imparted a something of homeliness to the manner, exciting perhaps a double interest by the very simplicity of the means. One of our audience, however, a young Oxonian, I perceived once or twice looked rather impatient at the frequent occurrence of these local terms. Had they been Greek they might, perhaps, have been more welcome to him than to most of us! but the muse of Robin Burns had long ago made every pithy scotticism translatable to me, and I continued to listen to the stranger with a yet more rivetted attention, while he recounted his hero's various extraordinary escapes, in bringing back his fair undone countrywoman from her ill-starred wanderings with a still more undone prince. Her name, during the recital, he evidently avoided mentioning; but my old acquaintance, who had seemed to take the lead in mute observance of the story, as evidently showing he did not choose to be submissively put

off, abruptly asked—"Whether he did not mean the celebrated Flora Macdonald?"

"No," was the point blank reply, though with a courteous bend of the body, that somewhat softened the direct rebuke. Everybody smiled, in spite of their own curiosity, sharing the reprimanded question; but he rose on the instant, and shaking our discomfited spokesman by the hand while bidding him good morning, turned with the same frank air of kindly farewell to the rest of the company, and walked away to withdraw. I then observed he was lame, halting a little on one foot; and on the door closing after him, was going to ask his name, when his late interrogator saved me the trouble, by suddenly exclaiming—"Ah, there he goes—true author of Waverley! occult in speech as on paper! and by this very mystery now, showing plainly that Flora Macdonald and his unfortunate lady were *bona fidé* the same forlorn damsel."

"No, you are quite mistaken;" reiterated a veteran-looking person, of the middle age but with grey hairs, who had hitherto sat totally, and apparently abstractedly, silent, in a sort of brown study, throughout the whole of the recital. He was the other stranger I had remarked on my entrance. My self-assured acquaintance started at this second quiet but firm denial, gazing on the speaker with surprise. The gentleman of grey hairs, and as grey a surtout, calmly continued.

"Flora Macdonald derived no real misfortune from

the part her heroism performed in the rescue of her native prince. A generous principle of loyalty alone was her motive; and having effected his escape from the threatened death, which by proclamation had been declared should succeed his being taken prisoner, she saw him embark from the beach of Scotland—and saw him no more. She indeed was left to the temporary resentment of the power she had baffled; but that over, to the lasting respect of all, even amongst her prince's enemies, who pity fallen greatness; for she was a virtuous woman!"

While our former interrogator was settling with himself how to digest this second and conclusive discomfiture of his sagacity, the Oxonian, with something of smiling compliment in his air, ventured to ask the respectable informant—"How he knew all this, since he spoke too legitimate English sound and phrase, to have sprung north of the Cheviot?"

"That is as it may be," was the reply. "Nevertheless, I have been long enough there, to have seen Flora Macdonald, and to have known her well. She was then, indeed, an old woman, but bore the traces of former beauty, in her large dark eyes, and in a mouth still wearing a singular expression of dignity and sweetness. She had been the wife of a brave and honourable man of her own name and clan; and was the mother of two children, a son and daughter, who have since proved worthy of their blood. She was a widow when I became

acquainted with her, living revered and beloved; and when I last saw her, it was amongst her descendants to the second generation."

The narrator paused; but on perceiving us all bend silently forward, as though wishing to learn more, he added, with evident pleasure at our attention,—"One of these young people, a grand-daughter of hers, told me some years ago, that a member of our present royal family chancing to hear the venerable lady was then still alive, and residing at Edinburgh, and supposing her circumstances might, in common with others, have suffered lasting dilapidation in the past unhappy times, caused it to be intimated to her, "that he was desirous of administering to her comforts, from a just feeling, that the protectoress of one British prince in misfortune, should be repaid in her own necessity, by the assistance of another in more prosperous days." She answered, "that her means were equal to her wants and her wishes;" and declined the offer, though with becoming respect and gratitude. Such, then, gentlemen, was Flora Macdonald!—spotless in youth, disinterested in age. She is now dead and buried; and well might it be written on her tomb-stone—

> "Death, ere thou strike such another,
> Brave, and fair, and pure as she,
> Time shall throw his dart at thee!"

There was a sort of thoughtful hush for a moment or two after the gentleman had ceased speaking, who, meanwhile, took his stick from the floor, where it had

fallen, and then rose to depart. Our Oxford student immediately started from his chair also, and broke the silence by exclaiming—"We thank you, sir, for this anecdote; and beg the Scottish heroine's pardon. Yet certainly it has always been a general impression with us Southrons, that Flora Macdonald was at least in love with the young Pretender!"

"Then you see, sir," replied the veteran, "that, notwithstanding the smoke in the adage, general impressions are not always to be relied on. Beside, from a little adventure that occurred to myself in my youth, I have a guess at the unhappy lady of Sir Walter's tale." He was moving away with the last word, but I put my hand on his arm, and earnestly begged him to satisfy our curiosity, with a knowledge of who so interesting a person as Sir Walter's unfortunate lady really was.

"As to that, I can only speak from conjecture," returned he; "yet you shall know my premises:—if it indeed be granted fair, to offer conjecture on aught yon great master of the human heart would seem to conceal." He smiled as he spoke, but with an expression of countenance we could not quite understand, and then turned his head, as if the expression of his eyes should not help us out with a meaning himself did not choose we should read very plainly. With one voice, however, we all urged him to indulge us with his surmise at least, and with a civil sort of force pressed him down into the seat he had just vacated. "It is but a heathen practice,"

cried he, laughing, "to make an oracle speak by compulsion! However, you shall have it." He then gazed on the floor a moment or two, appearing to recollect with a tender pensiveness, the days he was to recall, and thus began:—

"What I shall relate, happened many years before I saw Flora Macdonald. I was a little boy, and had been playing on the grass before the door of my mother's house, in a rather sequestered village, though only a mile from Edinburgh. The evening was very sultry; and, while at my amusement, I looked up frequently, to observe a gentleman walking to and fro in the pathway beyond the grass, and of sufficiently singular appearance to attract the notice of a child. He was a person of a slight figure, dressed in deep, faded mourning, and with the extraordinary appendage to such a garb, of a tartan plaid wrapped round him in the military fashion. This, when I saw him near, appeared also tarnished in its colours, and rent in various places. He held a rose in his hand, to which he at times seemed earnestly talking; sometimes walking fast, sometimes slow; but by his step he appeared feeble, and a child readily concluded he must be old. After a little while, he sat down on a broken bench, backed by the hollow branchless trunk of the once May-garlanded tree of the village. When I became a man, I often remembered the strange coincidence of the living, with the inanimate object. He was seated at no great distance from me, and taking off his hat, wiped his forehead with a

handkerchief he took from his bosom, after having carefully placed his rose there. His hair was of a silver whiteness; and it reminded me of my dear kind grandfather, who had not been long dead. I got up, and ran to him; and, taking his hand, asked him to go in to my mother, who would give him something to wash and cool his brow, as she used to do to my grandpapa, when he was sick, before he died. I never shall forget the poor gentleman's countenance and manner, when I thus spoke to him, and hung by his hand; nor can I ever forget that hand, so small, so white, and soft, as I played with it and caressed it, in my beseechings that he would go in with me; for I saw tears stealing down his cheeks, while he gazed silently upon me. My young eyes gazed with admiring pity on his face. Its surface seemed soft as his hand, and was fair even to lily paleness, excepting where many small blue veins traversed the delicately moulded chin. In short, every feature of that faded face had been shaped to beauty. The eyes, of then dimmed azure blue, were yet sweeter than any I have since looked upon. The scattered grey hairs, or rather locks of snowy whiteness, hung partially over them. There were no wrinkles on the brow, nor on the cheek; but there was a marking—I know not what to call it—that told that youth was fled! Sorrow, too, had stamped its frequent track; and, child as I was, I well knew its characters; I had read them often on my mother's waning features, for she was a widow.

"While I was still addressing to him my unavailing entreaties, my mother herself descried us from our parlour window; and attracted by the extraordinary appearance of the stranger, and my clinging position, came out herself, and approached us. I met her eagerly, telling her of the old gentleman;—for what is not absolutely young, is always absolutely old, to children,—of his fatigue and tears, and refusal to come and rest himself under our roof. My mother drew near, and her persuasions were soon successful. The stranger rose from the bench; I offered him my shoulder to lean on; he placed the little white hand there, and we led him into the house. Seated in our parlour, while the refreshment my mother had called for was spreading before him, his eyes roamed around the apartment, fixing where my deceased grandfather's plumed bonnet and sword hung. His plaid, the tartan of our clan, was suspended under them, with the old victor, round shield of Scotland's independent battles. My grandfather's burial 'scutcheon covered the pannel beneath. When the servant left the room, my mother invited her guest to eat, but his attention could not be withdrawn from the objects on which he had fixed his eyes. While he was gazing there, I had been prattling the history, I had often heard, of those arms; and how he who owned them, had borne them valiantly on the plain of Culloden; where he had been left for dead, after having twice saved the life of his prince in that mortal contest. The stranger then told my mother, with much agitation,

that he had been a soldier in his youth.—'I, too, fought and *fell!*' cried he, 'in the year forty-five!—I received a wound—worse than death—I shall never recover from it!' and he put his hand to his head, and looked so wildly melancholy, that my mother drew me towards her. I was then passing her with a knife in my hand, to offer an apple to him, I had culled from the basket on the table. He saw her movement, and too promptly understood it.

"'Kind lady,' cried he, rising from his chair, 'I told your son I was unfit for any shelter but the wide heavens; yet my wound harms no one but myself,—all the rest of the world are whole, and may be happy!—and why should I talk of things which I see make you fear so poor a worm as I am!'

"He turned, and, with a hurried but firmer step, walked towards the door. His eye was then dry, but my mother's overflowed; memory, as well as pity, was then busy with her own heart. 'You must not go, sir!' cried she; 'if I have undesignedly given pain to the afflicted, my offence is my punishment. Come back! I am a child of sorrow myself! That fatal year deprived this boy of his name and his inheritance!—Come back! whoever you may be; the daughter of—an attainted Scot—requires it of you!'

"The stranger turned, and looked on my mother with a faint colour rising to his cheek; he bowed his head, too, with an air of reverence. His hand was pressed

close to his heart, and his lip quivered, yet he smiled. But never shall I forget the anguish of that smile. 'I cannot go back;' he replied; 'I ought never to have come back anywhere. Banishment for sin!—wandering for the desolate!' 'No,' cried my mother, 'the adherents of Charles Edward were unfortunate;—might be mistaken in their zeal; but their fidelity was no sin! Come, then, and rest awhile with the last descendants of your royal master's truest friend!'

"He became very pale, and trembled much, looking to the door and to the windows, as if he knew not from which to make his escape. His eye was very wild at the moment.—'No, lady;' answered he; 'fidelity is not always holy. I rest no where any more,—my doom is wandering, and I must fulfil it.' There was an expression of long seated woe, in all this half insanity, that went to my mother's soul, and she burst into tears. The stranger was then hurrying to the room door. Something appalled, I hastened to open it, with my eyes anxiously fixed on his face. He stopped—took from out of his vest the rose I had seen him hide there; he put it into my hand.—'There,' said he, 'it is a white one!—Time cannot wither it, else I should not have kept it so many, many years.—Take it, sweet cherub, and lay it on your innocent breast; and when you press it there night and morning, pray God to pardon a breaking heart!'

"I now wept with my mother; while, with a sigh that seemed heaved from the very depths of his soul, he passed

through the open door-way. Thence we heard his steps on the paved floor of our little hall, and then out upon the green path. My mother and myself, with yet dripping eyes, looked after him through the parlour window till he totally disappeared at the angle of the village lane.

"'Who can he be?' muttered she to herself. Inquiry amongst our country neighbours, could bring her no information; only that such a person as she described, had been seen wandering along the fields towards Edinburgh late in the evening. But our village market-man from that city, two days afterwards, explained the mystery.—A person so apparelled, in crossing the Cannon-gate towards Holyrood-house had slipped his foot on a stone and fallen; and at the next instant, a four-horse dray-cart, having escaped from its driver, one of its wheels was dragged across the prostrate body. The poor gentleman was taken up insensible, apparently much hurt, and carried by some who had seen the accident, to the city infirmary. One of the party who chanced to be near at the time, and who had been an old jacobite serjeant, bore his share of the litter which conveyed the unfortunate unknown, with a secret and apprehensive curiosity; for he recognized the plaid then covering the deathlike face of the stranger, to be the peculiar check of two colours, worn only by Prince Charles himself when in Scotland. The common royal tartan of the Stuarts was of a distinctly different pattern. He whispered his observations to one of the hospital attendants, a friend of his own; and when the object of their

joint particular interest was taken into a ward, and laid before the surgeons, it was discovered that not only an arm was fractured, but two ribs dangerously broken,—and that the sufferer was a woman!"——

"Hah!" we all exclaimed at once; but uttered not a word more, still hanging with close attention on the lips of the speaker. He continued—

"A few hours declared she could not live; when she was told her state, and urged to reveal her name, she wrote with a pencil on a piece of paper,—'I have forfeited my name. But send to the manse of Dunkenneth; for those are there who will come to lay in a decent grave the last remains of an unhappy, distracted wanderer from their christian care. This handwriting will explain to them who they are called upon to bury—and forget.'

"The paper was sealed and dispatched. The next morning witnessed the arrival of a venerable minister and his aged sister. They acknowledged the sufferer to be their near relation; that for many years she had been visited with occasional fits of mental aberration, but had never before strayed away, even to a cotter's door, from the deep seclusion in which, during all that time, she had hidden herself, until within the preceding week; and that they, her alarmed friends, were sedulously making every inquiry after the poor fugitive, when their search was so sadly terminated by the delivery of the note brought by the messenger from the Edinburgh infirmary.

"The old couple were conducted to the room of their

dying relative; now, perhaps by the loss of blood, restored to her sanest state; and the meeting, which I have frequently heard described by a person then present, drew tears from the sternest spectator. The scene soon ended. —She died with her own kindred praying over her. They closed her eyes; and the old lady, after *streeking* the fair, emaciated corpse, wrapped it, first in a linen winding-sheet, and then in Prince Charles's plaid.—It was the one he had worn himself. It had ever since been the cherished covering of that poor mourner's fond, yet penitent bosom; and the pious performer of these last rites, weeping bitterly, told the venerable minister her brother, who had pushed the plaid aside as if with some feeling against its presence there, that she could not bring her conscience to see virtue in separating it from that broken heart. The good man acquiesced: and the same night they took the unhappy lady's remains to their own home, and buried her in the village church-yard. I afterwards visited the grave with my mother. It was green and dewy. I plucked yarrow there, and laid it with the withered rose she gave me. And so slept Jeannie Cameron."

At this termination we all uttered ejaculations of surprise or pity. The narrator, meanwhile, with a deeply pensive expression passing over his whole countenance, stretched out his hand to the table to take his hat, and rose from his chair. We then started from ours, thanking him variously, according to our different temperaments, for the entertainment he had given us. The Oxonian,

with a burst of enthusiasm, suddenly exclaimed, "It is a strange, a most interesting account! and—if I may indeed consider it authentic—I think I could almost make a pilgrimage to that grave myself. Poor, poor Jeannie Cameron!" and the young scholar, something more affected than I could have expected from his volatile demeanour, swept the corner of his glove through the watery twinkle of his eye. The narrator of the story regarded him a moment with a gentle smile, then replied,

"'Tis true I am unknown here, and you may reasonably doubt a nameless troubadour! But you all know Sir Walter Scott. Ask him, and he will verify the fact, that in his boyhood this tale was told as having just happened in Edinburgh;—that so she wandered,—so she died!"

With the concluding words, his countenance resumed its former placid melancholy; and bowing round to us with the courteous air of one accustomed to pay respect, and to receive it, he left the room.

"Who can he be?" instantly passed from one to the other of us. Nobody knew with whom he had come in. The waiters declared he did not belong to the club; and from that hour, none of our party ever either saw or heard of him.

Esher. J. P.

NAPOLEON AT THE KREMLIN.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

I.

Deeply shadowed by the night,
On the platformed tower he stands;
And his lonely hour is bright
With the dream of conquered lands,
Where the chosen of his legions have striven!
Where his plumed host appears,
And its soaring eagle bears
Its boast of blood and tears
Unto heaven!

II.

Hushed in silent midnight sleep
The city lies below;
And the watch-call hoarse and deep,
As he paceth to and fro,
Breaks sternly its mighty repose!
Lo! kindling one by one,
A thousand lights are shown,—
Each meteor-like and lone
Brightly glows!

III.

"Say! hath the licensed hour,
With years of danger bought,—
Hath the wine-cup's wanton power
To my hardy veterans taught
The excesses of corruption and shame?
Have they bade yon flames arise
To tell the crimson skies
That the stain of outrage lies
On our name?

IV.

"Or doth my warriors' mirth
Yon fires in triumph raise,
To scare the shuddering earth
With the terrors of their blaze?
Like a flag of defiance unfurled,
Doth yon flood of radiance flow
From our camp?" "Invader,—no!
'Tis a beacon-fire, whose glow
Cheers the world!"

V.

"Lo! its fury rageth higher,
Columned upward to the sky,
Like that pyramid of fire
Which shone, of old, on high
To pilot the loved of the Lord!

Soldiers of Fame! come forth,—
Let the Empress of the North
Note your valour's daring worth
At my word!

VI.

Tear down each smoking wall
Of her city doomed to death,
Ere her towers unaided fall,
Lie bravely earthed beneath,
Where the bulwarks of her strength darkly nod!"
"Invader! stay thy hand,—
Those mighty flames are fanned
By the patriots of the land,
And their God!"

VII.

Dreamedst thou with patient grief
They would look on, to see
The conqueror of their chief
Issue forth his proud decree,
To humble the city of their sires?
Rather, let ruin come!
Let each altar-hallowed dome,
Let each loved, and peaceful home
Feed its fires!

VIII.

Hark! the gathering flames roar 'round
Like the ocean's troubled bed!
With a fiery show'r, the ground
And the stifling air are red;—
Blazing fragments fall fast on the tower,
Where the stores of ordnance lie
Prompt for death.—Invader! fly,
'Tis a nation's rallying cry
Rules the hour!

IX.

The sulphurous smoke pours down
To mock the conqueror's flight—
Flames gather like a crown
Round the Kremlin's sacred height:—
Invader! thy minions shall find
That before the blazing war
Of yon flames that shed afar
Their glorious light—thy star
Hath declined!"

THE SWALLOW.

BY THE REV. E. W. BARNARD.

The visitress of man, on earth
She resteth not her flagging wing,
But seeks at once the blessed roof
To which in youth she loved to cling.

She feedeth not on earthly food,
But, glancing through the sunny sky,
Seems from the very element
To gather immortality!

For who hath ever found her grave,
Or seen her virgin form decay?
When wintry death is prowling round,
Where lives she then? Aloft,—away!

Her flight is won: but hath she left
Nought but her clay-built nest behind?
No treasure to reward her host,
No moral to refresh his mind?

Yes: she hath shown him constant love,
Contentment with her simple lot;
And scorn of earth, o'er which *his* soul
Passeth—like her—but tarrieth not!

STANZAS.

BY NATHAN DRAKE, ESQ. M. D.

The star burnt bright o'er Alton grove;
Young Emma struck the chorded shell;
It breathed a minstrel's tale of love,
And told of pity's potent spell.

I heard the maid, deep in her bower,
Chaunt sweet and sad the tender strain,
I heard with what prevailing power
Can love and minstrel-skill complain.

O what were man, as on he treads
With feeble step his vale of wrong,
Unfelt the balm which pity sheds!
Unknown the hallowed light of song!

THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE LOIRE.

BY P. M. JAMES, ESQ.

I.

O'ER the green borders of the Loire the evening breezes played,
And there a Gallic maiden sate beneath the walnut shade.
Meekly the vesper hymn she sang, in accents sweet and clear,
"Queen of Heaven, pray for me!—Virgin Mother, hear!"

II.

It was the sabbath eventide, and peace dwelt in the vale;
There was beauty on the rippling stream, and freshness in the gale:
The maiden told her rosary, and sang, with accents clear,
"Queen of Heaven, pray for me!—Virgin Mother, hear!"

III.

Green and purple were the hues of the vines upon the hill;
A little flock lay scattered round where sunbeams lingered still;

They gazed upon that gentle girl, as she sang, with accents mild,
"Queen of Heaven pray for me!—Protect thy lonely child!"

IV.

I know not if a thought of love disturbed her bosom's rest,
Or whether early sorrow dimmed the mirror of her breast;
But as she sang she softly sighed, and dropped a glistening tear,—
"Queen of Heaven, pray for me!—Virgin Mother, hear!"

V.

At length a little maiden came, with locks more bright than gold,
To call her sister from the field to lead her flock to fold;
And she took up the solemn strain, and sang with accents clear,
"Queen of Heaven, pray for us!—Virgin Mother, hear!"

VI.

While evening's planet faintly shone upon the brow of night,
They winded slowly through the vale, till lost in dim twilight.
But still I heard the vesper hymn, by distance made more clear,
"Queen of Heaven, pray for us!—Virgin Mother, hear!"

HENRI LAROCHE JAQUELEIN TO HIS SOLDIERS.

Si j'avance suivez moi ; si je recule tuez moi ; si je meurs vengez moi !

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

T'was in that fatal fever-trance
Which ages yet may mourn,
When all the fairest fields of France
Lay wasted and forlorn.

Before his band a leader stood
With dauntless look and tone,
And offered up his young life-blood
For the altar and the throne!

In brighter days, and happier hours,
'Mid Pleasure's gay resorts,
He had shone the pride of Beauty's bowers,
The darling of her courts!

But young Henri's darker lot was cast
Amid the hapless brave;
The hour of conflict was his last,
The battle-field his grave!

And his spirit sank in lone despair
As he looked on his feeble throng,
For they were but a handful there,
And their foes were thousands strong.

Alas! a weak and wasted band
Was all that cause could bring;
And few there were in all the land
For God and for their king!

And there, 'mid pause of eye and breath,
Ere yet the thunders woke,
Their leader gave the charge of death,
And thus brave Henri spoke:

"If, soldiers, in yon hostile ranks
Your leader's form ye see,
Then rush like rivers o'er their banks,
And comrades follow me!

"But should I play a coward part,
And shrink in yonder strife,
Then plunge your sabres in my heart,
And take a traitor's life.

" But, brethren, if I brave my lot,
And find a glorious doom ;
If my knell be yonder cannon-shot,
And this green sward my tomb ;

" Then, comrades, vent no idle woes,
Nor waste in sighs your breath ;
But on ! and let your slaughtered foes
Avenge your leader's death !"

THE IVY.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

Methinks I hate the ivy : for it clings
Not in affection. Like the parasite,
Its close embrace brings but a surer blight.
Death lurks amid the intertwisted strings,
And round about its treacherous arms it flings,
As Delilah the unsuspecting might
Of Samson. Ay ; and say it mocks the sight
With specious greenness, when the winter brings
Its withering breath o'er all the world beside,
Then least of all the ivy pleaseth me,
Despite its seeming. 'Tis still envy's way,
Smiling the desolation round to see,
When others droop, to wax in double pride,
And, only in their fruitage, find decay.

BALLAD.

BY JOHN CLARE.

I.

THERE is a tender flower,
Yet found in every clime,
That decks the rudest bower,
Nor stays for place or time.
In caves and desert sands,
Unblest with sun or shower,
Wherever life expands,
Is found this tender flower.

II.

Where storms with keenest breath
Bid stronger flowers decay—
Where suns even shun its birth,
It is content to stay.
In sunshine and in gloom,
As if 'twere sorrow's dower,
In Grief's lap it will bloom,
Or die a lovely flower.

III.

Within life's wilderness
  This fond and tender flower
Doth every bosom bless,
  And garlands Sorrow's bower.
Rude Falsehood may despise
  Its bloom when in its power,
And idle themes devise
  To mock this injured flower.

IV.

Yet truth hath long agreed
  To call it first of flowers,
Though treated like a weed
  Too oft in Folly's bowers.
On earth it loves to dwell,
  Though blest with heavenly power,
And sure I need not tell
  That Love's the lauded flower.

TO A BROKEN WATCH.

BY MISS HOLFORD.

I.

Oh, mute machine, what figurest thou?—
Thou hast no tongue to tell me now:
The symbol thou art
Of a broken heart,
Which no more can tremble or glow.

II.

Some blow has crushed thy master-spring,
Thou art a senseless, speechless thing!
And the voice that told
How time grew old,
Has done with its answering.

III.

Silent wreck of the power of art,
Yes, thou art like a broken heart,
Which lies in the breast
With its pulse at rest,
And has ceased to quiver and smart!

IV.

To it, in vain, on leaden wings,
Hopes, and sorrows, and cares, Time brings;
Its impulse is crushed,
Its answer is hushed,
A wreck are its wheels and springs!

V.

The master-pulse is motionless,
Mute alike to sorrow or bliss!—
Some mechanist's skill
May renew *thee* still,
But what art can remedy this!

STANZAS.

BY JOSIAH CONDER, ESQ.

I.

Yes: his was love sincere and deep
As ever glowed in human breast:—
But, dearest, 'twill not break his sleep,
That thou hast made another blest.

II.

Though, were he here, my happier love,
His breast with jealous hate might fill,
Yet, he with purer flame above,
And I, on earth, may love thee still.

III.

Or, if this dim and distant scene
Lie open to a spirit's eye,
He may look down in joy serene,
And bless us both without a sigh.

IV.

He knew not—it was all unknown—
We had not met—and who could tell?—
Thy charmed heart was then my own:
He died—and I have burst the spell.

V.

He died: and oft, my love, I feel
As if that friend had died for me.
And sure his fate a tear should steal,
Which once I feared my own might be.

VI.

Mine might have been the nameless doom,
Love hopeless, silent, unconfessed;
The exile and the early tomb,
Where Love, and Hope, and Sorrow rest.

VII.

Why dost thou love me? Did I more
Deserve to win that heart of thine?—
That heart which never loved before!
My blessed love—and art thou mine?

1814.

THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

A Scene from an unpublished Journal.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

During the recent expedition of Mohammed Ali Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, against the Wahabees of the Hedjaz, his highness was detained in the Holy Land of the Mohammedans a longer period than he had anticipated on his first setting out for the war. Neither the tomb of the Prophet at Medina, nor the temple of the Faithful at Mecca, could console him for the loss of his harem, which he had left behind him at the Egyptian capital, in the hope of his speedy return to the palace in which they were immured. He had accordingly sent off expresses by the fleetest dromedaries, commanding the whole of his wives and their attendants to be brought to him; and a large caravan being about to be formed, for the purpose of accompanying and convoying them on their route, I availed myself of this favourable opportunity to cross the Desert of Suez under its protection; and after the usual preparations for such a journey, encamped

with the rest, on the banks of the Buket-el-Hadji, or the Lake of the Pilgrims, a few miles from Cairo, which forms the grand rendezvous at which all the scattered elements of the caravans are finally united, and from whence they set out in the order necessary for their security.

At noon the first signal gun for loading was fired, when all was bustle and confusion; and the breaking up of the tents, harnessing the animals to the clumsy carriages constructed for the conveyance of the Pasha's wives and principal slaves, loading the camels which had all been watered at the lake in the morning, arranging the stations of the Turkish cavalry as guards, &c., occupied all parties until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon.

At length, on the firing of a second gun, the whole caravan was put in motion, and commenced its march in the following order:—An advanced guard of horsemen, (at the head of whom was the "Emir-el-Hadji, or Prince of the Pilgrims," a title given to the chief conductor of the caravan), kept their station two or three miles a-head, so as to be almost always within sight, except when hidden from the view by a hollow in the sands, of which there are many, resembling the space left between two succeeding billows in a tempest; and as vessels sink between the rising waves, so as to be lost for a moment from the sight of those around them, so even on this desert plain the same effect is produced by

many furrows, which intercept its otherwise level surface. In front of the caravan, and immediately preceding it, was a six-pound iron cannon, very loosely fitted as a field-piece, on a heavy car, and drawn by four horses. On each side of this were parties of about twenty horsemen in each, whose province it appeared to be to keep an equal line, by riding up and down the breadth of the front, and checking those who were too far advanced, as well as bringing up by a quicker pace those who appeared to tarry behind. Following in succession came separate trains of camels, some of which contained more than fifty animals in a line. In the centre a large space was left for the harem of the Pasha, the principal personages of which were conveyed each in a separate vehicle, resembling an Indian palanquin, closed on all sides round with hollow lattice work, very gaudily painted and gilded, and borne between two camels.

All the attendant females, whether companions, servants, or slaves, were borne on camels in a kind of tented pannier, one of them suspended on each side of the animal, so that the pair of tents contained two persons, who faced each other, and were sheltered from the sun by the canvas, which at once covered them, and curtained them from the prying eyes of curious passengers. In front of the central group were a pedestrian band of musicians, who walked between the two principal palanquins as they kept their pace abreast of each other; and whenever their portion of the caravan halted

for a few minutes, which happened frequently from the pressure of those before, or the intervention of very trifling obstacles, they beguiled the tedium of the delay by an Arabic song, accompanying the voices with the common instruments in use among them.

As it was considered more than probable that the known passage of the Pasha's harem across the desert might attract the Bedouins of the surrounding country, under the hope of being able to plunder them of their jewels, &c., they were completely hemmed in the centre of the caravan; and very strongly guarded also by two detachments of fifty men each, under the separate commands of Ibrahim Pasha and Ismael Pasha, the viceroy's sons, whose mothers were also among the principal females of those whom they protected. On the right and left of the centre, and about the same distance from the nearest limits of the edge of the caravan as the advanced guard were from its front, two parties of horsemen formed what might be called the wing guards, as their province was to keep a good look-out in their respective quarters, and to protect that portion of the caravan nearest to which they were placed. Behind came trains of camels, fastened to each other in long lines; and last of all, was a party of about twenty horsemen, apparently for the purpose of keeping the caravan as compactly as possible together, while a rear guard, at the distance of from two to three miles astern, brought up the whole.

The route taken by the caravan was the central or most generally frequented one, being to the northward of that which I had pursued in a former journey across the desert to Suez, and resembling it in soil, having a firm and hard gravel, over which artillery and baggage-waggons might be drawn with ease; indeed, beside the field-piece car, which was drawn in front, there were several other wheeled carriages accompanying the harem in the present caravan.

Toward sunset we had on our left a long line of sand-hills, whose summits were pointed and variegated in a thousand forms, and their fine outlines, more accurately defined as evening advanced, formed a beautiful contrast, by opposing their yellow edges to the deep azure of a serene sky. At Muggrib, the hour when twilight ends, the signal gun was fired to halt; and while the camels reposed on the ground without being unladen, the pilgrims of the caravan performed their ablutions and evening prayers, and another hour was allowed for supper. As the former was a duty in which I did not join, and the latter was entirely omitted for want of inclination, I profitted by the interval to throw myself along upon the sand, and catch a short repose; but to sleep was impossible. Appetite to eat I had none; to have drank wine, with the high fever which continued on me, would have been poison; and of water no supply had been laid in, from an expectation that the chief to whose care and protection I had been commended, would afford it

to me from his tent, as well as every other species of provisions; so that subsequently, when unable to endure any longer the parched thirst that oppressed me, I was obliged to alight, and, walking by the side of the camel, to suck from a goat's skin the putrid water which our drivers had provided for the asses and beasts of burthen —they having, for their own use, only a small kid's skin full, which the impossibility of replenishing in the desert made them carefully preserve.

When night advanced its darkness was very sensibly lessened by the yellowish whiteness of the plains around, as well as by the unclouded sky, which yielded us a clear and steady light from the brilliant orbs that studded it, whose lustre, through the clear transparency of a desert atmosphere in southern climates, surpasses in the highest degree the brilliancy which they shed on those who inhabit beneath the humid and cloudy canopy of a northern sky.

The halt of our caravan being nearly three hours, it must have been about ten o'clock when the cannon announced to us the order for remounting. Immediately the camels were raised, the portable table service of their oriental riders thrown into their bags, and in less than a quarter of an hour every one had resumed his station.

For the supposed safer direction of our midnight march, a considerable number of torches had been lighted, the largest of them consisting of a long pole, having on its summit a circular frame work of iron, after the manner

of a cage, in which a fire is borne aloft, and fed with wood as occasion requires. These torches were not only dispersed amongst the body of the caravan itself, but were carried also before the advanced, the wing, and the rear guards; who, excepting at momentary intervals, when they were hidden by the inequalities of the road, were always in sight. Amid all my sufferings from fatigue, inconvenience, and severe illness, it was impossible to be perfectly prepared for the impressions which our situation was so well calculated to excite; yet I am sure they occasionally lost for a moment their poignancy, if they were not altogether forgotten, in the admiration with which I viewed so grand a spectacle as the one that this hour of midnight presented. The caravan consisted of more than five thousand camels, besides mules, asses, wheeled carriages, &c.; and the number of persons who accompanied it, mounted and on foot, were certainly double. The four points of the horizon were intercepted by the separate groups of lights that accompanied those respective divisions of our surrounding guards; although while the waving movements of the lights themselves were distinctly marked, not an individual, either of the Arabs by whom they were borne, or of the guard, whose path they were intended to illuminate, could at all be seen. Immediately around us, the crowded caravan pursued its march in the most compact, and closest order, to the unbroken preservation of which every individual was induced to attend by a regard to his own personal safety;

when it was considered that we had entered a desert, before whose tribes, if they attacked us, flight would be ineffectual, and upon whose naked plains no refuge from them could be found. The Arab drivers sang to their camels most appropriate songs; alternately encouraging them to continue with unslackened steps towards the fountain whose streams awaited their arrival, and promising to lead them to a spot where wells and herbage would reward them with a sweet repast; then imploring Allah to give strength and firmness to their limbs, and steadiness to all their paces; while the beasts themselves seemed really conscious of approbation and encouragement being implied in the sounds they heard, most probably from their frequent repetition. I have never listened to them myself without considerable pleasure, from knowing how unaffected is the attachment which the Arabs bear towards their animals in general; and it has always forcibly recalled to my memory the general truth, as well as beauty, of that affecting address which Hassan makes to his camels while traversing the desert at midday, so poetically expressed by Collins in the second of his Oriental Eclogues:

> "Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
> In all my griefs a more than equal share!
> Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
> Or moss crowned fountains mitigate the day,
> In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
> Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
> Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found,
> And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around!"

In short, all the variety of scenes, of circumstances, and of recollections, arising out of our immediate situation, contributed only to heighten the interest of it; while the slow and steady pace of the camels; the song of their drivers; the countless number of torches that blazed through every part of the caravan; the flying squadrons of horse that galloped through our lines, and skirted their extremes, to preserve the compact order of our march; the scattered parties of Arab musicians who surrounded the litters or palanquins of the harem; and the repeated cries of "Ish Allah!" that were heard at intervals from every quarter, being pronounced in such a tone of voice as to rise superior to the mingled tumult of other sounds; altogether formed a scene, which, for grandeur and impressive effect, I have seldom seen equalled, certainly never surpassed, and of which it would not be easy soon to lose the remembrance.

I WATCH FOR THEE!

Ballad.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

I.

I WATCH for thee! when parting day
Sheds on the earth a lingering ray;
When his last blushes o'er the rose,
A richer tint of crimson throws;
And evrey floweret's leaves are curled,
Like Beauty shrinking from the world!
When silence reigns o'er lawn and lea,
Then, dearest love! I watch for thee!

II.

I watch for thee! when eve's first star
Shines dimly in the heavens afar;
And twilight's mists, and shadows grey,
Upon the lake's broad waters play.
When not a breeze nor sound is heard
To startle evening's lonely bird;

But hushed is ev'n the humming bee ;—
Then, dearest love ! I watch for thee !

III.

I watch for thee,—when on the eyes
Of childhood, slumber gently lies ;
When sleep has stilled the noisy mirth
Of playful voices round our hearth ;
And each young cherub's fancy glows,
With dreams that only childhood knows,
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—
Then, dearest love ! I watch for thee !

IV.

I watch for thee, hope of my heart !
Returning from the crowded mart
Of worldly toil, and worldly strife,
And all the busy scene of life !
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,
A moment's space, the shade of care,
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be
The rain-bow of the storm to thee !

THE SWORD OF WALLACE.

> The sword that was fit for archangel to wield
> Was light in his terrible hand!
>
> *Campbell.*

The patriot's sword!—A talisman thou art,
That conjurest up the old heroic years
When Wallace, leading forth the Scottish spears,
To bravery fired the veriest coward's heart.
What men are we in these degenerate days!—
The blade which his terrific arm could wield,
As, Titan-like, he swept the carnaged field,
Sinews of modern strength can barely raise.—
Oh, Wallace, Wallace! champion of our rights,
Preserver of our land, there is no name,
From Thule to far Tweed, which so delights
The common ear: thine is a household fame,
To wondering youth carolled by grey-haired dame,
And thrilling shepherds on the thymy heights.

Δ.

Painted by Copley Fielding.

Engraved by E. Finden.

GOODRICH CASTLE.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

Thou sylvan Wye, since last my feet
Wandered along thy margin sweet,
I 've gazed on many a far-famed stream,—
Have seen the Loire's bright waters gleam,
Seen Arveiron from its wild source gush,
The dull Scheldt creep, the swift Rhone rush,
And Arve, the proud Alps' froward child,
Run murmuring through its regions wild.

But none to my delighted eye
Seemed lovelier than my own sweet Wye,
Through meads of living verdure driven,
'Twixt hills that seem earth's links to heaven;
With sweetest odours breathing round,
With every woodland glory crowned,
And skies of such cerulean hue,
A veil of such transparent blue,
That God's own eye seems gazing through.

And thou, proud Goodrich, changed and worn,
By time and war, and tempest torn,
Still stand'st thou by that lovely stream
Though passed thy glory like a dream;
Stand'st, like a monitor, to say
How nature lives 'midst art's decay,
Or, like a spectre, haunting yet
The spot where all its joys were set.

Time hallowed pile! no more, no more
Thou hear'st the hostile cannon roar;
No more bold chiefs thy drawbridge pace
To battle, tournament, or chase;
No more the valiant man thy towers;
No more the lovely grace thy bowers;
Nor bright eyes smile o'er the guitar;
Nor the trump stirs bold hearts to war.

The falling meteor o'er thee shoots;
The dull owl in thy chambers hoots;
Now doth the creeping ivy twine
Where once bloomed rose and eglantine;
And there where once, in rich array,
Met lords, and knights, and ladies gay,
The bat is clinging to those walls,
And the fox nestles in those halls.

MUTABILITY.

GREECE AND TROY.

BY JAMES EMERSON, ESQ.

The sun, as he sunk, was just kissing the sea,
And its snowy-plumed billows dashed fiery and free,
For his image was cast on each wave as it rolled,
And each billow was streaming with azure and gold.
His rays were just lighting his fane in the west,
And spreading his bright crimson couch for his rest,
Whilst far he illumined each hill and each plain,
And the isles seemed as diamonds that studded the main.

And I saw a bright host that swept over the sea,
As countless as waves of eternity;
On, on through the isles of the ocean they bore,
And in silence they past by each wave-beaten shore;
Whilst the fisherman ceased in amaze from his song
To gaze as they glided in glory along:
Nought moved but the wave they were leaving behind;
No sound but their sail as it flapped in the wind;
And I gazed, and I gazed till the last of that host
In the maze of the islands was distant and lost.

Again I beheld them alight on a strand,
In myriads as vast as its numberless sand:
Their barks were drawn up in long lines on the shore,
And their camps and their tents were extended before.
Behind them a city stretched widely and far,
And around it they fruitlessly waged the long war;
For its streets by the footsteps of heroes were trod,
And its walls had been built by the hand of a god*.
And within seemed a forest of turrets and spires;
Its towers were all blazing with watch-lights and fires;
And they seemed with the hosts of that city to strive;
And they toiled as the bees in the sun round their hive.

Again I beheld them:——those walls were o'erthrown,
And their slaughtered defenders around them were strown.
And the streams of the river that flowed by their side;
Rolled redly and bloodly along to the tide.
Their towers were in flames, and their temples profaned;
Their priests had been murdered,—their altars were stained;
Their youths and their heroes had sunk in the grave;
And the victors had stamped on their aged—"a slave."

I gazed from the wreck of that wall o'er the plain,
And I saw they were launching their vessels again;
And the remnant of those who escaped from the fray
Were dragging their barks through the surf and the spray.

* Neptune and Apollo.

They turned from that shore with their snowy white sail,
And their pennon again floated wild on the gale;
And I gazed, and I gazed till the last of that host
Again in the maze of the islands was lost.

When long years had rolled on by that shore I have stood,
And again I have looked on that dark rolling flood;
But I saw not the barks in long lines on the strand,
And all silent and still was the voice of the band.
I sought for the city—its bulwarks were gone,
And no longer the fires on its battlements shone;
Its streets were all noiseless, and still as the grave,
Undisturbed by a sound save the dash of the wave;
A green sunny mound had upris'n where it stood,
Whence the herds gazed all lazily down on the flood.

I turned my dark prow from its desolate shore,
And I gazed on its wreck and its ruin no more.
I bethought me of those who had warred on its strand,
And I hied me away to the conquerors' land:
I found them——but, ah, how degraded, estranged—
Their glory was faded—their empire was changed—
Their strength was a ruin—their spirit was flown,
And the TALE of their greatness was left them alone.
Their laurels were withered through ages which gave
For the stride of the freeman the crouch of the slave.

Their necks were bowed down, and they tilled with the
sword
The land of their sires for an infidel lord.
And darker the fate of that people had been
Than the fall of the city whose wreck I had seen.
Though its sun-burst of glory in darkness hath set,
The soft twilight of fame flashes over it yet;
And its shores are still hallowed by warriors' graves,
Whilst its victors remain——but the bondmen of slaves.

Athens, July 24, 1825.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. AND J. B. FLINDELL, 67, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1826.

COPIES OF

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR

FOR 1826,

May still be had of

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND

JOHN ANDREWS, 167, NEW BOND-STREET.

Price 12*s*.

The LITERARY SOUVENIR: or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance for 1826, edited by Alaric A. Watts, contains, independently of ten splendid engravings by Charles Heath, William Finden, Charles Rolls, E. Goodall, E. Finden, W. Humphrys, J. Thomson, after original designs by Newton, Leslie, Turner, Corbould, Wright, eighty original articles in prose and verse, from the pens of the following writers: viz.---Robert Southey, Esq. the Poet Laureate, Mrs. Hemans, James Montgomery, Esq, the Rev. H. H. Milman, Thomas Campbell, Esq., S. T. Coleridge, Esq., Miss Mitford, Allan Cunningham, Esq., James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), John Bowring, Esq., Lord J. Russell, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, Miss L. E. Landon, Authoress of "The Improvisatrice," John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, J. H. Wiffen, Esq. the translator of Tasso, the Venerable the Archdeacon Wrangham, M. J. J., Author of "Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Literature," the Author of "To-day in Ireland," the Rev. R. Polwhele, Delta, the Author of the "Legend of Genevieve," and a principal contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine; the Rev. Thomas Dale, John Galt, Esq., the Author of the "Annals of the Parish," Thomas Doubleday, Esq., Author of "Babington," the Author of "Gilbert Earle," Mrs. Howitt, Bernard Barton, Esq., the Author of "London in the Olden Time," Arthur Brooke, Esq., Robert Sullivan, Esq., Author of "Faithful and Forsaken," Mrs C. B. Wilson.

The embellishments consist of---I. The Lover's Quarrel. By Charles Rolls, after an original painting by G. S. Newton. II. The Rivals. By William Finden, after an original painting by C. R. Leslie. III. The Forsaken. By Charles Heath, after an original painting by G. S. Newton. IV. Bolton Abbey. By Edward Finden, from an original drawing by J. M. W. Turner. V. Lady Louisa Jane Russell, youngest daughter of his grace

the Duke of Bedford; from the statue of Chantrey, in the gallery at Woburn Abbey. By J. Thomson, after a drawing by Henry Corbould. VI. Richmond Hill. By E. Goodall, after an original drawing by J. M. W. Turner. VII. The Troubadour: Blondel and Richard Cœur de Lion. By W. Humphrys, after a drawing by J. M. Wright. VIII. Windsor Castle. By C Heath, after an original drawing by P. Dewint. IX. The Kiss. By W. Humphrys, after a design by J. M. Wright, from Retsch. X. Illustrated Title. XI. and XII. Autographs.

*** A few large paper copies, with proof impressions on India paper, may be had of the publishers, at 1*l.* 4*s.* each.

PLATES OF THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1826.

A few sets of the earliest imperial proofs impressions, on India paper, of the plates of the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826, may still be had of the publishers, price 1*l.* 4s. each. Separate proof impressions of the Rivals, by W. Finden, after C. R. Leslie, R.A.; The Forsaken, by Charles Heath, after G. S. Newton, may also be had of the publishers, at 5*s.* each.

The following among other testimonies refer to the engravings of the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826:—

Nothing can exceed the engravings by Finden and Rolls, from the well-known pictures of Leslie and Newton, entitled "The Rivals," and "The Lovers' Quarrel;" and the view of "Bolton Abbey," by Turner. *New Monthly Magazine.*

We seem to be going to a climax with the species of publication to which this brilliant volume belongs. In literature it is very pleasing, and in embellishments beautiful. Ten finely engraved plates, and two pages of autographs, adorn it; and several of the former are perfect gems in art. "Richmond Hill," by E. Goodall, from Turner; "The Rivals," by W. Finden, from Leslie's picture exhibited under that title; "The Forsaken," by C. Heath, from a picture by Newton; and others, are specimens of engravings on a small scale, such as we have seldom seen equalled, and certainly never surpassed. Of these we can convey no sufficient idea to our readers; but of the value we attach to them we can afford a criterion by saying, truly, that we would willingly pay the price of the book for good impressions of the three prints we have just specified. *Literary Gazette.*

In a few days will be published,

A PORTRAIT, in line, of the COUNTESS GUICCIOLI. By Charles Rolls, after an original painting by W. E. West.

Proofs, before the letters, 10*s.*; Imperial Quarto, with the letters, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Prints, 4*s.*